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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST. 10c PRICE



THE CAT THAT GOES YACHTING
Page 2

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OUR COVER

● Four-year-old Tiptoe—called Tippy for short—is a sea-going cat who protects her nine lives with the practical yellow life-jacket. She is a regular member of the crew of the 31ft. ocean-going sloop built by her owner, Mr. Robert J. McDonald, of Beauty Point, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

The Weekly Round

THE most resounding success of the mini-skirt is that it has pushed the squabbles over long hair out of the headlines.

But, like the schoolboys and factory workers who refused haircuts, the mini-skirted girls are defying office rulings, flaunting the banner of personal liberty with all the vigor of suffragettes.

So far only Government departments have hit the headlines in New South Wales by banning the minis.

A few firms have put a stop to the new length more quietly. Some just don't hire girls who bare too many inches of thigh.

Jean Plummer, who manages one of Sydney's largest employment agencies, says, "It's easier to secure a position *not* wearing a mini-skirt, unless the job is with a fashion house. Some offices ask us not to send a girl wearing one; especially a professional office where they use good appearance to keep the goodwill of the public."

A snap round-up:

● An airline: "If one of our hostesses shortened her uniform, we'd tell her to let it down again."

● A bank: "It hasn't been necessary to reprimand anyone."

● A consulate: "We rely on our staff to use good judgment. So far they've always come through."

● A girls' school: "We just tell the girls, 'Yours is too short; yours is too long.'"

● A hospital: "Our student nurses' council requested a skirt length 2in. *below* the knee."

● A hotel: "Officially, the mini-skirt would be frowned on, but, personally," said the manager, "I would like to see it. Girls' legs are fascinating."

● A student: "Dad just said 'NO HIGHER'."

● One indignant teenage miss: "Old men in the street say, 'Pull your dress down.' They shouldn't be looking in the first place."

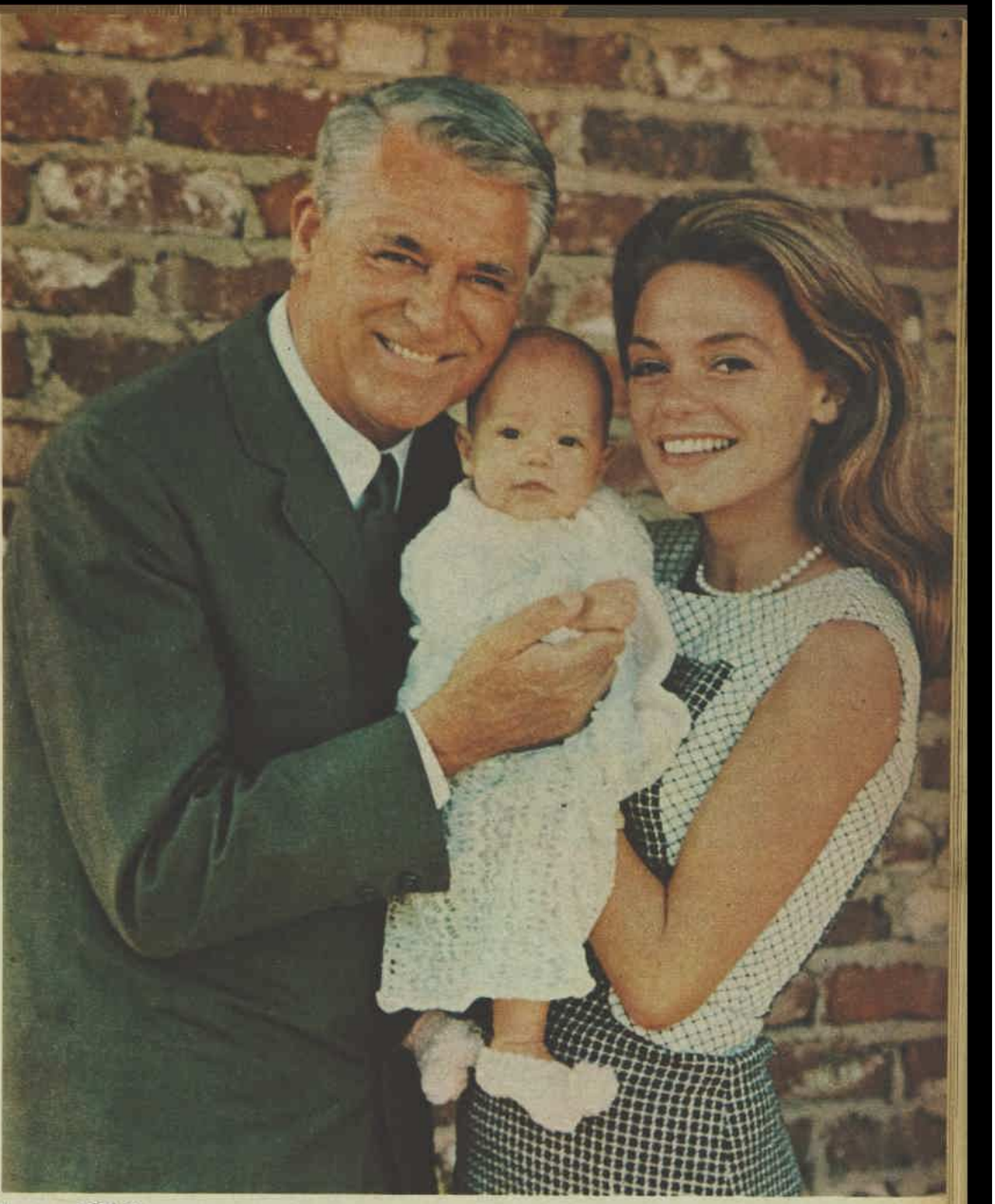
All of which indicates a leg-conscious summer. So the decorated knees (pages 4, 5) are not as fanciful as we at first thought.

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27 JUL 1966

LIFE BEGINS AT 50 (OR 60)

Cary Grant's daughter



● Actor Cary Grant, a father for the first time at 62, and his 28-year-old fourth wife, Dyan, allowed this first publicity photograph of their daughter, Jennifer, to be taken when she was three and a half months old.

Grant married actress Dyan Cannon in July, 1965, not long after completing a course of the drug LSD, which he claimed made him feel "reborn" and fit to be a parent at last. He previously had explored yoga, hypnotism, mysticism, and psychiatry in a quest for eternal youth and happiness.

After beginning his movie career 35 years ago, Grant entered into a series of marriages — his first, to Virginia Cherrill in 1934, his second, to Barbara Hutton in 1942, his third, to actress Betsy Drake in 1949.

And Frank Sinatra marries Mia



● Actor Frank Sinatra, 50, and his 21-year-old bride, Mia, photographed after their whirlwind Las Vegas wedding.

It was Frank Sinatra's third marriage. He and his first wife, Nancy, who were married in 1939, were divorced in 1951. Less than a week later, the actor-singer and Ava Gardner were married. They were divorced in 1957.

It was the first marriage for Mia (daughter of actress Maureen O'Sullivan and the late director John Farrow), who wore her hair shorter than ever — a complete change from the long locks of her Alison role in the TV series "Peyton Place."

The engagement ring was a nine-carat, $100,000 diamond; Mia's white silk faille wedding suit was trimmed with diamond buttons.

Frank, whose two children by his first marriage, Nancy, 23, and Frank, jun., 22, are older than his bride, flew from England, where he has been preparing for a new film, for the five-minute ceremony.

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● **It looked a bit strange at first — the list of current recordings posted on the studio wall: "Col Joye, Sandy Scott, Father O'Connor, Judy Stone, Brian Henderson . . ." Who is Father O'Connor? He's the . . .**



● *The Rev. Father Kevin O'Connor shows his first record to Little Pattie and Johnny Bogie, recording studio executive.*

"SINGING PRIEST OF THE OUTBACK"

● ***"I'm astounded at the interest being taken in my record, but here we are," said the Rev. Father Kevin O'Connor, the tall, friendly priest from Brewarrina, N.S.W., with an infectious grin — and he fits right into the somewhat hectic atmosphere of the recording studios.***

By JUDE AINSWORTH

IN three weeks the first two pressings of his record, called "Introducing Father Kevin O'Connor, The Singing Priest of the Outback," an Ata LP, have sold out — a total of 4000 copies. A third pressing is under way.

After years of singing at church functions in the Wilcannia - Forbes Diocese and giving many ABC radio concerts, Father O'Connor has entered the entertainment business in a big way — but an unusual one.

"I just went along to cut a little 45 record to give as Christmas presents to my brothers and sisters and a few friends," he explained.

"When they heard me and asked me to make a record, no one was more surprised than myself. When I left, I said, 'What have I done this time!'

"The Bishop gave me permission to make the record. He told me it was a talent God had given me, and it had to be used.

"I can take no credit for the singing — the voice was given to me. I enjoy singing, of course. I've enjoyed it ever since I could first get a note out as a little boy. I remember winning 5/- once for singing the loudest!

Country man

"My parishioners seem very pleased. Not only my Catholic friends (you'd expect them to be pleased, I suppose) but I've had letters from quite a number of people throughout New South Wales and South Australia who know me through my work on the ABC."

With his open, weathered face, Father O'Connor looks a real country man — precisely what he is.

"I'm a Parkes boy," he said. "I grew up on a wheat farm. I love working in the country, because of the nearness to the people. You see the result of your work every day.

"If I've spent the night with a family on a property, which I often do in my travels round the parish, I say Mass in their home.

"They may ring their neighbors, too, but sometimes it's just the family. I use the kitchen or dining-room table for an altar, and it's very intimate—with children toddling around the floor."

With eight towns in the parish, Father O'Connor and his assistant travel most of Sunday to say Mass in as many places as possible.

"The longest Sunday run is 230 miles—first Brewarrina, then Goodooga, then Lightning Ridge, then home to Brewarrina," he said. "Many of our people drive in 30 or 40 miles to church, and one lad comes 60—he never misses a Sunday. Three families fly in from their stations.

"When I'm driving around the parish, I either say the Rosary or sing. I do most of my training in the car. My little dog (a golden cocker) doesn't seem to object. He's a little champion!"

The drought hasn't affected the size of congregations.

Father O'Connor said:

"People are very good. They're working a lot harder because of the drought, but they still come in.

"The old people who've been through droughts before say, 'It's just another drought, Father, and it'll go.'

"The young people who've come there in the past ten years are a little more troubled. They're not used to it, you see."

The 12 songs on Father O'Connor's record are traditional folk songs and ballads, including two Australian bush ballads.

One humorous song tells the story of a bishop, about to confirm a class in an Australian country town, who asks a lad why Christmas is the most important day of the year. The boy answers that it's important because Christmas is the day before the yearly race meeting.

Father O'Connor has the type of voice referred to as an "Irish tenor." In fact, his grandparents immigrated from Ireland. He sings powerfully but with a light touch, with clear, rich tone.

As for profits from the record, Father O'Connor explained, "My mother died when I was born, and we were all brought up by our aunt, who was really Mum to me.

"She was nursed by the Sisters of Compassion at Broken Hill for the last five years of her life. I was stationed there then.

"It's a little hard to repay the goodness of the Sisters, so anything that comes from this record will go to them for their work."

An American recording firm has expressed interest in releasing the LP in the U.S., and Father O'Connor is considering making a singing tour there in 1968.

Johnny Bogie, the Joy Boys' drummer and an executive at Ata, said that Father O'Connor's recording session was a rarity.

"He went straight through in seven hours. It's unadulterated singing — the voice was recorded right in with the band.

"I suppose in the past five years I've been at 200 recording sessions with singers, and this was the only one where the voice was put down with the band, instead of on a separate track."

"Prays twice"

"Well, they were lovely musicians, and it's easy to sing with good music," Father O'Connor demurred modestly. "They do a good job, don't they?"

He practises with taped accompaniments, but does most of his singing with pedal organs.

"We have them in our country churches, and you can usually get someone who'll trounce out a tune for the service!"

In Catholic churches today hymns are sung in English rather than in Latin.

"It's made it a little easier for the congregation," said Father O'Connor. "Our people are a little shy about singing, but if they can feel the people around them singing, they'll come in.

"I'm lucky to have little churches. Once people overcome their initial shyness and know the other fellow isn't listening for their croaking voice, they'll join in.

"I usually end up in the pulpit leading them along. It's certainly handy that way, being able to sing. Singing is a form of prayer, so if it doesn't sound so good it's not their fault—they're still praying.

"And it's an old maxim in the church," Father O'Connor added with a chuckle. "He who sings prays twice. So you double the benefit!"

SUMMER

● **If the mini-skirt rages on, in a few months it may be the summer of the decorated knee.**

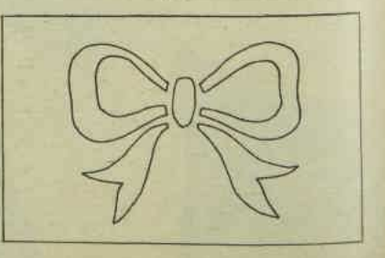
To add feminine frippery to that long, long length of leg accented by that short, short skirt, Paris designers favor necklaces and bows (opposite page) above the knee; Helena Rubinstein of New York suggests painting on fruit or lovers' knots (below) with stencil cut-outs.

The ideas are strictly for fashion fun and only for those who dare to show a really pretty knee.

If YOU are

● ***Fruit motif (right) and lovers' knots (below) — two stencils to cut for those brave enough to attempt it. Draw motifs on stencil or heavy white paper, cut out. Place stencil on knee, outline design with eyebrow pencil, and fill in with eyeliner, liquid rouge, waterproof lipstick — whatever make-up you fancy.***





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OF THE PAINTED KNEE

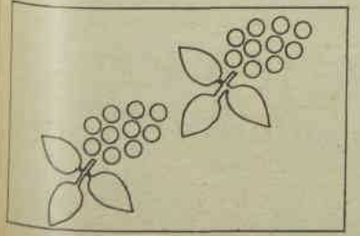
–Decorated in some way, at least, and Paris designers suggest a watch, beads, and bows



● *Go way-out with a watch? Well, it's an idea if you want to be different.*

brave enough







● *Or bring out that old big-bead necklace (above) twined twice?*

● *Or buy a brace of bows (right) — and fix with sticky tape?*



● *Or a big, big butterfly bow in Thai silk toned to the brief skirt?*



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Most people have their own tested method of relaxing before an ordeal. For some, it may be tablets, for others, pruning the roses . . .

But (Mrs.) Minister makes a dress



AT WORK

● *Fur-hatted Mrs. Judith Hart during a coffee break at a conference of Commonwealth teachers spending a year in Britain on exchange. From left, Miss Gwen Schofield, New Zealand, Miss N. Carey, Jamaica, Miss Anja Jokela, Canada, Miss Ruth Symes, Australia.*

"THE concentration of making a dress, getting all the seams right, the fittings done, the hemline straight takes my mind off my next problem," said Mrs. Judith Hart, British Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations.

"Dressmaking is the most wonderful therapy.

"And at the end there is a nice new frock."

So when Prime Minister Mr. Harold Wilson sent Mrs. Hart to Zambia for talks with President Dr. Kenneth Kaunda, she did her homework on the subject, packed her luggage, and then cut out an evening dress.

"When the dress was finished, my mind was quite clear on how I would first tackle the issues confronting me," she said.

This doesn't mean, however, that Judith Hart is running one of the biggest jobs in politics and running up all her own dresses.

"The urge to sew only comes when there is a real crisis ahead," she told me.

"I buy most of my clothes off the hook."

Judith Hart, a far-to-the-left member of the Labor Government, knows how to make the best of her good looks and charm.

She has large blue eyes, dark hair, and long sweeping eyelashes, which, when she flutters them, make strong men weaken. She flutters them a great deal.

Her good looks, soft feminine ways, enviable size 12 figure, and beautifully manicured, expressive hands make her the most decorative politician ever to sit on the House of Commons front bench.

Some say that is what got her there. But it is not so.

She is highly intelligent, has a good grasp of Commonwealth affairs and a burning interest in Africa and its problems, studies everything she is asked to do in great depth, and is a very hard worker.

Judith Hart thinks one of the nicest things about her political life is that she is called a "girl."

"After all, I'm 41 and have been around in politics for a long time," she said.

I met her on the eve of her second visit to Lusaka and she was laughing about Dr. Kaunda's remark on her arrival for the first time:

"Poor girl, being brought into this."

"I think the remark was taken out of its context," she said. "And now, I suppose someone will say, 'They're sending her back — poor girl.'"

But the "poor girl" is changing the image of women in politics, and changing it very rapidly.

She speaks fluently with a light musical lilt and is very serious on the subjects closest to her heart.

These include disarmament, health and science, new towns (she loves the work of planning, for she once thought she would be an architect), the happiness and settlement of people in them (she is a sociologist of the London School of Economics).

Her particular concern has been, and still is, the problems of Commonwealth immigrants, and colored would-be immigrants to Britain. She is a former vice-chairman of the movement for colonial freedom.

Yet serious as all these problems are, Judith never seems to make heavy weather of even the dreariest subjects.

When I talked to her I said I had heard she was a "girl" who always did her homework. "How can you find time to tackle a whole new problem almost overnight?" I asked. "Do you read it all up in bed?"

She laughed and said: "No, I don't read in bed. But I do read up a subject in great depth, and then get everyone who is an expert on it to talk to me."

She is married to Dr. Anthony Hart, a scientist with the Electricity Board at Leatherhead, Surrey. They live near his work, not hers.

The Harts have two sons. Richard, 16, is waiting to take up a scholarship to Cambridge.

Stephen, 14, is about halfway through high school.

"Do you know," she said, "this is the first summer for years one of the boys hasn't been studying for exams, and the house is absolutely heaven."

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

She doesn't believe that women should work, if they don't have to, while their children are young.

She married at 21, but while her children were small she gave up work altogether.

She has been a keen Labor Party member since her student days.

"I was a child of the depression, and the poverty I saw went very deep," she explained. "I used to ask myself, Why? why? why? And I hoped to find the answer in a higher education and in sociology.

"I'm still asking, Why?"

When Judith Hart was offered the Lanark constituency in 1959 she reorganised life on her home front to free her for public life.

She's a very busy woman, but she does not notice any physical strain. "I'm quite good at relaxing completely between engagements and I do my best to eat sensibly, though the House of Commons cafeteria doesn't help —too much fish and chips, and too many snacks."

She runs her home, which she says is far too small— seven rooms — with a series of daily maids.

"By staggering the labor I can get housewives in to help part time," she said.

"My dear mother-in-law lives with us and is the link between them all. I don't know how we could have managed without her."

Entertaining has always been an important part of Judith Hart's life. Her friends are political, and all her parties tend to centre on politics.

"But I do try to have the food well done and find the only way is to do it myself," she said.

"So for big occasions I take the time to do all the cooking in advance, and this gives me plenty of time with my guests when they arrive."

She doesn't pretend life on the home front runs smoothly.

"But one begins to realise there always will be crises in a household, and that somehow one has to get over them."

Judith Hart's bandbox appearance is part of her way of life.

"I cannot imagine life without a hairdresser," she said. "I have two, one near my home and one near the House, and I wouldn't miss my twice-weekly appointments for anything."

Her long, pink-tinted, immaculate fingernails don't look as though she ever washed up or gardened. But she does both.

"Gardening is my hobby," she said. "But I wear gloves."

This live wire, vivid personality with arresting looks and a first-class brain could dominate her family if it were not that she is so utterly feminine as well.

Although her position is the envy of career women, she thinks it is second to her husband's life and position.



AT HOME

● *Left: With son Richard, 16, her husband, Dr. Anthony Hart, and son Stephen, 14. She plans to visit Australia next year.*

● *Right: Home from Zambia after talks on the Rhodesian situation, she relaxes in her garden while son Stephen cuts the grass.*



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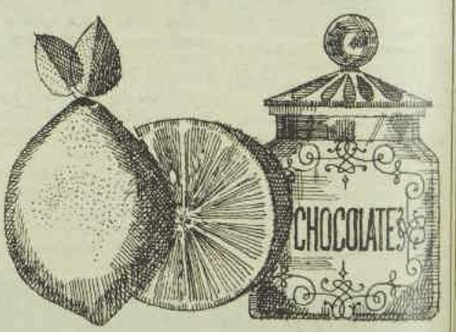


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Territorians tell every visitor they meet,

"Be sure to look up Mrs. Millar in Lae..."

In New Guinea, she's 'Misis bilong flower'



By *JUDE AINSWORTH*

● "Misis bilong flower" can refer to only one woman in Papua-New Guinea. All over the Territory, town or bush, Andree Millar has been there, collecting orchids on her famous exploration patrols.



● *Mrs. Andree Millar (top) admires an orchid. Above: Native New Guinea waterlilies cover an ornamental pool near the herbarium in the botanic garden at Lae. Lilies are white and pink.*

LIKE the superbly scenic Highlands, exotic Trobriand Islands, and historic Kokoda Trail, Territorians consider Mrs. Millar one of their country's feature attractions, so every visitor is urged to be sure to look her up in Lae.

But he'd need to be lucky to find her there. In one recent month, for example, Mrs. Millar . . .

● Spent several days directing the Morobe District agricultural exhibition at the Goroka Show.

● After a few days in Lae, flew to Rabaul to lecture to the horticultural society, to bring back some orchids and hibiscus for the botanic garden at Lae, to investigate the original introduction of some foreign plants into New Britain.

● Soon afterwards, left for a fortnight's walking expedition through the bush out of Finschhafen — the first patrol there since before World War II.

"Who put me in?" she asked warily (only half joking) when finally found in the orchid house of the national botanic garden at Lae.

Since everyone mentions her, no one has to take the blame.

Mrs. Millar and her husband, John, settled at Bulolo when gold-dredging operations resumed after World War II.

The family later moved to a cocoa plantation outside Lae, which Mr. Millar managed until his death several months ago.

"New Guinea is a scientist's paradise," said Mrs. Millar. "Everything is new. I can still drive from Lae to Wau and see a tree, plant, or orchid in flower that I've never seen before — and I'd go up that road a dozen times a year."

She speaks abruptly, decisively.

Her mind is so incisive that each topic is quickly summed up and dismissed. Talking with her, one senses the infinite scope for work in the Territory, and how keen she is to get on with it.

With enormous physical vitality matching her mental energy, she is often in the garden by 6 a.m.. She rages against the limitation that lack of time imposes.

"It's a wonderful country and a wonderful people, and I think Australia's done more than justice by it. The trouble is that time goes so quickly, it doesn't wait for anybody: it won't wait for the people to adjust to this century," she said regretfully.

Not many people would be more qualified to comment on living in the Territory than Mrs. Millar.

With the twin bonds of labor and love, she has totally committed the course of her life to the country, and considers herself a "Territorian true."

"Life was very interesting in the gold fields after the war," she said. "Bulolo was a company town. All the houses were the same. If you had a party, it was a good idea to invite your neighbors — their bedroom window was only feet from your living-room.

"I taught school during those years. Virtually the only way out of Bulolo then was to get sick, then they'd fly you to Lae. It was botany that kept us sane!

"Until this country got going again, we built our lives on arc mesh and other supplies the Army left us — 44-gallon drums and Marsden matting. The first houses built after the war had walls that were half sisalcraft, half arc mesh. If this country ever has a coat of arms, it will be arc mesh on a 44-gallon drum with two beer bottles rampant!"

Both the Millar children are in Brisbane. Roger, 19, is studying engineering. Dorothy, 24, the only girl cadet sent from the Territory to medical school in Australia, graduated last year and is now serving her residency.

"Dorothy has known what she was going to do since she was eight—child health work with the New Guinea children," said Mrs. Millar.

The Millars also brought up a second "son," a New Guinea lad.

Mrs. Millar said, "About 14 years ago, the doctor boy of a village above Bulolo came down with his son, then about five. The father said he understood he was 'rubbish nothing' and he wanted his son to have what our son was getting. We said we'd do what we could.

"Tuk came with us to Lae and went to school here. After school he and Roger would have their chores to do around the place. They had the same pocket-money, and invariably got into strife together.

"When Roger went south to college, we sent Tuk to boarding school at Finschhafen. Now he's in Lae, learning to be a joiner—he comes home nearly every weekend to see me.

"When John died, Tuk's father came all the way to Lae to let me know that he and the village were sorry."

Lae's national botanic garden was established in 1949 on a 140-acre allotment close to the business centre.

The work of collecting and classifying the Territory's flora and experimenting to establish which flowers and plants from other tropical countries can be grown successfully in Papua-New Guinea is headed by Mr. John Wormesey, Chief of the Division of Botany. An Australian, he virtually founded the spectacular garden and has been in charge ever since.

One of the garden's services has been handing out suitable imported plants to gardeners in Lae and in country districts.

Mr. Wormesey said, "At the moment, all the bougainvilleas we've brought from Nairobi (Kenya) are being propagated, and we'll hand them out around the Territory. We're gradually dropping out of this, because private nurserymen are starting up now."

Lae's townspeople are proud to have the national garden there. It is an integral part of their life.

"I would go, on an average, three times a week to someone's garden to see how it's going," said Mrs. Millar, who has the title of technical assistant to the Division of Botany.

"It's amazing how many people have come to me and asked for plants and advice.

"New Guineans are natural gardeners. I can take a plant, nurse the thing (and I think I'm good), give it a mother's care and attention, and it will die. They'll take it and put it in a tin with no drainage, the kids will fall over it, and it'll grow—lush and luxuriant.

"I think New Guinea orchids will someday play a big part in the future of this country. I'm sure of it! That's my dream, anyway.

"As the hybridists go to work, New Guinea could have just as big a cut-flower industry as Singapore with its vanda orchids and Sydney with its cymbidiums. We can grow vandas here just as well as Singapore can.

"An orchid is the toughest plant there is. Although the garden has specimens from all over the world, the really valuable collection is the Territory collection — we have more than 2000 specimen plants, with more than another thousand surplus native plants on the trees around the gardens.

"The world's largest orchid is native to the Territory. It's the Grammatophyllun Papuanum, with eight-to-ten foot spikes and flowers about four inches across, clustered as many as 40 together on one stem.

"Do we have the world's smallest, too? Probably. I wouldn't be surprised. Some of the flowers are no bigger than pin heads. You need a microscope to look at them."

In her years of botanic patrols, Mrs. Millar has walked over virtually the whole Territory — swamps, rain forest, mountains.

She thinks nothing of walking 15 miles a day through the bush with a group of carriers. She is often delegated to accompany overseas scientists who come to study plant and animal life.

"Two years ago I took an American lizard collector over the Kokoda Trail," she said. "He worked mostly after dark — he could apparently identify various frogs by their croaks.

"One night we were camped near Popondetta, and I saw his kitbag moving as it hung near me. 'That your bag?' I asked. He had a poisonous snake in it! I confined myself to botany after that trip."

Some patrols take her near relics of the war years, like one trip near Wau: "There were crashed planes, broken jeeps. The paramount luluai (headman) in the area took me to a former Australian Army outpost, a shed with 'Hotel Australia, New Guinea Branch' tacked up on the side, with thousands of signatures of Australian soldiers. The only other shelter was made of the wing of a crashed aeroplane."

Her life is so completely in and of the Territory that Andree Millar never thinks of her girlhood in England and India or the time she spent in New Zealand and Australia before the war.

But she does have one tongue-in-cheek complaint about Papua-New Guinea: "Too many characters, and not enough people!"

She'll walk 15 miles a day

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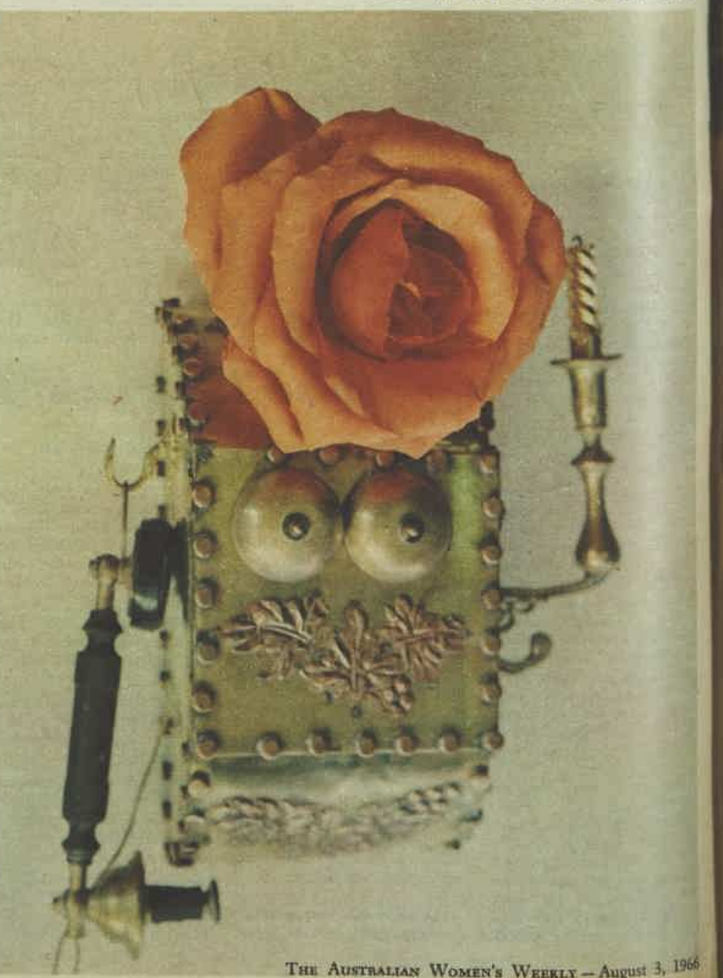


ROSE WITH CENTRE OPEN

MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA



ROSE WITH CENTRE CLOSED

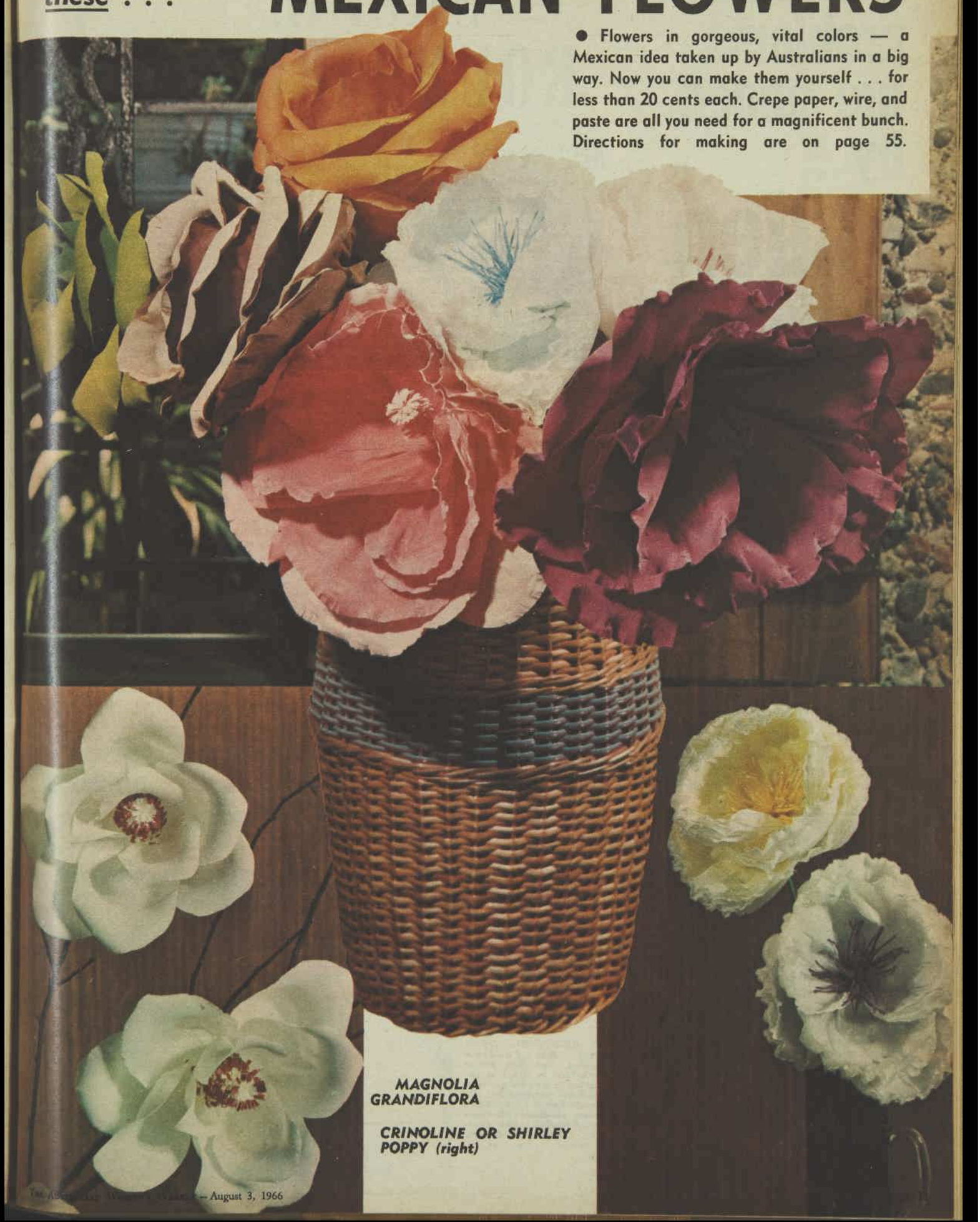


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MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA

CRINOLINE OR SHIRLEY POPPY (right)

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

MEMBERS of the Cornucopia Committee were hoping that their own Virginia Woolf — vice-president Jackie Kott, who played the lead in the successful Australian play — would be at the gala premiere of the film "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

However, it looks at this stage as if Jackie Kott (in private life Mrs. Gordon Samuels) will still be in Hobart appearing in another play.

The committee did a sterling job in an incredibly short time when they had printed and sent out 2000 invitations to the premiere at the Metro Theatre on August 17.

The president, Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, tells me that already cheques for the 1000 seats are arriving.

After the film guests will walk a hundred yards down the street to the Chevron Hotel for a champagne and chicken sandwich supper.

★ ★ ★

THE names Philip Vivian have been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Berner for their first child, born on July 3 at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. Mrs. Berner was the former Ellen Lowe.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most elegant outfits I've seen this year was worn by Mrs. Bill Edwards to the first night of the Mexican ballet. The color — the softest shade of apricot — was a perfect foil for her jet-black hair and olive skin, and the full-length beautifully cut silk dress and matching coat, trimmed at the neck and sleeves with pearl-embroidered leaves (which were also on the dress), was utter perfection.

★ ★ ★

BACHELOR John Baker combined business with pleasure during a five-day visit to Melbourne, where he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Holt at Toorak. He took with him American visitor Dave Meacham, who stayed with the Bruce Wenzels and had his first look at Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

JULY 28 is departure date for Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Perrottet, who leave by air for a twelve-week trip abroad. Their first stopover is Mexico, then America and England, and finally Austria and Germany, where Dr. Perrottet will attend medical congresses. In Washington they are hoping to visit the James Bartleys, formerly of Wahroonga, who are stationed there for two years.



ABOVE: Hostess Mrs. Graham Bosch (at right) with Mrs. Leslie Stevens at the buffet luncheon at Mrs. Bosch's home at Woollahra arranged by the doctors' wives' committee of the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington. The luncheon followed a talk on antiques at the Grafton Galleries.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Jeffery Tripp, Miss Pauline Hughes, and Miss Janice Luth (left to right) at the fashion parade and luncheon arranged by the Spastic Centre Ladies' Committee at Mario's Restaurant, Edgecliff. The president, Mrs. Fred Lender, welcomed the guests.



I HEAR that although Zavia Lacaze enjoyed his stay in the snow country he prefers the comparative warmth of Sydney. Zavia, the son of the Vice-Consul for France, Mr. Andre Lacaze, and Mrs. Lacaze, recently returned from a ten-day skiing holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grogan at Perisher Valley. He is spending a three-month holiday with his parents in Sydney and will return to his high school in Paris in the middle of September.

★ ★ ★

THE two cocktail parties Mrs. Albert Joris has arranged — one on July 30 and the other on August 6 — will enable her guests to say farewell to Mr. Joris, who leaves on August 13 by air on a six-week business trip overseas.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the "What's New, Pussycat?" luncheon and parade of furs and jewels, which has been arranged by the Town and Country Committee for August 3 at the Darling Point home of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Dan. The new president, Mrs. Ross Fyfe-Smith, will welcome more than 100 guests.

★ ★ ★

AND, a second one, the luncheon arranged for August 3 at the home of the Consul-General for Belgium, Mr. A. Vanhoutteghem, and Mrs. Vanhoutteghem at Vaucluse to aid the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

★ ★ ★

THERE was great excitement in the Neil Leggatts' home when their daughter Judy telephoned from Los Angeles to say she would be arriving in Sydney in about ten days' time. Judy has been overseas since February and can't wait to tell of her trip round Europe (including a three-week skiing holiday in Switzerland) in a car which she and a friend hired. On her way home she will be staying with friends in Honolulu for a week.

★ ★ ★

I'M determined to get to this year's Orchid Festival at the Town Hall to see the Ondontoglossum variety which Mrs. Frank Slattery, president of the ladies' social committee of the N.S.W. Orchid Society, told me she found in the Charlesworth Nursery in Sussex in England when she and her husband were abroad recently. Sure to be of great interest to orchid growers is the special cup to be awarded this year for the prize miniature cymbidium, which has become so popular as an indoor plant.

★ ★ ★

NICE to see the David Clarkes back after their eighteen months in America, where David attended Harvard University, Mrs. Clarke (the former Margaret Partridge) told me they are expecting American friends to arrive within the next few days and the four of them are going to move into her parents' house at Palm Beach for the time being. The men will go off to work each day while their wives go house-hunting.

★ ★ ★

THE Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball at Gulargambone on July 29 is the reason for the house party Prue Stitt is having at her parents' property, "Munnell." There'll be a party at Prue's home on the night after the ball and plenty of horse-riding and tennis during the day for the young guests. Suzanne Byrne, Graham Walsh, Ann and Patrick Magennis, and Prue's sisters, Barbara and Sue, are among the guests she'll have staying with her.

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● *Youthful foursome Midshipman Kim Pitt, Miss Geraldine Hendy, Miss Oldrey Wileman, and Midshipman Ian Gibson (left to right) were among dancers at the Graduation Ball. Many of the visitors were billeted with families at the college, while others spent the night in Nowra.*



● *The Commanding Officer of HMAS Creswell, Captain I. K. Purvis, and Mrs. Purvis (left) chatted during the evening beside the fire in an ante-room with the Executive Officer, Commander R. G. Loosli, and Mrs. Loosli.*

Graduation Ball

● Visitors and relatives came from interstate and all over New South Wales for the graduation of thirty-nine cadet midshipmen at the Royal Australian Naval College, HMAS Creswell, at Jervis Bay, which was attended by the Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey. A graduation ball was held at the college in the evening.



● *Proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Ronald McKie (at left) with their son, Midshipman Iain McKie, who was among graduating cadets, and Miss Vivienne Joris, who came from Double Bay to attend the graduation.*



AT LEFT: Midshipman Paul Gashler escorted Miss Sue Clifton to the ball. He was the winner of the Otto Albert Memorial Prize for Seamanship.



AT RIGHT: Lady Harrington (right) pictured with her son, Midshipman Simon Harrington, and Miss Christine Browne, of Wollstonecraft. Midshipman Harrington is the son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Hastings Harrington.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

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NEXT WEEK

★ Have you ever hankered for a handy reference book of basic cookery information? Well, here it is — 16 pages of help and advice in the . . .

COOKS GUIDE



. . . from our Test Kitchen. It includes basic cooking methods and recipes from scones to sauces, weights and measures (both Australian and overseas), how to use your stove, catering for parties — you'll find it *very* useful!

And:



★ Four dress designs by Norma Tullo (right), of Melbourne, will be available next week in patterns by Butterick . . .

. . . you'll see the Tullo designs in color *and* read the Tullo success story ("Making a million doesn't interest me," she says).

And:

Q: ● *How do you surmount the "dull spots" of routine in a housewife's daily life?*

A: ● Read one woman's romantic solution in a "Family Affairs" story.

And:



★ For gardeners:

HOW TO BUILD A ROCKERY

. . . full instructions, diagrams.

Complete layette pattern—50c

● "Planning a layette" (A.W.W., 20/7/66) offered a leaflet listing baby's needs to readers who sent only a stamped, addressed envelope. The *pattern* for the complete layette costs 50 cents (post free) and may be obtained from "Pattern Orders," Box 4, P.O., Croydon, New South Wales.

Reunion of



● Among the happy after-effects of the great American "occupation" of Australia between 1942 and 1946 was the eventual migration of nearly 15,000 Australian women to America as war brides. Here Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, tells how some of them have fared during the past 20 years.

MOST of the 15,000 girls sailed from Australia in the dormitory-style brideships Mariposa, Monterey, Lurline, and Marine Phoenix.

Some of the brides returned to Australia either alone or with their husbands. The majority remained to live happily ever after in their adopted country.

I was given an insight into the lives of some of these former war brides when I went to the American steel capital of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to attend the 20-year-old reunion of the active Australian Wives' Club.

Present were 52 Australian-born wives, most of them with their American husbands, and several with parents who were visiting from Australia.

The reunion, held at the Pittsburgh YWCA, consisted of an evening of nostalgia-producing films provided by the Australian News and Information Bureau, a supper of sausage rolls and lamingtons, light banter, a few quiet tears, and a group photograph.

Contented

Taking this Pittsburgh colony as typical, the average Australian war bride living in the U.S.A., 20 years later, is reasonably prosperous and contented.

Statistically, she is 40 years of age and has two and seven-elevenths children who are in their teens. (An exception is Mrs. M. Barilla, who was Muriel Baker, of Perth, W.A., with ten children and four grandchildren.)

Years ago the Australian war bride recognised she was in America to stay, and became a naturalised U.S. citizen.

She is likely to live in her own home on a tree-lined street in a suburb. She drives her own car (her husband takes his to work) and, in three cases out of four, she works part-time to earn pin-money while the children are at school.

She is also apt to get an occasional attack of homesickness.

When she returns to Australia for a visit, she plans to stay three months, but actually stays only two. She discovers she has grown away from her family and friends, and returns eagerly to her home in America.

Back in 1942, Private First Class Angelo Robert Capuano was a scout with the tank-destroyer battalion of the U.S. 32nd "Red Arrow" division.

When he arrived in Australia with his outfit he got a throat infection and was sent to an army convalescent camp at Strathalbyn, S.A.

As soon as he got his voice back he went to a local dance and was immediately attracted to a fair hostess named Audrey Westley.

"I was so shy," Bob recalled (he prefers his middle name), "that it was Audrey who asked *me* to dance.

"At first Audrey and I had a little difficulty in communication. When I told her that in civilian life I was a baker, she thought I said 'banker.' It wasn't until our third date that we cleared that up."

Bob Capuano subsequently saw action in New Guinea and the Philippines. He got leave and returned briefly to Australia to marry Audrey in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, on August 29, 1944.

Audrey arrived in America in May, 1946, aboard the Monterey and got her picture in the newspapers because of a pullover she had knitted en route — it was a reproduction of the American flag, "Old Glory."

Bob is still a baker employed by the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company.

Their 18-year-old daughter, as pretty and vivacious as her mother, was married a week before the reunion. The Capuanos have three sons, aged 12, 6, and 5.

Audrey Capuano, who is president of the club, said that since its inception in 1952 there had been a total of 110 members, 17 of whom had gone back to Australia.

"Some also grew away from the club," she told me. "At first some of us found American women hostile to us. Of course, that's over now, and any one who's Australian-born has a leg-up on the social ladder."

There was one authentic banker at the reunion, David Smith, one of the youngest vice-presidents the Mellon Bank of Pittsburgh has ever had.

During World War II David was in the Royal Navy, although he was born in the U.S. He met his wife, Ivy Stecklen, of Ayr, Queensland, in Sydney, where they were married and lived until 1951. Then they settled in Pittsburgh.

Red-head

John Stander was in the first boatload of GIs to land in Brisbane in the early months of 1942. He was a sergeant in the intelligence section of the U.S. 38th Bomber Group.

At the Australian Wives' Club he is credited with having spotted a beautiful red-haired girl on the wharf when the troopship berthed in Brisbane and telling a shipmate: "I'm gonna marry that red-head."

But Sergeant Stander didn't meet his beautiful red-head, Gladys Southorn, until that evening.

"My buddy and I were walking down a street near the docks and I heard a piano playing and a girl singing 'Hey, Daddy,'" he recalls.

"Well, I played a mean trumpet at the time—still do—so we knocked on the door and were invited in.

"Gladys and I hit it off right from the start. When I was leaving that first night, shaking hands with Gladys

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Australian war brides



AT THE REUNION in Pittsburgh, U.S.A., for former Australian war brides are, front row, from left: Mrs. Pat Thiel (Townsville, Qld.); Mrs. Robert Forsythe (Marj Shiels, Townsville); Mrs. Mae Graham (Townsville); Mrs. Robert Capuano (Audrey Westley, Strathalbyn, S.A.); Mrs. Herbert Holder (Margaret Holyoak, Brisbane); Mrs. Dawn Whitmer (Melbourne); Mrs. Jim Tunison (Jean Hoare, Sydney); Mrs. Harry Weltman (Gladys Cunningham, Sydney); Mrs. Mavis Harris (Sydney); Mrs. Regis Reich (Margaret Somers, Sydney); Mrs. W. Polyak (Joan Burns, Perth); Ruth Wilkie (Perth); Mrs. T. Restori (Thelma Whelan, Longreach, Qld.); Mrs. John Stander (Gladys Southorn, Brisbane and Tasmania); Mrs. David Smith (Ivy Stecklen, Ayr, Qld.); Mrs. Tom Volker (Stella Hunter, Melbourne).

Middle row, from left: Mrs. James Kokales (Julie Chitakis, Townsville); Mrs. Arthur Bartczak (Sylvia Keenan, Sydney); Mrs. George Moore (Della Quish, Sydney); Mrs. Mac Gair (visitor from Brisbane); Mrs. George Bono (Jean Stewart, Melbourne); Mrs. James Canali (Thelma French, Brisbane); Mrs. Honoria French (Mrs. Canali's mother, Brisbane); Mrs. Robert Bowler (Winnie Mole, Brisbane); Mrs. L. Bost (Valerie Oberhardt, Brisbane); Mrs. Doris Stewart (Mrs. G. Bono's mother, Melbourne); Mrs. Eileen Onuska (Melbourne); Mrs. Rita Matus (Ipswich, Qld.); Mrs. Russ Fisher (Carol Star, Sydney); Mrs. Evelyn Miller (Brisbane); Mrs. C. Howell (June McLean, Brisbane).

Back row, from left: Mrs. Leslie Boyle (Perth); Mrs. Jean Scott (Sydney); Mr. Chris Neden (Mrs. H. Kujawski's father, Brisbane); Mr. Alex Gair (visitor from Brisbane); Mrs. Erna Stevens (Melbourne); Mrs. F. Newmeyer (Margaret Comans, Sydney); Mrs. Ray Victor (Evelyn Geercke, Sydney); Mrs. Don Irwin (Joan James, Brisbane); Mrs. Chris Neden (Mrs. H. Kujawski's mother, Brisbane); Mrs. Henry Kujawski (June Neden, Brisbane); Mrs. J. Moore (Enid Heron, Northam, W.A.); Mrs. Jean Clinefelter (Melbourne); Mrs. M. Vancheri (Marj Lethby, Adelaide); Mrs. Rose Porto (Ipswich, Qld.); Mrs. Joan Peck (Melbourne); Mrs. Howard Kinter (Jessie Newburn, Brisbane); Mrs. Beryl Ullom (Brisbane); Mrs. Gerry Yanyanin (Melbourne); Mrs. M. Przybysz (Myrtle Richards, Tully, Qld.); Mrs. W. Eldridge (Norma Green, Sydney); Mrs. Vito Machi (Grace Jary, Brisbane); Mrs. Boyd Lysiak (Joan Richardson, Sydney); Mrs. Irene Burns (Mrs. W. Polyak's mother, Perth); Mrs. T. Mehaffey (Dulcie Smith, Townsville); Mrs. M. Krivjanik (Joyce Feast, Sydney); Mrs. Coral Ventrone (visitor from Cape Town, South Africa).

They started life in America on a shoestring, and now own a chain of 11 stores

mother, I told her: 'I'm going to marry your beautiful daughter'."

Three months later John Stander came back to Brisbane from camp at Ballarat, Vic.

"I knew it was John when I heard his steps," Gladys says, "even though I hadn't heard from him. We didn't get married right away—in fact, we dallied for five years.

"During that time both of us became engaged to others, and mother and I returned to Tasmania to live.

"I was afraid of marrying a Yank, and he was wary of Australians. When the war ended, John returned home.

"But eventually we decided that love was more important than geography."

John sent for Gladys and they were married in Pittsburgh in 1947.

He has done well as captain of a fireboat, and he has a second career — blowing a trumpet with a local band called "The Men of Melody."

They have just air-conditioned their spacious home in Pittsburgh's South Hills. They have two teenage children. Gladys Stander's hair is still flame-red.

Occasionally legal difficulties arise from being Australian-born.

Chris Canali, 21-year-old son of James and Thelma Canali (who was Thelma French, of Brisbane), found himself in strife with the Federal Communications Commission, the governmental agency that licenses broadcasters.

Chris, born in Australia, is a student at Duquesne University and a program director with a Pittsburgh radio station. Eventually the FCC granted him a broadcaster's licence, despite a rule which forbids foreigners going on the air.

Harry Weltman met his wife, Gladys Cunningham, in Sydney during the war and married her in Pittsburgh in 1947.

Starting on a shoestring, Harry and Gladys began selling paint and wallpaper ten years ago from a tiny shop in the worst section of Pittsburgh.

"I remember how, whenever a customer walked in, I would have to run up and stand near a certain spot in the front of the shop, to camouflage where the floor had fallen through," Gladys recalled.

The Weltmans now own a chain of 11 large stores selling carpeting and home materials. Gladys' parents have visited her three times in the U.S.

Jean Stewart, of Melbourne, was going with an Australian boy when one night she went to "The Dugout," a canteen for American GIs, and ran — literally — into Sergeant George Bono, a handsome U.S. Marine just back from the battle of Guadalcanal.

"George was so gallant," Jean said. "He courted me with flowers and treated me like a princess."

But George and Jean made the mistake of marrying in Melbourne without getting the permission of his commanding officer.

He was court-martialled, losing his sergeant's rank, and became a prisoner-at-large for a time until two sympathetic officers took up his case and put things right for the newlyweds.

When the war ended, Jean joined her husband in America.

In 1947, finding things difficult in the U.S., the Bonos went back to Melbourne, where George studied drafting under the GI Bill of Rights (free education for ex-servicemen) at the Technical College.

They returned to Pittsburgh in 1953, and George is now director of planning for a chain of department stores.

They have three children, aged 20, 16, and 7. Their eldest son is a Marine now serving in Vietnam.

The club's two "babies"—Rita Matus, of Ipswich, Qld., and Carol Fisher, of Sydney, are not war brides.

Carol met her husband, Russ, while he was in the U.S.S. Enterprise, spending three days in Sydney on a world cruise in 1964.

In response to a public appeal to Sydney people to invite crewmen to their homes, Carol's family issued an open invitation. Russ arrived for dinner and proceeded to court Carol for the remainder of the three days.

She went to the U.S. last year and they were married.

Rita Matus, formerly of Ipswich, Qld., met Ronald Matus in 1962 while she was on holidays in New Zealand and he was there as part of the U.S. Navy's "Operation Deep Freeze" Antarctic project.

They married in New Zealand and came to America the same year.

Ronald Matus confided to me that Rita is homesick and wants to return to Australia. "Send her some Women's Weeklies," he pleaded. "I'm sure they'll help."

Her address is 186 Clarks Pike, Creighton, Pennsylvania, 15030, U.S.A.

Then Audrey Capuano joined us. "The first 20 years are the hardest," she told Rita.

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OP ART? . . .



CROP ART!

NO, the picture at left is NOT the work of a mod painter. It's part of a garden plan in an interesting new book written by two Sydney women.

The book is "Designing Australian Bush Gardens," by sisters Betty Maloney and Jean Walker.

It is written, the authors say, for those who wish to ensure the survival of their own area of bushland or who wish to establish a bush garden. It gives details of how to design such a garden (one which will require no maintenance, by the way) and how to position the plants so that they will grow well and be in harmony with their surroundings.

Both Mrs. Maloney and Mrs. Walker are members of The Society for Growing Australian Plants, which has a membership of 1000 in N.S.W. The society was formed to help members learn more about natural flora and its growth and encourage people to get over a "fear" of the Australian bush.

"People are mad for lawns and 'tidy' gardens in the English tradition," Mrs. Walker said. "They don't like stones and leaves. They're afraid of prickles, and think a snake is going to leap out at them if they have a banksia in their garden. And they never get out of their cars to really see the beauty and savor the scent of our natural plants."

Some of the pictures in the book were taken in the garden of Mrs. Maloney's house at suburban French's Forest.

"The book will be sold in Japan, too," Mrs. Walker said. "The Japanese are very keen on our plants."

• Australian author Elizabeth Harrower sometimes has friendly disagreements with her publishers.

Commas caused full stop

We dis·overed this when we interviewed her recently about the publication in October of her fourth novel, "The Watchtower."

We mentioned the publishers' description of her as "one of Australia's most sensitive and psychologically perceptive novelists."

"You know, you shouldn't blame writers for what other people say about them," said Miss Harrower.

She admitted she found fellow humans fascinating studies.

"But as for the word 'psychological'—well, I have never studied psychology.

"Because I am interested in people, it doesn't mean that I go around consciously analysing them," she said. "Sometimes it is years afterwards that you remember an occurrence which, when it happened, just flowed past you."

Slim, dark-haired Miss Harrower also told how she had "had words" with her publishers over two little words—and some missing commas.

"When the publishers sent me the proofs I found they had altered all my 'whichs' to 'thats' and had taken out a lot of commas. I didn't like it — so I changed them all back."

Of course, when Miss Harrower has a problem with her publishers it's not hard for her to air it with them.

For she has been in charge of her English publishers' Sydney branch for three and a half years.

"It's necessary to have a job unless you are a Morris West or have a private income," she said.

"Actually, I wrote my first short story while I was studying ancient Greek, which I needed for entrance to an English university. Well, I found I enjoyed writing, so I just kept on."

CENTS DESIGNER 'COINS' CUTLERY

★ Young Australian designer and sculptor Stuart Devlin, who became a nationally known figure when he designed Australia's decimal coinage, has moved on from the animal theme he used on the coins to a delicate, fine-lined flower motif for knives, forks, and spoons.

Commissioned by an English company, Devlin has designed two cutlery ranges—one in silverplate, the other in stainless steel.

The designer returns to Australia in September for a month's visit, during which he will display his cutlery.



• BELOW: Stuart Devlin and wife, Kim. INSET: One of his cutlery sets.

HE'S TOPS IN THE FLYING GAME

■ Fair-haired Terry Steen, of Sydney, is a young man with his head really in the clouds — both his working hours and his spare ones are spent thousands of feet above the ground.

TERRY, 22, is a steward for an international airline and his working time consists of flying round the world, with stopovers in different cities.

After a week of flying most people would probably spend their time-off with their feet planted firmly on the ground.

Not Terry. He has a private pilot's licence and he heads for the Royal Aero Club at Bankstown for a couple of hours of looping-the-loop and other aerobatic tricks.

His hobby is paying off.

High honor

He recently won the Australia-wide Pilot-of-the-Year competition, worth $1000 cash and a trophy of the same value.

Terry has always been interested in flying and, in particular, aerobatics.

"I used to do a lot of model aeroplane flying — I would have three ready for use at a time, with countless others being repaired!

"The day I got my restricted pilot's licence, I was also endorsed for aerobatics."

Terry confesses that although flying heights don't trouble him, if he stood on the edge of a cliff he would be nervous.

Although from ground level aerobatics look highly dangerous, Terry claims that, if done at a safe level (no lower than 3000 feet), the element of risk is slight.

"We don't wear parachutes, as it is not considered necessary. If there was an engine failure it would be safer to land in a paddock than to jump."

Terry, who lives with his widowed mother, has seen more of the world than most people twice his age. Though not *blase* about his travelling, Terry thinks he has seen enough.

"I would rather stay home on holidays than spend them in another country."

Terry hopes to get his commercial pilot's licence at the end of the year and later become a full-time flying instructor.



• Terry Steen with a model plane he built. Bigger ones interest him now.

★ An American judge rebuked a man wearing a hat in court and ordered him out. The defendant in the next case could not be found. He was the man the judge had sent away.

★ An Irish solicitor who recently opened for business has an apt name — Philip Argue!

COMPACT

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Veterans on their very first day!

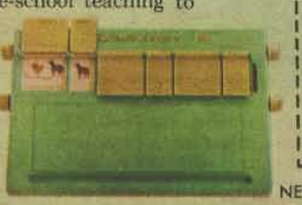
Your children need to learn so many things before they ever go to school . . . have you the time to give them vital pre-school knowledge to ensure a head start in First Class?



Now . . . for the first time in Australia from Golden Books—a name you've come to trust—comes an outstanding aid to parents . . . to give your children the all-important pre-school-in-the-home-help they so desperately need. And for which parents have never been properly equipped. Called "Adventures in Learning," it contains all the elements your youngsters need for a solid foundation. 16 colourful, fascinating books deal with every important subject . . . delightful play charts teach every-day skills. The "Learn-a-tron" teaching machine is the first of its kind in the world.

You can benefit from this unique programme . . . ! Send the coupon today for free and obligation-free details which will give your children the vital pre-school teaching to make them veterans on their very first day!





ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: One of the series of "Learn-a-tron" play charts to give your children wonderful hours of pleasure and pre-school learning. AT LEFT: 16 volumes of "how-to-do-it" play kits. AT RIGHT: The unique "Learn-a-tron" learning machine to fascinate every child.

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"Danger Man" series to end

"The Baron" is taking over

A new adventure program, "The Baron," begins on TCN9 on Thursday, August 4, at 8.30 p.m. This good news covers bad news: it means the end of "Danger Man" and the dashing Patrick McGoohan.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

THE urbane McGoohan has always been very much to my taste. He seemed to me to be the true undercover-man in high-life spy dramas, making others look like parodies.

So it was no wonder the arrival of "The Baron" didn't please me at first.

But it sounds as if the new adventures will fill the "Danger Man" spot very entertainingly.

"The Baron" series is made in England by the same people who made "Danger Man," and is based on characters from the pen of internationally known thriller writer John Creasey.

The title role is played by Steve Forrest, a personable young Texan who is, incidentally, the youngest brother of actor Dana Andrews.

Forrest plays the role of John Mannering, nicknamed "The Baron."

He hasn't a trace of noble blood in his veins to justify the title, but he has a very wealthy grandpa who started the family ranch which breeds the Baron brand of cattle — hence the name.

"The Baron," however, finds the family wealth insufficient to indulge his taste for luxury, antiques, and beautiful women.

To ensure that he can, he starts an antique business.

When the TV series begins, he is the owner of the three most exclusive antique shops in the world—one in London, one in Paris, the third in Washington.

So we have the set-up for an interesting TV series.

The scene, naturally, shifts from country to country as "The Baron" travels between his shops and deals with everyone from crooks to millionaires.

Steve Forrest has already played many episodes of "The Baron," and describes him in a way that makes him sound the kind of man anyone would like to meet.

"He is an anti-hero," says Forrest. "The devil is always behind his shoulder. He has bite, but he also has tenderness. He is perhaps avaricious, but he is also generous.

"His attitude toward women is somewhat tough. He likes them — very much. But one feels that somehow, sometime, he has been let down. Now he's wary."

As well as sounding off about his celluloid self, Forrest let drop a revealing bit about himself and his family.

"My father, Charles F. Andrews, was a Baptist clergyman," he said. "I probably inherited acting from him. He was a colorful, fire and brimstone character — a Bible thumper with as forceful an appeal as Billy Graham.

"He would have made a first-rate actor if he had chosen the stage instead of the pulpit."

As well as exciting plots, "The Baron" has notable supporting talent.

Undoubtedly an attraction for the gentlemen will be the 1966 edition of Kay Kendall — Sue Lloyd, a dark-haired beauty. You may remember her as Jean Courtney, the glamor espionage agent in "The Ipcress File."

Sue, as Cordelia, is seconded to "The Baron" by Britain's Diplomatic Intelligence to assist when he works for them.

And, of course, "The Baron" does work for British Intelligence whenever they need him, which is once a week.

If you add all this up, it sounds, happily, mighty like "Danger Man." Everything depends on "The Baron" himself. He will have to be really something to match Patrick McGoohan.

Footnote: McGoohan says "Danger Man" is finished, that he won't make any more episodes. But he's up to his eyes in a new series called "The Prisoner." It is his own idea, conceived by him, and is said to be very good.



STEVE FORREST as "The Baron," left, with Mark Burns as Peter Langley in "Portrait of Louise," an episode in TCN9's new adventure series.

Sinatra: a unique special

FRANK SINATRA, balding 50-year-old actor-singer (and still one of the best), recently startled the everyday world by marrying 21-year-old blonde Mia Farrow, of TCN9's "Peyton Place" (picture, page 3).

He startled the TV world, too, by announcing his plans for a unique TV project.

Sinatra is to film a one-hour color musical TV special, similar to his recent "The Man and his Music."

What makes it unique is that Sinatra has no sponsor, no commitment to any channel on any American network, and he doesn't plan to sell the show until it is completed.

His company, Sinatra Enterprises, will cover the entire cost of production — and collect the entire profit, too, when it is sold.

Frank firmly believes that life begins at 50. Ten years ago, at 40, he said, "I'm getting too old to bounce around a stage. I'm getting to be an old man."

On his fiftieth birthday he said: "How do I feel at 50? Ripe. And I expect to swing for 50 years more."

Fifty or over, he certainly enlivens TV whenever he appears.

But if you are one of his fans, and are ever in Palm Springs, don't be tempted to call on him at home. His doormat carries a woven-in message: "GO AWAY." And it is not a joke.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

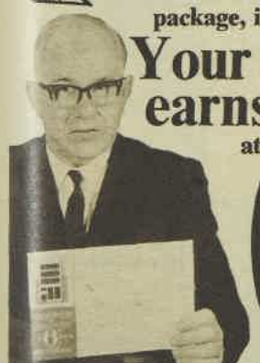
Momma once said, when we were talking about the loudest noise known to man, "Well, what would you say it was?" My sister said, "I think it would be the tremendous bang when a jet goes through the sound barrier." I think I said it would be the first baby crying at 4 a.m., especially if you had just got to bed about one. But, as usual, Mother won.

Momma's moral: "The loudest noise known to man is the first rattle in your new car."

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FIRST RELEASE IN AUSTRALIA

Embroidery from Europe

Black-and-white embroidery — in wall hangings, pictures, cushions and covers — is the "rage" in northern Europe, and is due for early sale throughout Australia. HOME BEAUTIFUL for August offers an exclusive first release of three kits you'll want to try!



Small Cakes and Biscuits

Home economist Jean Bowring devises a colorful range of novelty ideas for that next party.

Re-finish That Old Furniture

Revitalise a secondhand bargain or a favorite old piece! Expert photo-guide shows how.

PLAN A PERFECT PATIO



Give yourself an outdoor living area! Learn from what others have done in a picture-filled Ideas Book. Pergola-building guide is offered, too!

MOSAIC TABLE FOR $10



Just what you've wanted to make! Follow the step-by-step instructions, using attractive pebble tiles.

25c

AUGUST Home Beautiful

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● In the shops

SWIMSUITS IN THE NEW WAVE



● Figure-flattering designs in red-and-white with competition stripe trim. Left: Bri-nylon helanca sheath, with half-skirt, wide scoop neckline, and narrow contour straps, has low-cut back and moulded bra. Sizes 32in. to 38in., $14. Right: Pipeline twill hiprider, with neat shaped bra and contrast braid trim, has mock lace-up front above stripe bands, back zip, and inner panties (By Jantzen). Sizes 32in. to 36in., $11. (Mark Foy's Sydney.)

● On these pages are some of the imaginative new swimsuit designs for 1966. This year, fresh and interesting fabrics are just as important as nifty shapes and gorgeous color. The swimsuit fashions pictured here — from Sydney and Melbourne shops at about the prices quoted — are typical of new-season trends available in Australia.





● All the rage overseas, this "poor-boy" style in bri-nylon (left) has skinny-rib knit top, stretch-belt (Cole of California). $14.95. (Horderns' Mid-City Store.)





● Ever-popular relaxed look is typified (above) in this scanty but well-covered blouson style with colorful top and plain pants. Fabric is stretch bri-nylon (Shoreline). Sizes 32in. to 38in., $18. (Grace Bros., Roselands, Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta.)

● "Poor-boy" look for lucky girls (right) in plain turquoise bri-nylon one-piece with hounds-tooth check to fake a pants-and-brace caper. A kinky cap tops the outfit. Made by Watersun, 32in. to 36in., $15.99. (Georges Ltd., Melb.)

● "In gear" for the young (left), a one-piece, two-way stretch denim suit, squared at the neck and low-cut back. Little-boy legs, hipster belt, and saddle-stitching are featured. In color range (Watersun). Sizes 32in. to 38in., $15.99. (From Buckley's, Melbourne.)

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● *To play in, swing in, or just relax in, this cut-out beach cover-up (left) covers a matching bikini to swim in. The cotton print is Scandinavian (Shannon). Sizes 32in. to 38in. Bikini $9, cover-up $6. (Grace Bros. Sportswear Departments at Roselands, Bondi, Chatswood, P'matta.)*



● *Smashing twosome geared to summer's new swim looks. The "poor - boy," skinny rib, brinylon one-piece (seated right) teams navy with a wide midriff boldly striped in hot colors. Narrow roll waist-tie is optional (Maglia). Sizes 32in. to 36in., $14. Far right: Bikini in brinylon with contrast binding is cunningly joined with detachable centre strap (Ada of California). Sizes 32in. to 36in., $14. Turban is an exclusive in white, navy, green, blue, $5. (Georges Ltd., Melbourne.)*



● *Dare-to-wear high fashion, in a bold, paisley-patterned nylon mixture one-piece in a pattern of hot colors. Soft, draped top bares one shoulder and fine, flesh-color nylon mesh fills the low back (Cole of California). Sizes 32in. to 36in., $23.95. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)*

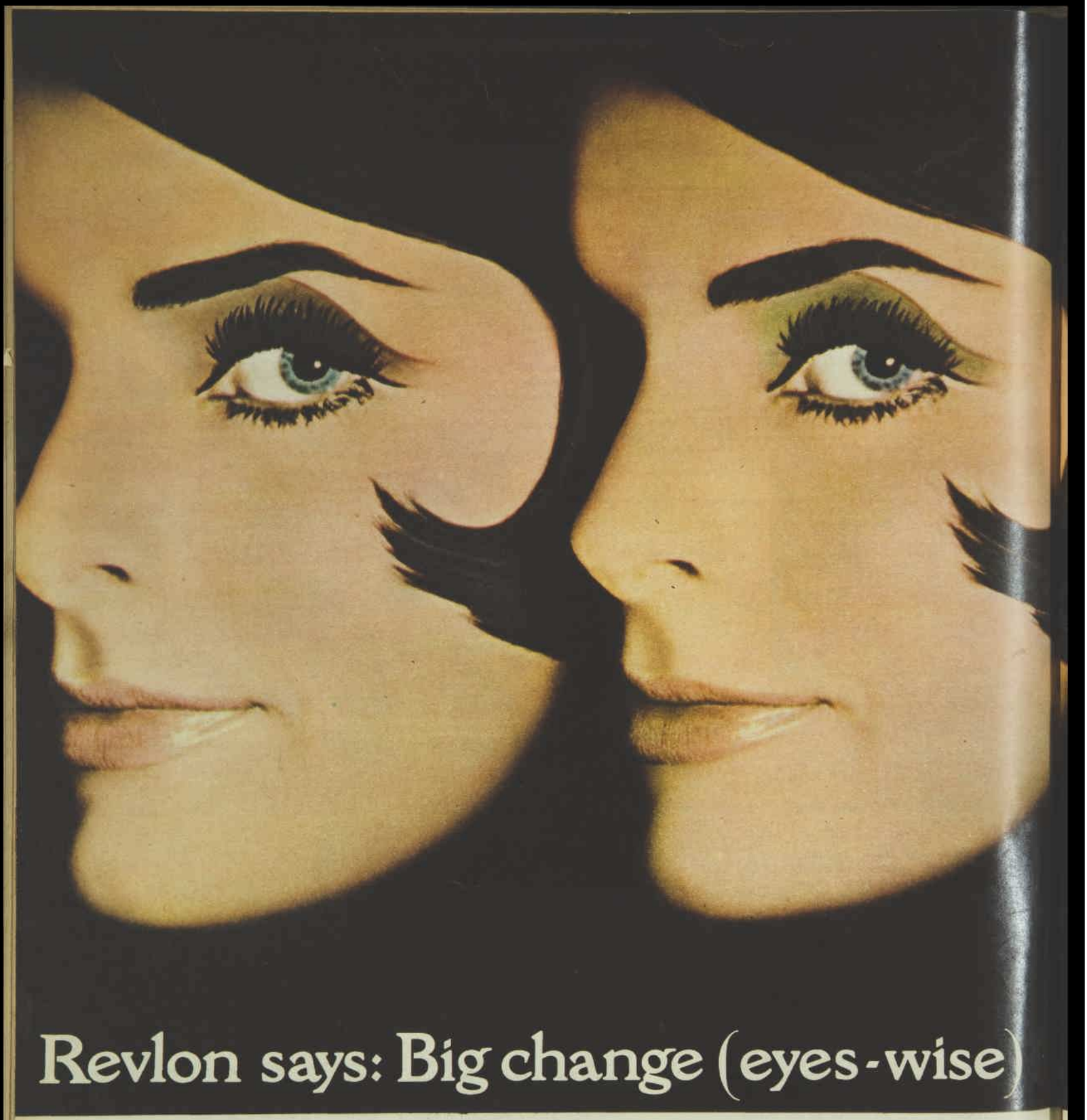


● *New sweater-knit look in smart navy, red, and white. Right: Trim two-piece mio slip-on in bri-nylon mixture with tricolor trim and plain plunge bra, $14. Far right: Bri-nylon boy-leg one-piece has scoop neck, plunge back (Catalina), $14. (Farmer and Co., Sydney.)*



● *Geometrics for those lazy, crazy days of summer in a cotton Mondrian check combination (left) that sits on the hips, has a black patent belt and little bra (Shannon). Sizes 32in. to 38in., $10. (Grace Bros., Roselands, Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta.)*

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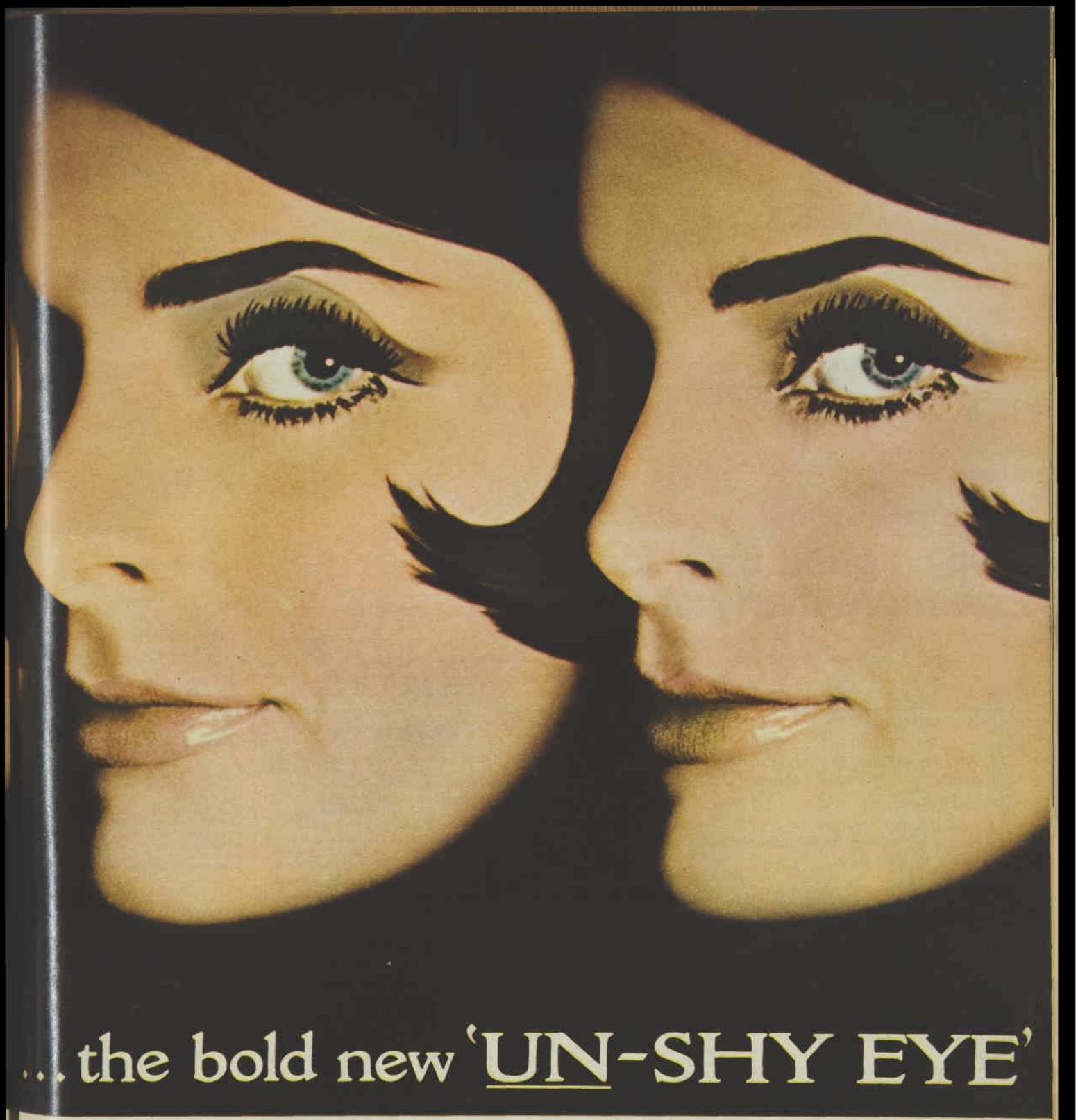


Revlon says: Big change (eyes-wise)

Deepened shadows with a pinch of spice (muted MUSHROOM, musky OLIVE, dusky SMOKE, pungent CURRY) plus the underbrow-pow of beige (or PINK!!)

This is the shape of eyes to come. Uncolors are out. Offcolors are in. A strange new cast of dusky, musky shadow shades (this-seasoned with spice!)... new underbrow 'Eyelights' in pink or beige... eyeliners subtly singed with smoke (plus a white one, just for openers!) It all shapes up to the 'Un-Shy Eye'. The look is killing (soft but thrilling). Our smoke signals say it's The Big Look For Eyes. Try it for size.

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... the bold new 'UN-SHY EYE'

MUSHROOM

CURRY

OLIVE

SOFTSMOKE

Newest fashion kick:
Underbrow 'Eyelights' in palest pastels (beige or pink!) to 'lift' a whole look—make eyes seem twice their size!

WHISPER PINK

WHISPER BEIGE

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NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.

2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours *you* like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

With Nestlé's, you can safely train baby's sense of taste in just two easy steps.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some yourself it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. *They do more than just feed.*

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the **complete** milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 9 – 12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg and Bacon Breakfast. A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chicken Dinner. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg Custard with Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Lamb Liver Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chocolate Custard. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's

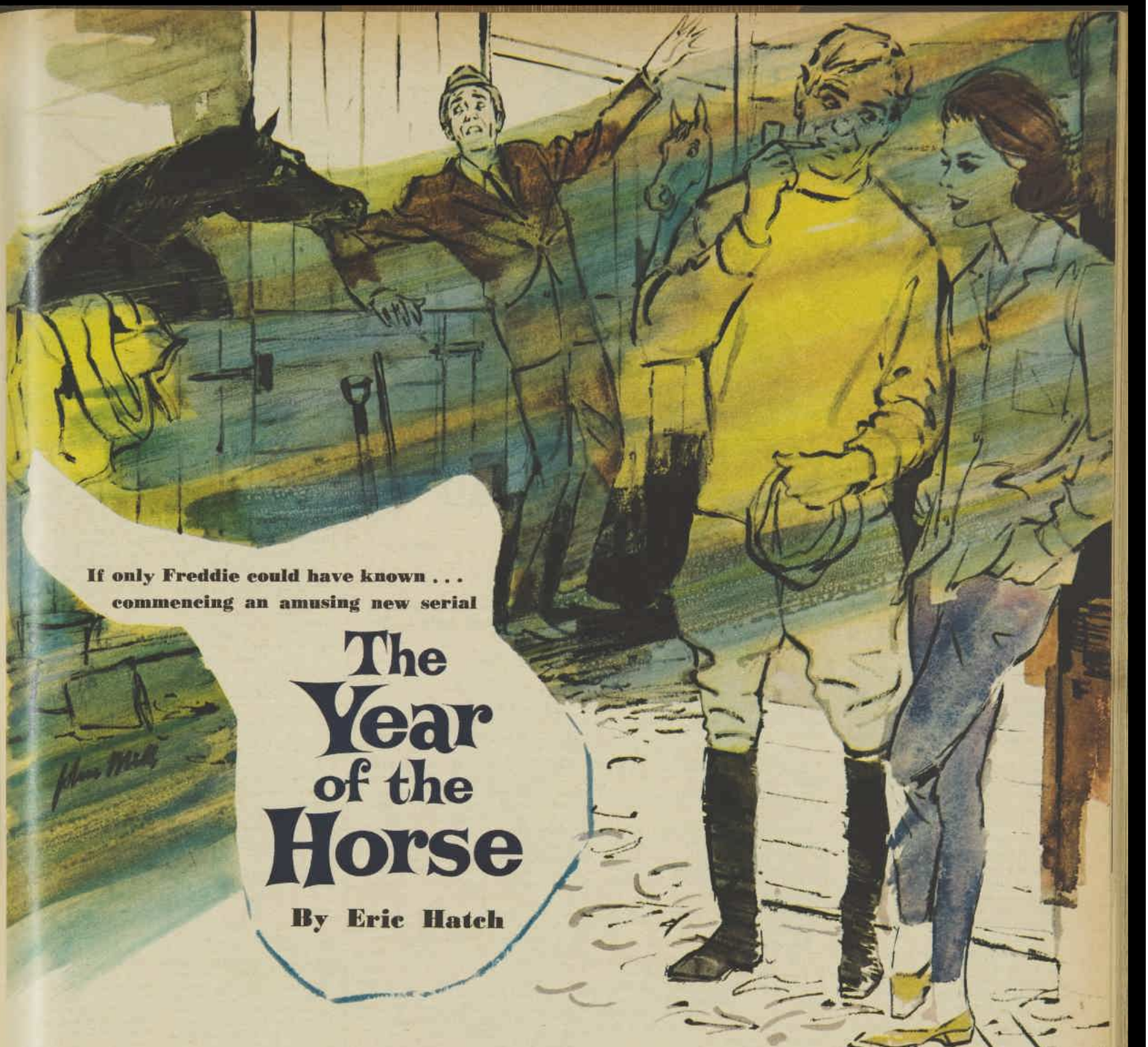
BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



PACKED IN THE SAFETY OF GLASS

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If only Freddie could have known . . . commencing an amusing new serial

The Year of the Horse

By Eric Hatch

MONTHS afterwards, just for the kick of it, I looked up my horoscope for that particular day. It said:

Scorpios (that's me) should regard today with caution. Beware of entering into negotiations or making hasty decisions, for they are liable to have wide-ranging and unexpected results.

Had I looked at it that morning . . . but no, it would have made no difference. After all, who would consider conducting a perfectly normal conversation with his own wife "negotiating"; and as for "hasty decisions," such as agreeing to do something she wanted to do, I go along with her darn near all the time, anyway. There wasn't one blasted thing to alert me. I was in the car all set to drive to the station when Mary stuck her head out the front door.

"Oh, Freddie. Helen's simply mad to have riding lessons. I said I'd have to ask your permission. Is it OK with you?"

I made an expansive gesture through the car window, "Why not? She's had every other kind of lesson you've been able to dream up."

Mary, an attractive woman at almost any other hour of the day, smiled — and in spite of pink plastic hair-rollers became immediately attractive.

"They're a little expensive . . ."

"Forget it. The best's none too good for my family. I can afford it."

This, of course, was a black lie. I couldn't afford anything we had. Mary's car, my car, the semi-demi-split-level colonial ranch house—at least that's what the real-estate man called it when we bought it five years ago—the color television set, the expensive commuting community, Helen's school, Helen herself, to say nothing of Mary. In fact, I couldn't even afford myself. Naturally, I live way beyond my income. Why not? To live any other way here in the Westport area would be thought ostentatious.

"You're a lamb," said Mary. "And I love you very much."

"I love you very much. Even if you have got a guilty conscience."

"Guilty conscience, Freddie? About what?"

She looked so worried for a second that I wondered if I had accidentally hit home. Mary's a wonderful woman — even if overly given to civic virtue and being chairman of things, if they seemed social enough. If she really had something to feel guilty about, I didn't want to know it.

"I just meant you ought to have a guilty conscience, springing that on me just when I'm leaving for the train."

She grinned now and blew me a kiss, and I drove off reassured and happy for the moment, with my wife, my daughter—well, with all the things I couldn't afford. With my life. I should worry about riding lessons. They wouldn't

To page 26

As Suzie talked to Tim she was unaware of Freddie's predicament.

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THE AFFAIR

By PATRICIA ROBINS

The decision is made . . . a sophisticated story



Jane looked bored as Robert spoke to her.

ACROSS the breakfast table her husband said, "I may be home late tonight. I have a meeting at five. It'll probably drag on with that fool Benson talking round in circles. There's nothing on, is there?"

She shook her head. No, there was nothing on—nothing to relieve the boredom of another long evening watching television; no good film at the local; no dinner party; nothing but the same old programs to pass the time.

I can't stand it! she thought. But she had thought this so many times that it had lost its meaning. It was now no more than a mental statement of fact.

She put the cereal packets into the cupboard, poured herself another cup of coffee, and lit a cigarette. She waited for Robert's customary remark. It came.

"You ought to eat something, Jane. And cut down on that smoking."

But the arrival of the expected had also lost its power to irritate her. There was even some satisfaction in waiting for the inevitable and then having it presented to you according to plan.

She said nothing. There was nothing more she could say to Robert—nothing that could be said aloud. Now, all the things she wanted to say to him went on in her head.

Inside her head a voice was saying: "That's the last time I'll hear you say that to me, Robert. Soon I won't need to have so many cigarettes. Soon I'll be free of the dull domesticity of married life; for ten years I've cleaned and cooked and shopped and ironed for you and I'm sick to death of it all. I thought when I married you it would be different."

It was hard to pinpoint the exact moment when hope and joy had been submerged by routine; hard to say exactly when Robert had started to behave like a husband instead of a lover. Maybe if she'd known when that crack in harmony had begun she could have prevented their marriage from crumbling altogether.

When she married Robert at 17, she had believed she could truly live with him "happily ever after." Not for them the quarrels, the disillusion, the divorces that destroyed other people. She and Robert were going to have a perfect marriage, just the two of them, together . . .

Now it was all over. She was 27 and she had failed. No, Robert had failed to make her happy. Now she was leaving him. She thought: It doesn't matter how late home you are. This evening I shall be with David. David loves me the way you did once. When you come back from your dull old meeting, I shall be gone . . .

"Well, what do you think, Jane?"

She looked up quickly, meeting his puzzled stare.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you said."

He's changed, she thought inconsequently. He's only just 30 and yet he seems years older. He wants me to be old, too. He can't be young because he likes our mariage to be solid and dependable and dull.

"I think you ought to see Dr. Jarvis. You don't look at all well."

She gave a sigh of irritation.

"Oh, I'm all right, Robert. Don't fuss." But her heart said: I don't need a doctor to cure me . . . I need David . . . I need what David will give me . . . lots and lots of love and fun and laughter . . . David can make me feel 17 again.

"Now look here, Jane. I'm going to insist you see Jarvis . . ."

"I'm all right, Robert!" She heard herself shouting and quickly brought her voice down several tones. "Really, I'm quite all right."

A few minutes later he collected his hat and briefcase and was gone with a parting mumbled threat to discuss her health more seriously with her when he got home.

But I won't be here! sang her heart.

She went upstairs to her bedroom . . . only it wasn't her bedroom. It was Robert's, too. Their nightclothes lay strewn over the twin beds. Robert's pyjama cord had come out and he had asked her to thread it back. I'll do it before I go. It'll be the last thing I'll for for him, she said to herself, sitting down on her bed and performing the task with more than her usual care.

When it was done, she bathed and dressed and began to make beds, wash up the breakfast dishes, and clean the house. At 11 o'clock the daily would arrive and do "the rough." Today Jane said to her when she came: "If I wanted you for longer, Mrs. May, could you manage it?"

"I dare say I could fit it in afternoons, Mrs. Fisher. How long would you be wanting me extra?"

"I . . . I'm not sure. I'll . . . let you know."

Jane drank her coffee and looked at the woman gratefully. Afternoons would "suit" very well. There would be the cleaning up in the mornings, and in the afternoons she could come in and prepare Robert's supper. Women liked looking after bachelors. Robert was not fussy about his food and Mrs. May would feel sorry for him. She might even do his mending.

She felt easier now that she knew someone would be replacing her. There's nothing more to keep me here, she thought with a new, rising excitement.

After the daily had gone, she read the paper and prepared herself a salad, which she couldn't eat. She deliberately delayed packing her suitcase until half-past two. She wasn't due at David's flat until after four o'clock. She needed something to do in the last minutes. She was afraid she might lose her nerve.

Not that she wasn't sure about leaving Robert and going to David. But never having walked out on her husband before, she wasn't sure how it would be at the moment of going.

In the end, she was nearly late. It was ten minutes past four when she took a last look at herself in the bedroom mirror.

I don't look like me, she thought. I look like someone else — someone young and beautiful on the threshold of a new life.

The letter to Robert was propped against the mirror. It was a conventional, almost theatrical gesture, but she hadn't been able to think of a better one. She straightened the letter and turned her back on the room.

She could no longer see the walnut bedroom suite they had bought with such pride—their first purchase for the home they were about to make together. Robert didn't believe in hire-purchase and he'd saved enough to furnish their two-roomed flat before they were married.

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THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

Continued from page 25

last any longer than the ballet lessons, the violin lessons, the water-color lessons, or any of the other lessons. And Helen hasn't had the slightest talent for most of the things Mary had her taught. Which is just as well. Talent just makes people unhappy. I ought to know. I'm lousy with talent, and it makes me miserable a good deal of the time.

You see, my particular talent is writing, directing, and producing television commercials. The awful kind that sell millions of dollars' worth of a product and make everyone watching want to throw up. Take my latest about the fizzy drink that comes in handy tablet form and settles your stomach. Aspercel. I ought to get an award for that one. it's what you might call the "reciprocating double-action" type of commercial. Not only does it sell to people who feel awful; it makes healthy people feel so sick it creates a new market.

But I was talking about Helen. The riding-lesson bit began almost at once, in September. I didn't pay much attention to it at first. For one thing, Hellie'd already had riding lessons of a sort. In Montclair, where we lived before I went with the Tomes Agency in New York, there was a crummy livery stable or riding academy where kids flopped about on what looked like samples of living dog food nobody'd got around to canning yet.

And, of course, since she was five, she'd cut out every picture of a horse she could find and pasted them on the walls of her room. Also, she'd read most of the print off "Black Beauty" and "My Friend Flicka" and "My Friend Flicka's Daughter" and every other series about red stallions and black stallions and their children and their children's children she could lay her hands on. But by November the horse thing had gone way beyond a normal obsession.

What first tipped me off was my sensitive nose. As a kid I used to ride around my old man's tumbledown farm outside Buffalo, but, ever since growing up, for some damned reason horses invariably make me sneeze. Now the minute I got home I started sneezing. And began finding horsehairs on the living-room sofa.

I began listening to Helen's conversation at dinner — something I rarely do, being still wrapped up in the day's business — and found I could understand only about every third word. Oh, I knew the meaning of most of the words, but not in the context she and Mary used them. Words like quarters and thrush and splints and curbs and gags and coolers. Why do you suppose it is that horse words all seem to have simple everyday meanings that have nothing to do with horses?

Not only did she talk a language I couldn't understand but she prattled on about people I'd never heard of. Especially a girl named Judy and someone named Wolfgang. Judy, I gathered, was a schoolmate; I learned she had a horse of her own and lived only a couple of miles away with the horse and, purely for reasons of expedience, with her father and mother as well.

About this horse thing, I played my cards wrong from the beginning. Since I was ashamed to admit I didn't know what Hellie and Mary were talking about most of the time, I pretended to be bored, which took hardly any pretending, and kept me from giving away my appalling ignorance. The sneezing helped here. It was a legitimate excuse for not talking but after a while it got so bad I couldn't stand it. I went to see our company doctor. It was a brief conference.

"Hi, Doc," I said. "Every time my daughter comes anywhere near me, I sneeze."

"Reverse Oedipus complex, eh? You're in love with your wife."

"Why not? She's a damned attractive woman."

"And so you resent your daughter because she comes between you. So you sneeze, unconsciously claiming your wife's attention."

"No, Doc," I said, "I sneeze because my daughter smells like a horse."

"Sure you're not imagining this? Any reason you know of why she should smell like a horse?"

"Sure, because she's covered with horsehair." I saw his eyebrows go up. "Don't get me wrong, Doc. She gets it from horses and all the—stuff—she trails through the house. But what can I do about it?"

He grinned, wrote out a prescription for a hundred antihistamine pills, and that was that.

The pills took care of my physical problem. They did nothing for a few other problems I had. I was getting deeper in hock every day, and my job was beginning to get my goat. I'd been with Tomes for ten years—producing those commercials and acting as account executive, without commission, for the past five.

WHAT worried me most was that ever since the horse lessons Helen was acting less and less like a girl, and because of this, I guess, every day we seemed to drift farther apart. Unlike a lot of guys, I hadn't wanted a son. I'd wanted a daughter. What had I got? A jockey! I blamed Mary for encouraging her to be interested in all the wrong things instead of the right things—like boys.

Helen was fifteen, close to sixteen. Instead of riding, what she needed was the kind of lessons they teach at places like the fashionable girls' schools: lessons about how to wear your hair and how to dress and how to talk.

This problem came to a head at Christmastime. There was a junior dance at the country club and I wanted Hellie to go. She didn't want to go. I insisted.

I came home from the office early that evening to find Mary waiting for me, looking worried. After the briefest sort of kiss she said, "Freddie, Helen honestly doesn't want to go to this dance. She's scared to death."

We walked into the little room we called the den and I poured myself a double ration of vodka.

"OK," I said. "What do we do to help her?"

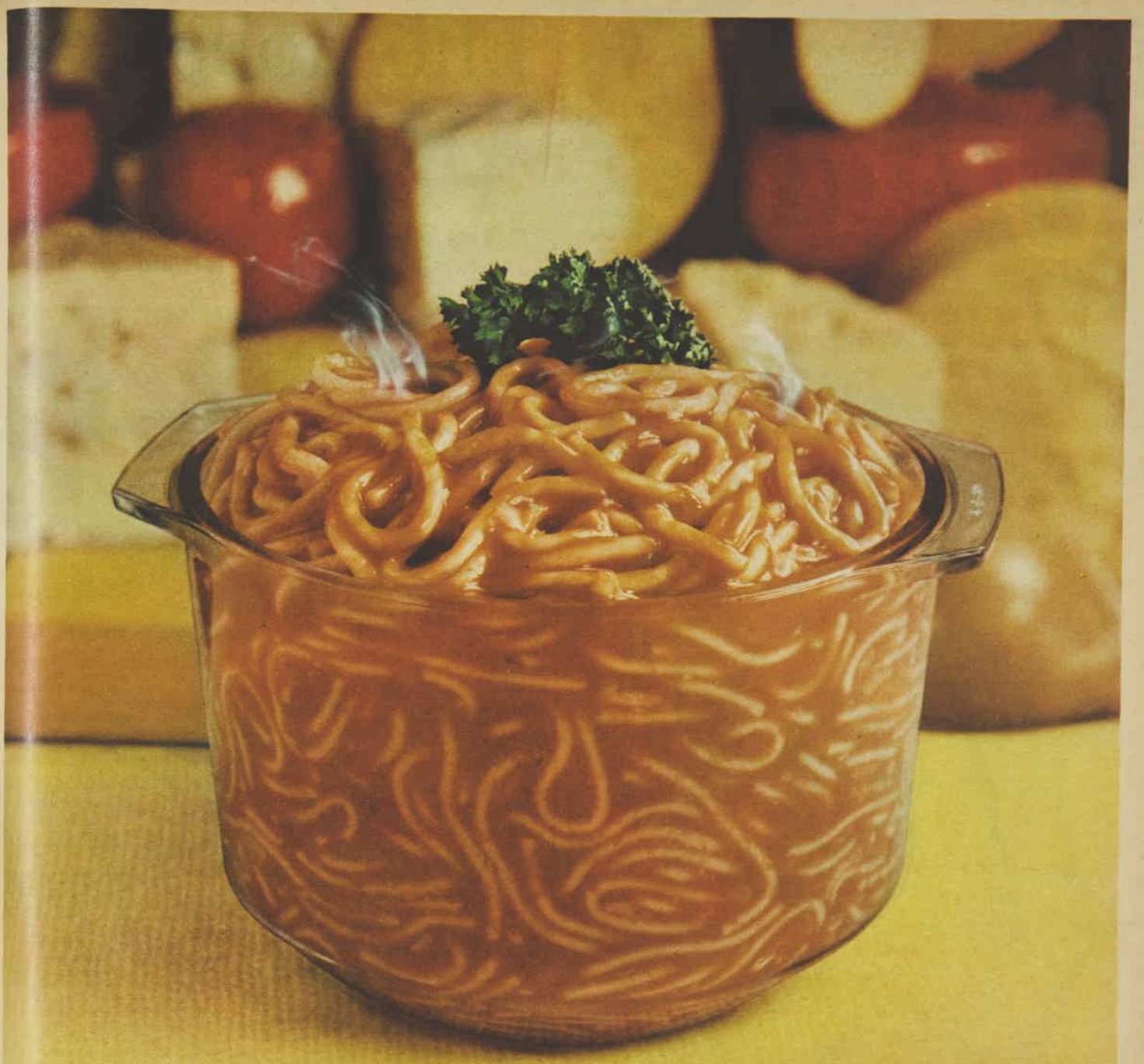
"Honey," Mary said softly, "there isn't anything the matter with her at all. She just happens to like horses better than boys."

"Mary, she has to begin getting to know boys sometime. In fact, I think it's damned important that she go to this dance. Is she making a fuss about it?"

"Nobody defies Caesar," Mary said, "not even Caesar's daughter. I'll help her finish getting dressed." In the doorway she turned. "Freddie,

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Only one cheese was tasty enough for this

(The tastiest spaghetti ever—made by Kia-ora from a new American recipe worth millions!)

And it didn't even exist. We had to develop a special cheddar cheese to match exactly the recipe for "Franco-American"—America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti in a can. It had to be matured 12 months. That's *3 months tastier* than most cheddars you can buy.

And this was only the beginning of the task of re-creating a secret recipe worth millions. Then came the blending with rich, red-ripe tomatoes and spices, and the slow, careful cooking. Then the spaghetti—firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Result? The *sauciest* spaghetti ever—now made by Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous.



Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark

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HAND LOTION

makes hands kissing soft
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softer hands without stickiness

Gentle Jergens brings wonderful new softness in seconds — without stickiness. Caressingly soft . . . with a lingering fragrance—irresistible. Jergens hand lotion puts softness back instantly with secret beauty oils that are so easily absorbed. Jergens beautifies and softens hands as nothing else can. Your hands deserve the care of Jergens lotion . . . no less!



Jergens
HAND LOTION

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING HAND LOTION

The house on 92nd Street

● The house was faded, grey, mysterious; who would dare try its forbidding door?

DURING the summer, I was taken to a place called Sag Harbor, on Long Island. The drive is rather dull, but once you get there it's quiet, peaceful, and hard to believe you are only two and a half hours from New York.

My friends had a charming house right on the edge of the bay. Once Sag Harbor was a whaling station, but now few people seem to be interested in whales except once a year when a whaling festival is held and all the young men of the district (having grown their beards for weeks or even months) dress up like whalers and enter the beard contest.

In the bay, a large artificial whale is towed out toward the sea and these husky landlubbers sail after it and bombard it with harpoons.

On the other side of the bay, across a bridge, lives a well-known American painter who, 20 and 30 years ago, was regarded as one of the crazy "moderns." Now, since pop art has become the rage, he's considered almost conservative.

Now and then this painter, whose name is Alexander Brook, likes to paint a portrait of someone wearing one of his wife's old hats. When my friend took me to meet him at his lovely home, he asked me if I would like to pose for him. Of course I said yes, because it is an honor to be painted by Mr. Brook, and also it was a delightful old hat — one of those pastel straws, trimmed with soft squashy roses, which some painters seem to be so fond of.

Converted barn

I tried it on and sat down on one of his carved wooden chairs and he began to draw. While he worked I gazed at the objects on the walls of his studio, which is in a converted barn some distance away from the house. He has a large room, and his wife, who also paints, has the other. A third chamber is occupied by Mr. Brook's early-model Rolls-Royce.

The objects I gazed at were, for the most part, farming implements made of wood which Mr. Brook brought from Spain, a country he is very fond of.

There was also a mascot from one of his Rolls-Royces — a girl with her draperies flying in the wind. Each time Mr. Brook buys a Rolls, he tries to get an earlier model.

During the rest period, which he needed more than I, he showed me the stacks of paintings which he kept in a large cupboard. They were his earliest paintings, and dated back to about 1911, for he had started, just as Picasso had, when he was a small boy.



THE PAINTER, Alexander Brook.

"I lived not far from the Metropolitan Museum of Art," he said, "and I did some of my first paintings in the museum. I used to go there to copy the Old Masters."

He is a large, handsome man, Mr. Brook. He looks jovial. Somehow, we began to speak about his childhood in New York. He lived in what is called a brownstone house on 92nd Street. New York is made up of a lot of old houses. Skyscrapers make the skyline, but there are streets and streets of old houses. Some are beautiful and some are ugly. The brownstones are beautiful.

In Greenwich Village there are houses dating back to the 18th century. I was in **one recently that looks like a house in a Dutch painting. It has a small courtyard and is three storeys high, with one room on each floor, and a small basement** with narrow steps leading to the courtyard.

Larger, more modern houses overshadow it and, of course, there would be no privacy there. But there is a tiny dried-up well and a small patch of thick fern. This house was for sale — for $U.S.80,000.

Brownstones are not as old as that one. And besides, 92nd Street probably did not exist when that house was built. Greenwich Village was the "town" then and 92nd Street was the "country."

When Mr. Brook lived there, half a century ago, it was fashionable. Central Park is not far, and some of the great museums are within walking distance. He

MR. BROOK and his Rolls. He prefers to buy only the vintage models.



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• Australian writer EILEEN CRAMER tells how she solved the mystery of the fascinating old house on 92nd Street, New York



THE HOUSE on 92nd Street, with author Eileen Cramer at its gate.

gained his artistic inspiration by going to the museums.

His musical inspiration he gained from a much less cultural edifice. On the corner of Third Avenue, which is the next one down from Lexington, there stood (and still stands) an enormous brewery. The owner lived on 93rd Street, and little Alexander Brook could lean out of his window and look right into the brewer's enormous garden.

On the birthday of this gentlemanly brewer, several bands, mostly brass, were called in to play in the garden, while Alexander listened, marvelling not only at the quality of the music, but at the fact that each player was to receive a whole dollar as an expression of the great man's benevolence. A dollar was a fortune!

Mr. Brook said that when he was about nine years old he suffered an attack of infantile paralysis. He recovered, but he was unable to walk up and down the stairs in the house in 92nd Street, so his parents took a cottage somewhere else.

"I was sorry to leave that street," he said. "I liked living there. It was a romantic sort of street, or so I imagined when I was a boy."

"I know that street, too," I told him. "I live on the next one. I often walk up 92nd. There's a house there that I like."

"You don't mean the grey wooden one?" Mr. Brook said quickly, looking very interested.

Looked deserted

"Yes. It looks so mysterious. I've never seen anyone there, and there's hardly any light to be seen — in fact, the only light I've seen was in the basement — and there's a little front garden about six feet wide, with a large tree and a stone urn. The grass seems to be allowed to grow wild."

"I lived just opposite that house," said Mr. Brook. "And, do you know, it looks almost the same today as it did then. The veranda looks a little more sunken-in at the top of the steps, that's all, and the tree has grown since then." Mr. Brook's face became very animated, and he smiled delightedly. "That's what makes me wonder if the same lady still lives there."

(As soon he said this, I saw a picture. A young lady in a black taffeta dress with rows of tiny buttons down the front came out of the front door of the house in 92nd Street, opened the gate, and walked sedately up the street.)

"She must have been about 25," he said. "She seemed quite old to me then, because I was only a child, but now I realise that she was young and pretty. She lived there with her mother.

"She used to come out and go for walks in the late afternoon when we kids were playing on the street. She was very quiet. She never spoke, but she'd throw the ball back at us if it went into her garden. My mother said she'd become an old maid. It seemed to worry my mother.

"She had a cat, though. His name was Timmy. He used to sit on the gatepost most of the time. He had the well-fed, satisfied look of an English cat."

"Perhaps she still lives there, the lady, I mean," I said to him.

"You know, I often wonder about that. She'd be old, of course. She's older than I am by about 15 years, so that would make her about 80. But it's possible.

"I've passed there in my car sometimes, and I'd love to go in and ask for her, but, you know, I'm rather shy."

"I'll find out for you," I said. "It'll be a wonderful excuse for me to go there."

By now he had finished painting for the morning, so I went over and looked at his canvas.

"Really — you can paint!"

He laughed. "That was my wife's best hat once," he said. "I have to do it justice or she'll take it back. And you won't come back if I don't do justice to you!"

We walked across the wide, flat lawn to his house. It was a fine old wooden house with two floors and attics and a wide porch and door. When the door was open, you could see right through to another lawn with an urn set in a round patch of purple flowers.

Beyond that was more of the flat green lawn and then the clear surface of the water of the bay. It made me think of looking into a wide-open green eye which had its own landscape inside it.

His wife had been cleaning out cupboards in the attic. We sat and talked for a while and they told me the history of the house. It had been built a long time ago and much farther away, up on a hill. Twice it had been levered up on to an enormous platform, and moved. This was its final position. If it went any farther it would be in the water.

"Why, they even move houses as large as this one across water on huge punts," they told me.

I considered this a very astonishing and interesting bit of information, although I didn't know what I'd ever use it for. It reminded me of a day in Australia when, touring with the Bodenwieser Ballet, we passed an enormous truck carrying a little wooden house. We were just entering the township of Hume, so naturally someone sparked up and said, "Oh, look—Hume and Hovell!"

A delightful room

Mr. Brook's house, though, is anything but a hovel. The sitting-room is wide and spacious and delightful, with its view of the lawn and the urn. There are paintings on the walls, of course, his and hers, and there is a large one they discovered in a "flea market" in Spain. It is a Spanish primitive of a town square . . . the same town square which appeared in the film "Around the World in Eighty Days," painted long before the film was made.

They drove me back to my friend's house where I was staying. On the way I asked what they thought about pop art, which is what a lot of people in Greenwich Village are doing now.

Mr. Brook smiled. "I can't say anything, because, after all, I was judged to be crazy, too, when I was younger."

When they reached the house we said goodbye, and I said, "I won't forget to find out about the house on 92nd Street. I'll write to you."

"Would you?" he said, looking pleased. "That would be great."

Yet afterward I wondered if it really would be great. Supposing I had to disappoint him and tell him that the lady was long since gone?

But there was my own curiosity. And my own childhood. I associated his lady with one of my own who had lived on my street. She also had a cat, and never married. My mother used to say she was an old maid. She went to England — went "home" — and my father said it was to try to get a husband.

Her cat's name was Bubbles. He used to sit on the front gatepost. She was a very ladylike spinster and always wore a thick veil flowing from a wide hat. It was to keep off the hot Australian sun. Her English skin was so delicate.

But she was sweet and gentle, and she welcomed little children in with slices of cake on flower-patterned plates, and a glass of milk or orangeade. Her house was wooden, too, but an Australian bungalow, not a three-storey New York house.

Now, with the 92nd Street house, it was a question of feeling curious and doing nothing about it or of going boldly up to the front door and knocking.

One Sunday afternoon I did it.

"Now you stand outside," I said to Baruch, my husband, "because if she is still alive she'll be very old. She may be nervous, what with all the crime in New York, and think we've come to rob her."

It was really a quaint sensation to stand on that old wooden veranda in a street composed of a few brownstones and modern apartment houses. There couldn't be another house like this one.

I pressed a bell several times, but there was no answer. I tried once more and then I heard, far back, or up the stairs, a shuffling sound. Someone was coming.

The door opened slowly and cautiously, and a pair of eyes regarded me.

But the eyes that regarded me were not those of an old lady. I think I had known all along they wouldn't be. I think Mr. Brook had known it, too. Only Baruch, standing at the gate, had expected an old lady, because he didn't care.

He didn't understand about Mr. Brook wanting to return to the street of his childhood now that he imagined he was getting old. I think that must have been the reason, otherwise why didn't he come 20 years ago, or 30? Why do we leave things like that until the last minute? Perhaps it is because there is a time for wanting certain things, a right time.

After all, the lady hadn't known him, or that he had become a successful painter. She hadn't even given him cake on a flowered plate, like my neighbor had.

Poor lady . . . why didn't you open your door and let little children in? Would she, at 80, have been glad to speak about 66-years-full-of-days-ago?

("Tea, Mr. Brook? I am afraid I have no cake." Or, "Come, come, dear child . . . do you know that you went away one day and I still have your ball, which I found in my garden?")

Yet, of course, I was disappointed when I saw that the eyes were not old-ladylike eyes peering at me from the darkened hall.

Whose were they, then? They were the eyes of a good-looking young man, who had a smear of paint over one eyebrow.

"Good afternoon." He did not try to close the door. He smiled.

So I told my story just the same. It had been prepared. ("Good afternoon, madam, I am here on a mission of sentiment . . .") Only I changed the form and told the young man about Mr. Brook wondering if the old lady were still alive.

"Come in," he said, in the most friendly way, as though he was awfully glad to see us. So Baruch came up the wooden steps and we entered the house.

"As far as I know, the old lady who lived here died ten years ago. And at one time there was an Italian stonecutter living here. Not much is known of the house's history," the young man said.

Filtered, dim light

We entered a charming room, the front room. It was much wider inside than it appeared to be from outside. The wooden shutters were closed, and a dim light filtered through the slits of the shutters. We could see the leaves, like underwater leaves, of the tree outside. The room was quiet, so quiet, and it was very peaceful.

"The name of the man is Alexander Brook," I said. "He is a well-known painter. He was famous."

"He still is," the young man said. "I loved his painting. In fact, I have been to his house at Sag Harbor. A lovely house. He wasn't at home, but his wife was."

"Then you could have told him about this house yourself! How funny!" I thought how strange it was, Mr. Brook thinking it was so difficult to find out if the lady were still alive.

"Are you a painter?" I asked the young man.

"Well . . . I paint a little. I am a designer."

His friend came in. His friend owned the whole house. "It's mine," he said, and looked very pleased. They loved the house, we could see. They invited us to come again.

"Mr. Brook will be disappointed," I said to Baruch as we walked down 92nd Street. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell him."

But I did, because I had promised. A couple of weeks later I received an answer to my letter. Mr. Brook was a little disappointed, but he thought it was an amusing story about Mr. Morrow and Mr. Hammet, the two young men, having been to his place and he not knowing that they lived in the little wooden house.

Then he went on to say that he was busy. "For some reason, a few days ago, I suddenly started off a whole new group of paintings. I'm rather excited about them."

I could see that he'd got over wanting to visit the scene of his childhood and become quite absorbed in the present again.

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Meriel looked with pride at her baby daughter, but shared the fear of any young mother as she contemplated the task of bathing her alone

The First Time

A charming story

By JANE O'HARE

Illustrated by Astra

MERIEL had been waiting for this moment. It seemed to have taken her ages, getting Peter off to work, lighting the fire, and airing the room — but now all this was done. If she could only shoo Pete's mother away . . .

Most obligingly, Sara Ann had slept since her six a.m. feed, but now the small, grunting, preparatory-to-crying noises, which Meriel had grown to recognise in the fortnight since her baby had drawn her first breath, began to come from the cot.

"She's getting restive, the little angel." Meriel's mother-in-law, who'd split her house in two to accommodate the young couple, tiptoed across to the cot.

"Shall I?" Her hands were already reaching downwards.

"No. No, Mother, just leave her, please. I'll see to her. I want to get everything ready first."

Her mother-in-law drew back reluctantly.

"Oh. Very well, dear."

Meriel went on putting things on to the useful, fold-away card table. Talc, cream, pins, duck-shaped soap in a pink plastic dish, cotton-wool, hairbrush, was that all? Her mother-in-law left the cot side and came over to the airer on which was arrayed one wrap-over vest, one nightie, a hand-knitted matinee jacket, two minute booties, and the nappies. She lifted the jacket off and pressed it firmly against each cheek, left, then right, frowning as she did so.

"Quite sure this is aired, dear?"

Meriel was erecting the bath; she didn't look up.

"Quite sure."

"Oh. But, with wool, one can't be too careful . . ."

The electric kettle, plugged in conveniently beside the fireplace, switched itself off, and Meriel stooped to lift it.

"Oh my dear, no! I mean . . . it's boiling, isn't it? And that bath's only plastic. I always used an enamelled one for Pete and Ronnie — you could have had that, I said at the time . . ."

The steam clouded up between them as Meriel tipped the kettle.

"I know you did, Mother, thank you, but this bath is specially designed for a baby. Nurse Roberts liked it."

Her mother-in-law clucked and shook her head.

"Well, it's light and pretty, but," she looked doubtfully at the collapsible framework which held it, "is it safe?"

Meriel suppressed a quite violent urge to scream and added cold water from the huge jug beside her. Would that be right now? She tried the elbow test and flinched. Still hot, but by the time she was ready . . .

"Look, dear, as it's your first time, wouldn't you like me to—?"

"No!" Meriel said quite sharply, somehow swallowing. For heaven's sake, go away! Can't you guess I'm scared stiff? But she's my baby, mine, and I want to do it all myself, and saying as mildly as she was able, "No, thank you, Mother. I can manage. Really. Would you — would you drop the draught-stopper over the door on your way out?"

There was a momentary silence before her mother-in-law said, "Oh," again, then started for the door. "Very well, dear."

It closed after her at last, and Meriel, hearing the felt "sausage" bump against it, let out her breath in a shaky sigh. Now for it. She smoothed down her apron, checked the water once more, then went to the cot. Sara Ann was awake, her eyes fixed attentively on the

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THE FIRST TIME

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plastic wall of her new world. Meriel's mouth was quite dry, and her heart hammered her ribs. What if — what if she dropped — No! She drew back the covers and lifted Sara Ann into her arms. Oh, the lightness of her . . . though eight pounds was large for a first baby, so nurse had said.

Cradling her carefully, Meriel carried her to the bath and sat down on the chair placed in readiness. It was a relief to sit down, because her legs were like sponge, and now, foolishly, they'd begun to shake.

Carefully, Meriel set her feet apart to make a wider lap, and the trembling simmered down to a quiver.

Heavens! The water would be cold if she didn't get a move on. It had all looked so easy, watching the nurse. She'd rolled the baby from arm to arm as she'd undressed her, every movement so expert and sure you'd have thought babies were made of india-rubber.

Instead, their arms felt fragile as china sticks and permanently bent at the elbows, so that it was alarming to have to ease them straight to remove the jacket. The skin folded softly at the neck, too, over the nightie. Was it too tight? No, of course not. It was off at last, leaving Sara Ann looking quaintly comical in her vest, her thin red legs bowed out each side of the nappy.

The care needed extracting pins! One, two. Meriel was sure her thighs were too hard against the tender curve of her baby's back, but Sara Ann only blinked, then yawned. One soiled vest and nappy away, now . . . now . . . what next?

A towel, large and fluffy, to wrap about the queerly shaped little body. It wasn't at all easy. The towel had to enfold those wing-like arms, pinioning them out of the way during operation face-wash and shampoo. There. No, perhaps she was crushing one arm. Wrapped up again, Sara Ann endured the ordeal stoically, cross-eyed for a moment in an effort to focus on her mother.

Meriel dipped a cotton-wool swab and with infinite care wiped petal-soft mouth, eyes, and nose. The soap, lifted to lather for the shampoo, slipped from her fingers into the water, and Meriel, startled at her own clumsiness, jumped. Sara Ann let out a thin wail, a tremulous "Don't let that happen again" plea.

"It's all right, darling . . ."

Slowly Meriel raised herself off the chair, the small body tucked against her abdomen, while her left arm supported her daughter over the bath. A scoop or two of water, gently trickled to dampen the head, then a one-handed lather. Now rinse. Her left arm throbbed, and her back ached from sheer nervous tension. Rinse, rinse, that would do. Quivering, she sat down again and carefully dried Sara Ann's head. So far, so good.

She laid her baby across knees which still shook and opened out the towel. Nurse had had such an ample lap. Was her own ample enough to hold one eight-pound baby while she lathered chest and shoulders, arms and legs, bulging tummy and bumpy bottom? It had to be. She accomplished it somehow, and now the climax was at hand.

One slippery baby had to be deposited into the water, supported and rinsed.

Meriel took a deep breath, stood up, then lowered Sara Ann into the bath. She was slipping . . . slipping! No, she still held her. It was all right. Scooping and splashing, she rinsed the soap away. Soap-free, though still slippery, it was easier to lift the baby out on to the safety of her lap.

Every hollow, every dimple had to be patted dry, tenderly, and still there was no protest. Powder next on a silk-textured skin, turn her over, and powder again. Was she shivering? Yes, she was. Dress her quick! The vest . . . no, the nappy . . . no! The vest. Arms, winged again, had to be straightened; she tied the ribbons with trembling fingers.

Then, laying Sara Ann flat again, Meriel lifted the tiny ankles to spread the nappy beneath. Cream and pin, and nappy on! Now nightie, matinee, and lastly bootees . . . done! Was it possible?

Lifting the hairbrush, Meriel caressed the silken fluff into a crest. It was going to curl, fair curls and blue eyes, blue as Pete's, if they didn't change.

SARA ANN had had enough of her toilet now — she was hungry. The small face reddened, crinkled, and the demanding cry began. Meriel unbuttoned her blouse and put her child to her breast.

The cries ceased instantly and Meriel wriggled her toes at the first sharp, tingling sensation, before slowly easing her position and relaxing to gaze down in wonder at the tiny form she nursed; a small nose, pressed into the firmness of her own flesh, the delicacy of eyelids slowly closing in contentment, the miniature fist clutched up in pleasure.

In a short while that minute hand would open, the perfectly formed fingers fan out gradually to reveal each thin fingernail . . .

The door opened very quietly. "Meriel? May I come in? I've made tea, dear . . ."

Her mother-in-law wheeled in the trolley.

"I thought you'd like a cup, dear. I remember when I was feeding — the thirst. I can't tell you . . ."

She trotted across and set Meriel's cup beside her, then stood looking down at them both with an expression that was a mixture of love, pride, and bewilderment.

"You managed it, then?" Meriel nodded. "I'll empty the water and clear up for you—"

"No, Mother, please don't bother, I can soon do it when I've finished. Come and drink your tea."

"Sure?"

Meriel nodded again. Her mother-in-law fussed for a second or two, sighed, then finally sat down in the hard chair opposite Meriel to sip her tea.

"You modern mothers amaze me," she admitted, with a puzzled shake of the head. "I remember when I first bathed Pete. I was terrified. Absolutely terrified. Can you believe it?"

Looking down at the softly palpitating top of Sara Ann's head, Meriel smiled. When she looked up it was to meet her mother-in-law's eyes with the first real glimmer of understanding.

"Yes, Mother, oh, yes," she agreed gently: "I can believe it."

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



Jan and Roy Standway spent many carefree hours on the waterfront.

BE PRACTICAL

By Isabel Johnston

JAN was the despair of her aunt, Mrs. Stanley Smyth. Of course, Mrs. Smyth might have expected that a girl brought up in a trailer by an irresponsible father would be a problem. Not that Jan ran with a wild crowd or tiptoed in from wild parties in the early hours of dawn. Nor was Jan arrogant to her elders as so many young people were nowadays.

Jan was a bit vague about housekeeping and cooking, but always sweet-tempered. She was eager to be helpful and show her appreciation to her aunt for taking her in, but quite impractical.

She hung about the waterfront in disreputable clothes, sketching clamdiggers! And, as Mrs. Smyth frequently pointed out to Jan, even the greatest artists often starve.

Mrs. Smyth still kept the family mansion in the exclusive section on the Hill, but with mounting taxes and the high cost of heating such a big, rambling house she was far from rich. It was absolutely necessary for Jan to find herself a husband or get some training that would guarantee her a living.

But Jan kept right on painting clamdiggers — though anybody knows clamdiggers don't buy portraits of themselves! As for getting a husband, half the time Jan didn't even wear lipstick!

Using her influence, Mrs. Smyth found a job for Jan and, by playing up her difficulties in coping with the high cost of living, she persuaded Jan to take it. She wasn't sure how long Jan would last, but there were quite a number of eligible young men in the firm. Maybe Jan could hang on long enough to find herself a husband. Sometimes young men were drawn to a helpless, impractical girl.

One morning Mrs. Smyth rose at her usual 9.30 and, to her horror, saw Jan out in the garden painting a view of the harbor. She rushed out.

"Jan! Don't you know what time it is?" Mrs. Smyth cried. "You'll be dreadfully late for work."

"I'm not working there anymore," Jan answered.

"They fired you?"

"The boss is too good a friend of yours to do that—I resigned," Jan said. "I'm better qualified to paint."

Mrs. Smyth stared at Jan in distress. "You're just like Roy Standway!"

"Who's he?"

"Mrs. Standway's son. He gave up college, a chance to be an engineer — with the high salaries engineers get — to fish. That's his boat down in the harbor. He has to be out in all sorts of weather in a smelly boat. Eking out a bare living in the roughest, hardest way. Mrs. Standway was heartbroken!"

"It's a picturesque boat," Jan commented, "might make a good painting."

"But Roy doesn't make enough to buy art!"

"Well, I could do paintings of the yachts in the harbor and sell them."

That's what gave Mrs. Smyth an idea. She wasn't so poor that she actually needed to take lodgers, but, pleading poverty to Jan, she took in Arthur Twining as a boarder for the summer. Arthur was a successful young executive who kept a racing sailboat in the bay. Jan was a sweet girl. If she threw them together, who knows what proximity might do?

Unfortunately, Jan was sensitive about being a burden to her aunt. She moved into the trailer—her only inheritance from her father — so Mrs. Smyth would have more rooms to rent!

On the plea that she needed Jan's help with the cooking, Mrs. Smyth managed to get Jan to eat with her and their lodger. Arthur was delighted to have his boat painted. Mrs. Smyth's hopes rose when he took Jan sailing quite often.

Mrs. Smyth was so pleased at the results of her manoeuvres she didn't mind the hours Jan spent painting Roy Standway's old barge as he unloaded fish in the afternoons. At dinners with Arthur Twining in the evenings, Mrs. Smyth cunningly gave Arthur the impression that Jan did much more of the cooking than Jan actually did. Mrs. Smyth observed that Arthur was growing more and more attracted to Jan and her sweet ways.

But Arthur was a hard-headed businessman, not inclined to rush into any venture — business or marriage — without weighing the pros and cons. Anyhow, summer drifted into fall, and Arthur still hadn't asked Jan to marry him.

If it hadn't been for the near hurricane . . .

The day of the storm, Mrs. Smyth didn't even know that Jan was out on the sound with Roy until Mrs. Standway telephoned, frantic with worry. Helplessly, Mrs. Smyth watched the high waves from her window. Arthur's train was delayed by the storm. It was a great relief when he came home and took charge. He telephoned the Coast Guard and alerted them. Then he took Mrs. Smyth and Mrs. Standway down to the Yacht Club to watch and wait and pray that Jan and Roy would return safely.

Her painful anxiety stripped Mrs. Smyth of all pretence.

"Jan has no sense. She needs someone to look after her," she confided to Arthur.

"If only she gets home safely, I'll take care of her," Arthur vowed.

"She can't really cook," Mrs. Smyth confessed. "But she'll do anything for someone she loves."

"I love her," Arthur confessed, his voice husky.

After harrowing hours, Roy's battered boat at last chugged to the dock. As Arthur handed a drenched but cheerful Jan into his car, Mrs. Smyth couldn't help but feel a little bit thankful to the storm. Arthur was so protective toward Jan. So loving . . .

It was no surprise to Mrs. Smyth when, next morning at breakfast, Jan announced she was engaged.

"He'll give you a marvellous ring," Mrs. Smyth rejoiced.

"Oh, no, we're being very practical," Jan said. "We're not going to waste money on a ring."

"Arthur's not going to get you a ring? You mean he said that to you last night when he proposed?"

"Proposed? He must have had second thoughts and wise ones," Jan said with a smile. "Anyhow, it's Roy I'm marrying."

"Roy?" Mrs. Smyth cried in horror. "But during the winter he can't fish. How will you exist?"

"In Florida," Jan said, quite matter of fact. "Roy's going to charter his boat to fishermen — and I'll have yachts to paint."

The day after the wedding, Mrs. Smyth and Mrs. Standway saw their two young people off. To Mrs. Smyth, it was a shockingly unconventional honeymoon. Roy took off for Florida in his boat and Jan, helpless, impractical — but quite confident — drove the trailer south alone. They seemed to think they were being very practical.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay $2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Wise advice

JUST before my marriage, a dear old soul of 90 gave me this advice: "Never stint on good-quality, well-fitting shoes or a good mattress, because, as you go through life, most of your time will be spent either on your feet or in bed." She wasn't rich, but I feel sure that the application of this advice contributed largely to the serenity and air of contentment that stayed with her to the end of her life.

$2 to Mrs. J. Martin, South Geelong, Vic.

Don't cut hems off

SKIRTS have now reached an all-time high, and even I, waving goodbye to 40, have raised my hems. But I wait in fear and trembling for the inevitable to happen, as it did in the 'twenties and again in the 'forties. Suddenly, without warning, hemlines were dropped. The first time, I was at school, the second time, young, unmarried, and wage-earning. This time it will be different, with one dress a year my limit. Don't cut those hems off, but save them for the letting-down that will surely come about one of these bright days.

$2 to Mrs. G. Salmon, Harrisville, Qld.

Work a pleasure

MANY housewives do not realise what a wonderful new life they can have by going to work. Those who imagine it is all long hours and little wages should think of becoming a demonstrator. It is well paid, with excellent working hours, and gives you a wonderful new outlook on life.

$2 to Lauris Hardy, Box Hill, Vic.

Twinge of guilt

MY children are the devoted slaves of an ordinary little white cat. When this adored creature scampers joyfully to her saucer of meat, milk, or fish, I always feel a twinge of guilt about the world's hungry children. Are we justified in feeding pets when people are starving?

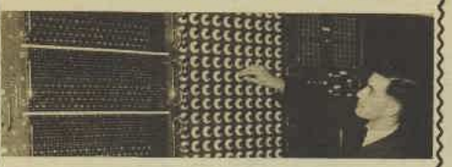
$2 to Mrs. V. L. Price, Ashgrove, Qld.

Godfather husband

MY daughter-in-law has a most unusual godfather — her husband. She had not been christened, and before she could be married she went to the church with her mother, father, and the aunt who was to be godmother. But they forgot to take a godfather. My son had gone along to watch, and the minister told him that he could come up and be the godfather of his future wife.

$2 to Mrs. A. Harrison, Petersborough, S.A.

MISMATCH



• Queensland University's computer, when given the task of selecting partners for a ball, embarrassed students by selecting a partner with the same interests but of the same sex.

There'll come a day, no doubt, when hopeful suitors
Will not consult their hearts or girls' papas,
But program information to computers
And thereby learn what's written in their stars.

Not wishing (as one shouldn't) to disparage
Efficient ways of matching man and wife,
One hopes, before computers settle marriage,
That someone teaches them the facts of life.

— Dorothy Drain

Learn the language

I CAME to Australia 12 years ago and for the first few months hardly opened my mouth. I had learned English at school, but was too shy to speak for fear of making mistakes. Then our landlady, who became a close friend, encouraged me to speak and corrected me in a kind way, so that soon I felt at home with Australian people. I think it is good to be among Australians as soon as you come into the country. If you stay with your own people too long and do not mix, you will never learn the language completely.

$2 to Mrs. H. Merkel, Albury, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

A LOT OF IT GOING ABOUT

"I'VE caught that dard cold of yours. Cart taste a thig Ibe eatig."

Les Hopkins grumbled this complaint to his wife. He made it clear he was annoyed with her for giving him the cold.

She replied sharply: "You brought it on yourself, going to the football without your raincoat."

This is a curious thing about the common cold. It stirs the impulse to blame someone.

If you get arthritis or gallstones or something like that, it is just considered bad luck. But if you have a cold, the guilt must be sheeted home.

There are two main theories.

One is the view (taken above by Mr. Hopkins) that you get colds from other people, who callously and thoughtlessly shower you with wogs.

The alternative theory (supported here by Mrs. Hopkins) is that colds are brought on by the sufferers' own foolishness. They have neglected to wear cardigans, etc.

I may add that Mrs. Hopkins sometimes switches to the other view if it suits her. She maintains that her daughter Edwina caught a cold from Robin Pimlott because Robin's mother sent her to school when she had that hacking cough.

Mothers mostly stick to the wrap-yourself-up way of thinking.



I would like a packet of cough drops for every time I have heard these words:

"Have you got a woollen singlet on?"

"Put your dressing-gown and slippers on at once!"

"I don't care if Tanya Gumbril doesn't wear her blazer, you've got to wear yours."

Sometimes revolt flares up: "I don't want to wear my creepy old rubber boots! I don't care if I get a cold."

To which a deadly reply is ready: "I'm the one that has to look after you if you do."

The young naturally disagree with the maternal philosophy. They consider that if you catch a cold it is somebody else's fault. A typical dialogue:

"I've got your cold now, Andrew."

"I can't help it! There's a boy next to me at school that coughs in my face all the time."

The idea is that a cold sniffs its way round the district from Peter to Kevin to Sue to Noeline, etc. If you only keep clear of Peter or Noeline or whoever the menace is, you are OK.

I am more fatalistic. I have come to believe that if you are going to have a cold you are going to have a cold. That's all.

I could dot say where I got this wog. I bight have pigged it up id a traid. I bight have stood too buch id the raid. It does'd batter a dab id the log rud.

As young as you think

IN answer to Mrs. de Warren, who wondered what was the worst thing about aging, I feel it is the thought of it. As to aging of the body, anyone who learns to grow old gracefully, without being full of moans, is admired by all. The mind will not get rusty if it is kept occupied and holds interest and compassion for friends and the suffering of the world.

$2 to "Madeline" (name supplied), Seaholme, Vic.

★ ★ ★

NEED there be any worst aspect of aging? After all, it depends entirely on the individual. If proper care of body and mind is practised, the aging process can be slowed down considerably. Many old people neglect properly balanced meals, feeling it's not worthwhile, and forgetting they're so necessary to good health. Regular exercise, if only walking, is important. Mental aging is also in a person's own hands. Exercise the mind by reading books, and keep up with world affairs in the newspapers. I am 71, enjoy good health and (I hope) mentality by practising the above, recognising my age, but not allowing it to overcome me.

$2 to Mrs. Eileen Smith, Campbelltown, S.A.

★ ★ ★

THE worst is the thought of leaving the world before all the wondrous things being explored, discovered, and invented are completed and the results known. So many thrilling things are begun in one's lifetime, it seems a shame to miss out on so many of the findings.

$2 to C. Joacuin, Brighton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

CEASE worrying, as worrying is a wrinkle-maker. If you are lucky enough to reach old age, you will most likely be so interested in your grandchildren and great-grandchildren that you won't worry over yourself. I am well past my four-score years. Make the best use of your youthful days. Kind deeds in youth make a wonderful mental album to go over in old age.

$2 to "Silver Lining" (name supplied), Swan Reach, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHAT is the worst about growing old? Being without friends. If, in the future, my mind gets to the stage where I live in the past, or if my body will not take me where I want to go, life for me would still be worthwhile as long as there was someone dear to share it with me.

$2 to "Wishful" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WATCHING one's children become middle-aged is the worst thing. The only good thing about aging is reliving wonderful and happy memories.

$2 to Mrs. Muriel Fairfield, Floreat Park, W.A.

(Advertisement)



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. . . *Margaret Merril*

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Continued from page 26

promise me one thing. Stay and keep an eye on her at the dance — will you do that?"

"Aren't you coming?"

"I'm afraid if I did she wouldn't even try. She'd know that being a woman I'd understand too well how she feels. But I agree with you that since she's agreed to go she ought to make the effort to, well, to behave like a lady. I'll do what I can to help her look the part."

A few minutes later Hellie came into the pantry where I was wolfing down sharp American cheese mixed with cellophane. I heard the click as she tripped on the sill: I'd forgotten she wasn't used to wearing very high heels.

I looked at her. I suppose she wasn't very beautiful, but she looked beautiful to me. And strangely touching. She looked — if you didn't look too closely — grown up. But if you looked at her really hard, you saw that the formal dress accented all the little-girl things about her; things like not knowing quite what to do with her arms and hands, the nervous shifting of her weight from one foot to another, the way she unconsciously scrunched up her shoulders as though trying to hide their infinitesimal bareness. What really threw me was that for the first time I saw she looked like Mary. Not the Garden Club Mary, the other one whom I'd met at Bennington seventeen years ago and had fallen in love with and was still in love with.

"Hellie," I said, trying to keep my voice devoid of emotion, "you look perfectly lovely."

She gave me a nervous, twitchy smile. "Thank you, Daddy. I—I wanted to wear my ballet slippers because I feel sort of queer, but Mummy said you wouldn't like it."

"You would look sort of queer in them, honey."

The red lips quivered a moment. "I think I look queer anyway, and that's why I feel queer."

"You look beautiful."

She shook her head. "No, because I'm not beautiful. But it—it's a beautiful dress. And thank you for buying it for me . . ."

I felt like a brute, an old-fashioned Prussian father. She hated the dress and hated wearing it because she hated going to that damned dance. The fact that she was going and was going with good grace made me feel worm-high.

She was teetering wildly on the spike heels. I couldn't subject her to the humiliation of falling flat on her face. "All right, honey girl, let's compromise. Why don't you go up and get those white-and-gold shoes with the little heels you wear to church?"

The high-heeled shoes were off like a shot, and when she came down some of the tension was gone. I got my coat and Helen put on Mary's beaver and we went out to Mary's gunmetal-colored wagon. I held the door open for Hellie and she got in, but she didn't know what to do with the bouffant skirt to keep from mussing it when she sat down. I put the brain to work and she wound up getting in back, pulling the skirt up over her knees and she rode kneeling on the seat cushion.

The club was about four miles away. For the first mile she chattered on nervously. Then she ran out of glibness, so for the next mile I chattered. After that the silence got deeper and deeper. A mile from the club I heard a gulping sound. "Daddy! Stop the car!"

I hit the brakes, heard the door open and then heard her supper come up. I didn't know whether to try to help or whether to stay put. I decided to stay put. I heard her get back in and immediately launched into diversionary tactics.

"How's the riding coming along?"

"Mummy says I'm not to talk about it when you're around because you get upset. Why does it upset you?"

"I guess because I don't know anything about horses or riding."

"You could learn about horses. I have lots of books." She must have seen my shudder, because she went on. "Oh, I don't mean Black Stallion or Flicka. I mean how-to books. You could learn, Daddy; I know you could."

WHEN did I have time to read a book? As it was, I got up at six and worked so damn hard all day to support her and her mother that by the time I got home and had dinner I was ready for bed so I could drag myself out again at six to do the same thing all over again. But it would have been cheap to say this.

"Maybe I'll try to learn some day. How is the riding coming along?"

"Wolfgang says by April, if I keep going the way I have been, I can start riding in shows. Of course he'll start me off in some real grundgy ones. That's how Judy did. So I'll get experience in competition. Four-H sort of shows."

I assumed Wolfgang, whoever he was, must be her instructor.

"That's great," I said, my mind wandering. "Who's Judy?"

"Oh, Popsicles!" That was a pet name left over from a few years ago — when she'd been a little girl and we'd still been close. "You know Judy, Judy Gardner. She's been at our house for dinner lots of times."

"Oh," I said, "the manure girl. Of course I know her."

"What did you call her?"

"The manor girl," I said. "Gardiner's Manor on Gardiner's Island in the sound. Those Gardiners were the last authentic lords of the manor in this part of the world."

"That's cool! Can I tell Judy that's what you call her?"

"No," I said in panic. "Maybe she isn't the same family." I turned into the club driveway. "Well, here we are."

One look at her face and I said she could come with me while I parked the car. "Then I'll escort you in the way a gentleman ought to escort a lady to a dance."

I parked, gave her my arm, and she trembled her way into the clubhouse, where we checked our coats and I turned Helen over to a sort of imitation Mary who was acting as hostess. I waited until I saw Hellie greeted by a couple of girls she knew and the hostess introduce her and the others to some boys who were just coming in; then, just to keep out of sight, I slipped away to the bar. About fifteen minutes later I drifted back to the dance room. The combo was tuning up and the girls were standing in a bunch, giggling, Helen giggling with them. The boys were at the other end of the room shifting their weight from foot to foot and generally looking unhappy.

Helen was obviously okay, so I returned to the bar. I came out once more a little later and everybody seemed to be dancing, so it was back to the bar again. This time I bumped into a couple of guys I saw on the train every night and we got talking. The

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THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

time slipped by. It must have been almost ten when I glanced at my watch and hurried back to the dance.

I looked for Hellie but didn't see her among the dancers. She must have gone outside with a boy. That was all right. I was starting back to the bar when a cleared space opened between the stompers and I saw her. And I felt like a heel for making her come to this dance.

She was sitting all by herself at one end of the big, bare room, gritting her teeth, and at the same time trying to look as if she were having a wonderful time. Every now and then a boy would stroll by, and as he'd look down her eyes would get a pleading, unwanted puppy look and she'd manage a smile — but the boys would walk on by.

I started into the room. I met the hostess, looked her right in the eyes, and said, "If I were your husband I'd beat hell out of you!" Then I went to Helen. She managed to bob a curtsy and say good night to the stunned hostess — and managed to hold on to herself while we got our coats, but then she picked up her skirt and ran straight for the car and completely fell apart.

I drove with one hand, holding her in my right arm all the way home, while she sprayed tears all over Mary's beaver coat. When we got to the house she pulled herself together — and amazed me.

"Don't tell Mummy how awful it was," she whispered; "it'd just make her sore. What was the matter with Mrs. Harper when I said good night? She looked mighty funny."

"The matter with Mrs. Harper was that I told her if I were her husband I'd beat hell out of her — for not making sure no girl was neglected."

She turned in the half-light of the parking area to look at me. The blue eyes were, for a second, a woman's eyes, misty with affection and understanding. I quickly muttered something about putting the wagon away.

IT was at dinner one night in late April; the kind of warm, pleasant smell-of-gardens-growing sort of evening that makes a man think about painting his boat and getting his deep-sea reels oiled up. I thought after dinner I'd go out to the garage and just look at my boat resting on its old two-wheel trailer and let myself dream about fishing.

"Daddy. Please pay attention. This is it!"

"Shoot."

"Popsicles." She'd been saying that a lot since the ghastly night of the dance. Mary put her hand over Hellie's. "Don't call your father that, dear. It makes him ill, and then he has to start taking Belacels and—"

"Mary! Not in front of the child," I protested. "I simply cannot afford to take a chance on her going around mentioning Bela — the name of a rival product."

Helen looked at me with fond contempt. "Oh, Father, you think I'm so square I don't know Asperçel is the magic word in this family? That thirty-nine percent of the users of Aspercels have fewer gas pains than—"

She was teasing me, but I liked her attitude. "Hellie, you were starting to say something about this being 'it'?"

The first part was lost in a huge mouthful of mashed potatoes . . . "thinks I'm developing wonderfully. He said this afternoon I have the prettiest hands and seat."

I forced a phony smile. "What else did he say?"

"He said he thinks there's a chance I might make it this fall."

"Of course there's an 'if,'" said Mary. "But that's always true in a thing like that."

"He's willing to let me try. Isn't that wonderful of him?"

I had no idea what my wife and daughter were talking about. So I temporised.

"That's great," I said. "Good kid, that boy."

I'd overreached. I was supposed to know "him," but apparently wasn't supposed to be on such patronising terms with him. My daughter dissolved into tears.

I turned to Mary for clarification.

"You don't know who we're talking about, do you?"

"No, but maybe if you'd taught your daughter not to try and talk with her mouth full . . ."

"We were talking about Wolfgang von Roetz — your daughter's riding instructor. I know you must know who he is because you've seen his name on the bills he's been sending you every month for the past seven months."

"I've never seen any of the bills. Just the envelopes. His name isn't on them."

"You've never even opened the bills?"

"What was the use? I couldn't pay them, anyway."

"Oh, Frederick! — really!"

Except on special and usually horrible occasions she hasn't called me Frederick since that day in church seventeen years ago when she said, "I Mary take thee Frederick." She got up from the table.

"Where are you going?" I asked her. "We haven't finished dessert."

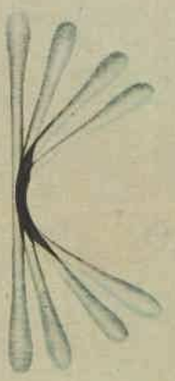
"The hell with dessert. I'm going to get you a double vodka. Maybe a triple. Maybe one for myself,

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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— *Margaret Merril*

Continued from page 35

THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

too. I need one and you're going to."

Back in the den, I looked at the bill Mary handed me and I could feel my complexion turn to crimson and then to purple like a disturbed chameleon. I was a damn disturbed chameleon. The billhead said:

THE AUSTRIAN SCHOOL OF EQUITATION IN AMERICA
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For Expert (Junior) Instruction:
64 Lessons at $10.00 . . . $640.00.
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Mary held the triple vodka to my lips. "Swallow. Again."

I began to think, and at once had an idea that might explain everything.

"I get it. Helen once mentioned something about Madison Square Garden? I mean, I guess circus riders get pretty good pay in the Garden. That could explain this bill. Three, four—maybe even five hundred a week, huh?" I shook my head in wonder. "My little Hellie a circus rider."

"Your daughter," Mary said slowly and so distinctly there could be no misunderstanding, "has not been studying to become a circus rider."

"Well, what in heaven's name for nine hundred and sixty bucks' worth has she been studying?"

"She has been studying," said Mary, "what technically is known as 'Equitation, Hunting Seat.' That's the proper way to ride a hunter. A horse that's known as a hunter."

"A hunter that hunts what? Besides oats?"

"Stop trying to be funny, Frederick. This is very serious."

"Anything that costs nine hundred and sixty dollars is mighty serious. Something you can't see or touch or resell that costs nine hundred and sixty dollars is so serious a thing I don't know that I can bear to talk about it. Can I ask another silly question? Where are we going to get the nine hundred and sixty dollars?"

Mary didn't say anything. She was a chic thirty-seven, but right now she looked way over forty.

"I'm a flop," I said, and meant it. "Other husbands buy their wives mink coats and diamond bracelets and —"

"That's what you think!" Mary interrupted, her eyes flashing. "Those guys talk about buying mink coats and diamond bracelets. If they actually do produce a mink coat, it's because they've traded expense accounts with some other guy who sells mink coats as a sideline."

This was something to think about — an expense account could be used for barter and trade — but not now. "Where in hell can we raise that dough? I'm in hock to my ears at the bank right now. I even had to hock next year's Christmas bonus to pay Hellie's bill at Weston Country Day. I feel awful about this, Mary, because I know I said go ahead and give her the lessons. Know what I thought riding lessons cost? About a buck and half, two bucks a shot. That's what they cost when I was a kid. In Buffalo, that is."

"A couple of centuries ago. Poor darling Freddie." Suddenly she sat bolt upright. "Oh, gosh, I forgot. The poor kid! You haven't heard the half of it. Poor Hellie! We just can't swing it—and she has her heart set—that's what she was starting to tell you."

The vodka was working, I guess, because the sight of her looking so damn dejected and hopeless made me say: "It's all right, sweetheart. I'll take care of it, somehow. She doesn't have to give up this equi—equi—whatever it is. If that's what she wants more than anything else in this world, okay."

"But that isn't what she wants more than anything else in the world," said Mary in a funny voice. "She wants a horse of her own. That she can ride in big horse shows. In equitation classes."

"All right, how much is a horse?"

"Two thousand dollars, and, as Wolfgang says, if we don't spend it and get her a horse we might as well have put all the money we've spent so far down the drain."

I thought I was beginning to see through Wolfie. "And I suppose it just happens that right at the moment, if we act fast, Wolfgang just happens to have exactly the right horse for her?"

"Freddie, this may come as a shock to you, but Wolfgang refuses to sell horses to any of his pupils."

"I get it. Obviously all his pupils can't always win ribbons, but since he's sold their dumb parents on the idea that if he teaches them they will, he has to have something to blame. That's where the horse comes in. The horse they've bought from somebody other than old reliable Wilhelm Wolfgang von Roetz."

"Freddie, you might as well get the whole package. After we've bought the horse we'll have to build a little tiny stable for him and buy a little one-horse trailer — on time payment, of course — so we can take him to the shows."

"He's a horse; why can't he walk to the shows?"

"Because they have them all over New England and Long Island, and even with the three or four nearby, well, there are hard roads and traffic — and besides, he wouldn't be the kind of horse you ride to places. Only after you get there. We can get a mortgage to build the stable. I've checked. And it only has to be two rooms, one for his stall and . . ."

"And one for you and me. Then we'll have to build one for Hellie because we sure as hell aren't going to be able to afford to live in a house."

AGAIN she rode right over my words. ". . . and one for the saddles, blankets, bridles, dandy brushes, and—"

"Couldn't we use the vacuum cleaner —"

Even as the words were out, it hit me. I held up my hand for silence. "I just got an idea."

"For one of those awful commercials?"

"No. Quiet now. Don't disturb it in gestation."

We sat motionless. My brain whirled; I could all but hear it clicking like a high-speed computer. Say I could acquire . . . not buy, acquire . . . a five-thousand-dollar horse. The bank would lend me two thousand on him if he was insured, and then I could pay Wolfie off and make down payments on the trailer and the rest of the stuff we'd need. If I could just acquire — con somebody — sell somebody on the idea of . . . My mouth dropped open in awed admiration of a brain that could produce the plan mine had conceived in that split second.

"I have got it," I said quietly. "I have absolutely got it. I am almost certain that if Helen is as good as you say — good enough to ride against kids who are good enough to ride in Madison Square Garden — I can get her a horse!"

"Oh, darling!"

"On one condition."

"What is the condition?" I smiled my genius smile.

To page 48

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Did you enjoy that educational program, honey?"

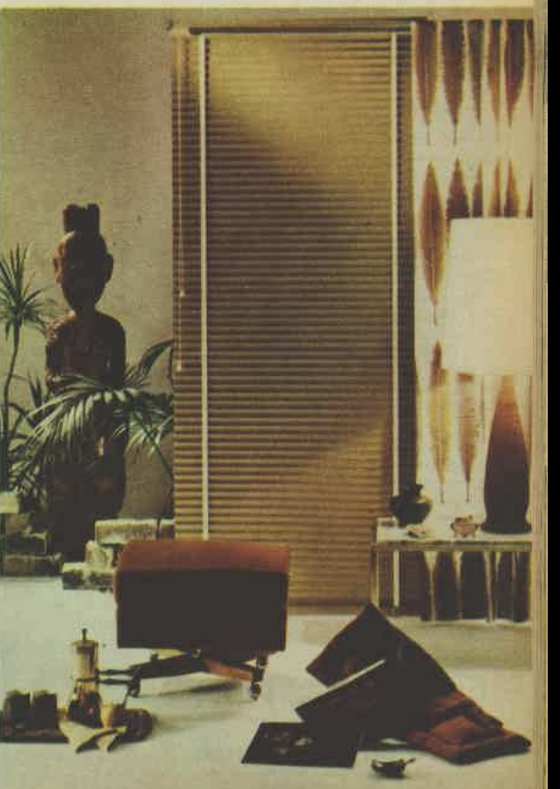
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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● **Since I wrote some weeks ago about the pleasures of staying up late and the considerable pain (for me at least) of getting up early, I've had so many letters from readers that I've come to the conclusion that the night-birds versus the early-birds question is the basis of one of the major forms of incompatibility in marriage.**

I DIDN'T get letters from any early-risers. I'm sure they all have a most enviable feeling of virtue which makes it unnecessary for them to comment.

My letters all came from the poor guilt-ridden night-owls who get nagged at both ends of the day — at night for energetically banging about doing useful things while others want to sleep, and in the morning for being mildly put out by the banging and singing of those depressingly cheerful people who greet the rising sun with a glad cry.

I'm beginning to think that one of the most urgent questions that should be asked by marriage counsellors is, "What time do you customarily get up in the morning?"

If one of the parties to the projected marriage answers, "6 a.m.," and the other answers "as late as I possibly can," then the outlook is distinctly gloomy, with a forecast of a lifetime of early morning and late-night irritation for both parties.

One reader, who agrees with me that late is an excellent time for being up, has written to say that her husband is an early-riser (5.30 a.m., winter and summer, rain or shine), but that as a special concession to her slug-a-bed habits he sacrifices himself and sleeps in on Sundays — till 6.30 a.m.!

Another has written to say that she likes to work at night, doing the ironing or the washing when her children are in bed and she can work uninterrupted. She's often adversely compared with a relative of hers who gets cracking each morning at five.

"Why," she says, "should I feel guilty over not getting up early, when we both work the same number of hours over all? And it's so good to see the washing already on the line when I get up next morning."

How to do a VERY early-morning wash

THIS is magnificent one-upmanship if you happen to have an early-rising neighbor who makes a virtue of starting her wash early, and having it out on the line by half-past six.

Imagine her frost-bitten fury while she's plodding round in the dew and the dawn's early light, and she looks over the fence and finds that you've beaten her by half an hour or so.

And all the time you're soundly and snugly asleep, not, in actual fact, a couple of hours behind her with the day's work, but a good ten hours ahead.

What I loved about all my letters from late-risers and night-workers was that they proved their point by not only dating the letters, but putting on them the time of writing. Not one of them was started before 10.30 at night.

Readers who are early-risers will have to forgive me. The fact of the matter is that we late-risers have been conditioned all our lives to believe that you're superior people.

So we have to justify ourselves by making loud noises about how we get through half tomorrow's work today. We KNOW it's the early bird who catches the worm and the train (and the flu?).

The only thing we can really claim with a clear conscience is that we never nod at the dinner table or snooze by our host's fire or miss two-thirds of a feature film by sleeping through it.

Paua patties — and a word on Nuriootpa

IF you're thinking about summer holidays (and who doesn't, in chilly July and August), here's a recipe to save up for the next time you're camped on a coast where abalone are to be found.

Last summer I wrote about the long, long job of preparing abalone, and the joys of eating it, properly cooked. Now a New Zealand writer has sent me this way of making a delicious dish when your diving efforts are only rewarded by a few of the shellfish.

She calls them Paua Patties, paua being the pretty Maori name for the abalone.

Clean and scrub two to four abalone, cut them into rough strips, and mince them. Beat one egg, and beat half a cup of milk into it. Add one cup sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons of baking powder, salt, pepper. Add a little more milk if necessary, to bring it to a good medium-batter consistency.

Stir in the minced abalone, and mix well. Shape into patties and fry in hot fat, turning them so that they cook evenly on both sides.

Serve with bread and butter and a slice of lemon. Then get back into your bathers and go diving for some more.

Talking of the local names for things, I stand corrected over Nuriootpa. I had been told that the local people spell it that way, but pronounce it Nurioopta. It seems that my informant was just an ignorant "foreigner" who knew no better!

A reader has written "on behalf of all loyal Barossa dwellers" to say that the name is pronounced locally exactly as spelt.

"Locals," she says, "are at liberty to use the abbreviation 'Nuri,' but a rank outsider to the area is always known by his inability to pronounce the name correctly, and usually given a pitying glance if he acknowledges his ignorance by using the local abbreviation." My apologies to all the Nuriootpa-ites!

With rucksacks on their backs, youth hostel membership cards in their pockets, a family of four from Victoria toured Europe at small expense — and much pleasure.



CAMEL saddle on which Pamela Dunscombe, 7, is sitting is a familiar Suez souvenir. With Pam are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Dunscombe, of Highett, Vic., and brother, Roger, 9.

TRAVELLING with CHILDREN

By PEGGY DUNSCOMBE

● ***"We couldn't possibly go overseas with young children. What if they get sick? We wouldn't be able to afford it, anyway." How many times have you heard that comment from couples with young children? I confess it was how I felt, too, until my husband announced, "I think we'll go to Europe!"***

I HAD always hoped we would travel — sometime, vaguely in the future, when the children were off our hands, maybe, then we could think about it.

All this changed one night when my husband, who was due for long-service leave, dramatically announced, "I think we'll all go to Europe!" I thought he had taken leave of his senses.

He had been quietly going over our finances and had decided, not without some trepidation, that if we were prepared to economise, we could somehow manage.

The secret of the plan was to stay at Youth Hostels in England and Europe.

Some of my friends were frankly sceptical when I told them we planned to load packs on the backs of the children and tramp round the Continent.

Too young!

The usual comment was: "The children are too young to appreciate it. They'll forget everything. What 'bout school?"

The children, Roger, then aged 8, and Pam, 6, were delighted with the prospect.

Now the planning had to begin in earnest.

We would travel in the off-season — that is, during the European winter — for these reasons.

The first consideration was schooling; we could incorporate their Christmas holidays in our period of absence. Off-season shipping rates on all the fares added up to a tidy saving. It would be easier to get into hostels — four people arriving unannounced at the height of the tourist season could be in trouble. Train travel would also be less crowded.

The decision was made. We'd leave early in October and return in February — a total of about five months.

We decided to travel via New Zealand and Panama and return through Suez, a little extra cost, but well worth the difference.

Next move was to join the Youth Hostels Association in Melbourne. Joining fee was £1/10/- per adult and 7/6 for each child.

We received our International Hostels Handbook listing addresses, details of accommodation, and directions for locating the hostels.

Included was a map of each country and its hostels, so it was a simple matter to plan our route through Europe.

Our basic individual equipment consisted of a pack,



PACK-LADEN, Roger and Pamela see their first English youth hostel. Mrs. Dunscombe at right.

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"We haven't regretted a single cent of it"



SOLITARY sightseers in the winter streets, Roger and Pamela pose on the ancient stones of Pompeii, a city once engulfed by a volcano, now excavated.



FORTRESS (above) at Lerici, near Spezia, Italy, is now a youth hostel, reputedly haunted, but no ghost appeared during the Dunscombes' stay.

sheet-sleeping bag (directions for making in the book), plates, and eating utensils.

Between us we carried a vacuum flask, a billy, small frying pan, first-aid kit, and two small methylated spirit stoves.

The latter proved invaluable on the Continent. They cost 45 cents (4/6) each at the local hardware store.

As our home would virtually be on our backs, clothing had to be kept to a minimum. Possibly one of the most useful articles we took were nylon raincoats—light, durable, and, in addition to keeping us dry, provided warmth against cold winds.

Boots, parkas

Wool-lined boots and parkas we purchased the day we landed in England.

To ensure the safety of our return-passage tickets and travellers' cheques we made nylon pouches in which to carry them. The pouches were firmly sewn on tape which looped around our necks under our clothes.

Later, after hearing of travellers who had lost their valuables or had them stolen, we considered our precautions justified.

Finally we sailed. As Australia disappeared over the horizon, doubts assailed me. What did the future hold?

The ship was staying at Wellington for three days, then proceeding to Auckland. We decided to catch a bus to Rotorua, stay three nights at the Rotorua hostel, and rejoin the ship at Auckland.

Our first hostel was a pleasant surprise. Not sure what to expect, we found a neat weatherboard cottage and a very pleasant hostel warden. I could look forward to hostelling in Europe in a much easier frame of mind after that.

Cosmopolitan

Aboard the ship, the children gathered around them a cross-section of nationalities, and by the time we landed at Southampton their horizons had broadened immeasurably.

Hostels in England and the Continent were wonderful. The wardens tried to keep us together in one room — an impossibility at the height of the season. When this could not be achieved, we had to split into men's and women's dormitories, which were spotless and usually had rubber mattresses.

We did our own cooking, although meals can be purchased at hostels and are comparatively inexpensive.

In England everything is supplied for the "self-cookers," but this is not generally the case in Continental hostels. That was where our stoves and cooking utensils proved invaluable.

The cost of a night's lodging for the four of us averaged round $1.60 (16/-), so with careful buying in markets, etc., we found we could live more cheaply than at home.

Shopping on the Continent for the "budget-eater" is no problem. All cities have supermarkets similar to our own, with prices marked on the goods, thereby easing language difficulties. These stores all have refrigerated food sections where plenty of milk in hygienic cartons is available for children.

In Italy we restricted the children's drinking-water to a pleasant-tasting mineral water, available everywhere at a cost of about 10c (1/-) a large bottle. This eliminated any possible gastric worries due to suspect water.

The local markets are splashes of color and most inexpensive. Here we sampled the local products.

"Les Halles," in Paris, provided onion soup; and snails — horrible! Dutch chocolate at Amsterdam; Palermo market in Sicily was notable for its boiled octopus —delicious!

Stalls with every breed of sausage were at Heidelberg, local cheeses in Switzerland, and pizzas wafted their delicious aromas over the Italian marketplaces.

No one speaks English in the off-beat corners of local life, but you don't have any trouble making yourself understood if you have money to spend.

We travelled everywhere by public transport. A simple method of arranging train travel throughout Europe is to decide your route, then have a travel agent in London arrange an international rail ticket. Two days' notice is required before these tickets can be issued.

Tickets are valid for two months, and as many stopovers as desired may be made along the route provided the entire journey is completed in the specified period.

This arrangement has the distinct advantage of eliminating tiresome queuing at Continental booking offices, at many of which English isn't spoken.

It has the added advantage of being the cheapest means of rail travel, as the cost per kilometre decreases proportionately to the longer distance travelled.

Here is an idea of what can be expected:

We travelled from London through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany (including the Eastern sector), Switzerland, Austria, North Italy, the Riviera, Southern Italy, and Sicily, returning to Naples, where we embarked for the homeward voyage, for a total rail cost of $250 (£125) for the four of us! Second class, of course.

Were the children an encumbrance?

Far from it! They were a distinct advantage for breaking down barriers of reserve wherever we went.

Kind to children

Many times we found ourselves engaged in animated conversations with all the occupants of our train compartment. This usually stemmed from some kindness someone had shown the children.

There was the woman near Hanover, Germany, just before Christmas, who gave each of the children a large chocolate Father Christmas; hostel wardens at Heidelberg and Berne who supplied apples and biscuits for "die kinder"; the Sicilian family with whom we travelled from Taormina to Naples, where contact was established per the "bambinos" and ended with us sampling Poppa's Marsala wine and Mumma's home-made bread.

The people we met left a lasting impression. The name of Madi in the old castle hostel at Lerici, Italy, is familiar to hostellers.

This remarkable woman, a resistance leader during the war, whose exploits are described in the museum at Spezia, is now warden at this hostel.

Legend has it that on windy nights the ghost of a headless Corsican appears on the battlements of the grim-looking fortress.

Unfortunately, he had a night off when we were there, much to the annoyance of the children.

The dormitories are in the dungeons of the old castle, and the whole place reeks with atmosphere.

Madi made us welcome with a bottle of sparkling wine and a small gift for each of the children.

In Switzerland families are especially welcome in hostels — in fact, only family groups and single adults under 25 years of age are admitted in most cases.

For other parts of Europe, except Bavaria, where the under-25 rule applies, there are no restrictions on age at all, with the possible exception of children under five.

The worry of illness when away can be dispelled by the knowledge that each hostel has a doctor on call for anyone requiring treatment.

How did the children endure the cold of an Austrian winter? They loved it. They skied—hire of skis $1 (10/-) per day; they skated on open-air rinks surrounded by snow-laden fir trees; they hurled snowballs, rode in horse-drawn sleighs with tinkling bells, and built snowmen.

Suddenly it was over and we sailed reluctantly from Naples, but school was calling.

How true were the forebodings of those sceptical of our venture?

The journey had been an unqualified success. The children now realise that Australia is not the only country in the world. Since returning, one of their favorite pastimes is "Let's have a quiz about the world."

Their reading habits have changed. In their visits to the library they include a travel book in their selections "to learn more about the places we saw." It has stimulated their interest in foreign countries.

No doubt they will forget much of the details, but pictures of themselves against famous backgrounds will refresh their memories.

We bought a tape recorder on the way home, on which they recorded their adventures in each country. They now have penfriends in New Zealand, England, and Italy.

We derived tremendous satisfaction from showing the children various things of interest, and subsequently discovered things we would have taken for granted.

The short while they missed from school was insignificant when compared with their infinite gain in knowledge from their travels.

Save for it

Does the cost scare you? It needn't. If you contemplate a trip on your long-service leave, the prepayment of salary takes care of a fair portion of the costs. You may be able to rent your house while you are away; this is a further help.

Most people on an average income could manage it if they were prepared to forgo some so-called necessities for a year or two.

We haven't regretted a penny spent on this trip nor the fact that we still drive a 1950-model car. It just depends on your sense of values. We know what we prefer.

Would we do it again? Our answer to that is we are saving furiously for another hostel holiday, this time with our eyes on the East. Sayonara!

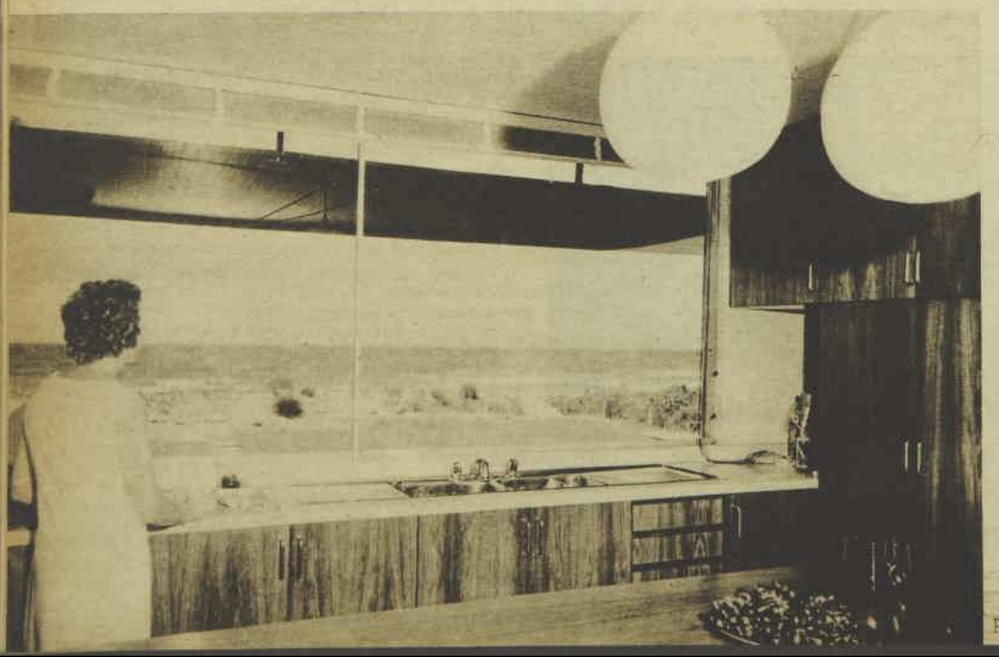


SNOW in Austria was a delight to the children, here walking by the River Inn, at Innsbruck. They also went skiing and rode in horse-drawn sleighs.

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SEAFRONT location of Mrs. Bruce Pie's home at Surfers Paradise, Qld., is shown in this picture taken from an adjoining property. Mrs. Pie's site starts at steps, which lead up to court.

GLORIOUS VIEWS OF SAND AND SURF



● **Geoffrey Pie, young Queensland architect, designed this seafront home at Surfers Paradise for his mother as a weekend and holiday home. Large sliding glass doors, even when closed, still carry the view through to the courtyard garden at the rear, which traps the sun for the greater part of the day.**

KITCHEN has a superb view of the beach and ocean, just beyond the sand dunes. This room also looks on to the courtyard garden. Cupboards and servery top are of black bean timber.

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HOUSE of the WEEK

TO those viewing this seafront home at Surfers Paradise, Queensland, there is real achievement in its harmony with the delightful site facing the ocean, while ensuring, by the use of wall and glass, that breezes too boisterous can be shut out.

"I call it my Beethoven Fifth," said the young architect, Mr. Geoffrey Pie, who qualified three years ago, "because I believe that so far it's the best piece of work I've done. I worked on the job myself right the way through; it was completed about Easter last year."

Mrs. Pie wrote to her son while he was doing postgraduate work in London to tell him she had bought a piece of land on the seafront.

Geoffrey Pie knew the site and immediately started designing a home for it, facing the ocean.

He took into consideration several problems. "We know," he said, "that sooner or later there will probably be blocks of units nearby. For that reason I wanted privacy within the house itself.

"Another problem was the garden. Very few houses on the seafront can have a garden, so the house was designed round a courtyard garden with a pergola, and boxes were built on the wide eaves above to take trailing plants from overhead.

"By using the courtyard we were able to get very wide overhangs of 5ft. to 6ft. This is necessary in the Queensland climate."

The design of the house was intended to cover as big a space as possible within the confines of the site, taking maximum advantage of the glorious view.

Sun slots between the walls and the roof in the living- and dining-rooms allow the sun to shine through in the afternoon. Concealed lighting is located in these slots for use at night.

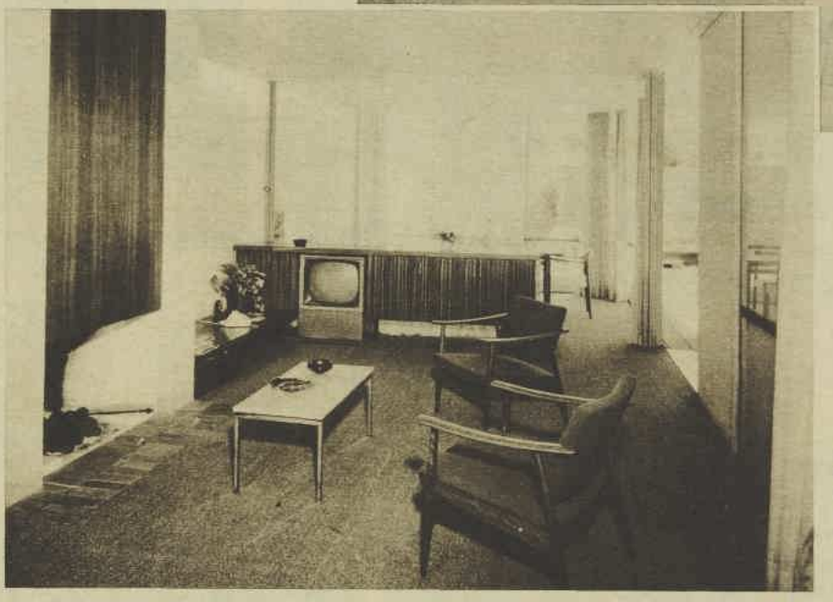
The courtyard walls have an adobe finish. Using an idea of his own for the passage walls inside the house, Geoffrey Pie threw handfuls of white sand against the wet cream paint. This has given an attractive, fine-grained finish.

Mrs. Pie is tremendously pleased with the house. "It's wonderful to be so close to sun, surf, and ocean, and to have such a lovely, undisturbed garden."

— Jean Bruce

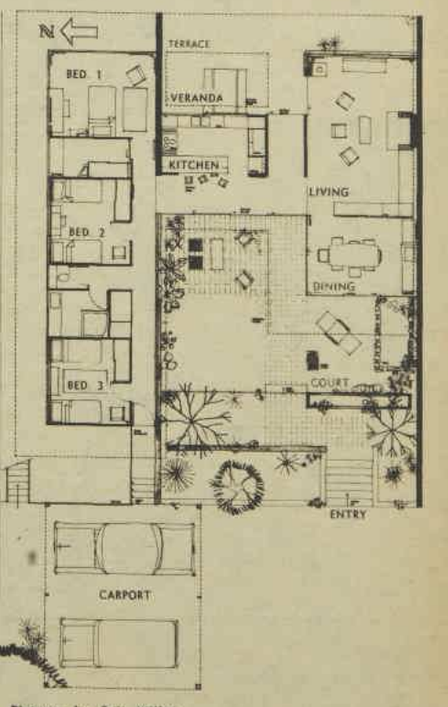


TAKEN from the main entrance, this picture shows how the view of the sea and surf comes right into the house. The roof overhangs are five to six feet wide.



LIVING-ROOM, with open fireplace for cool winter days, incorporates at the far end of the room the dining area. Note full-length sliding glass doors.

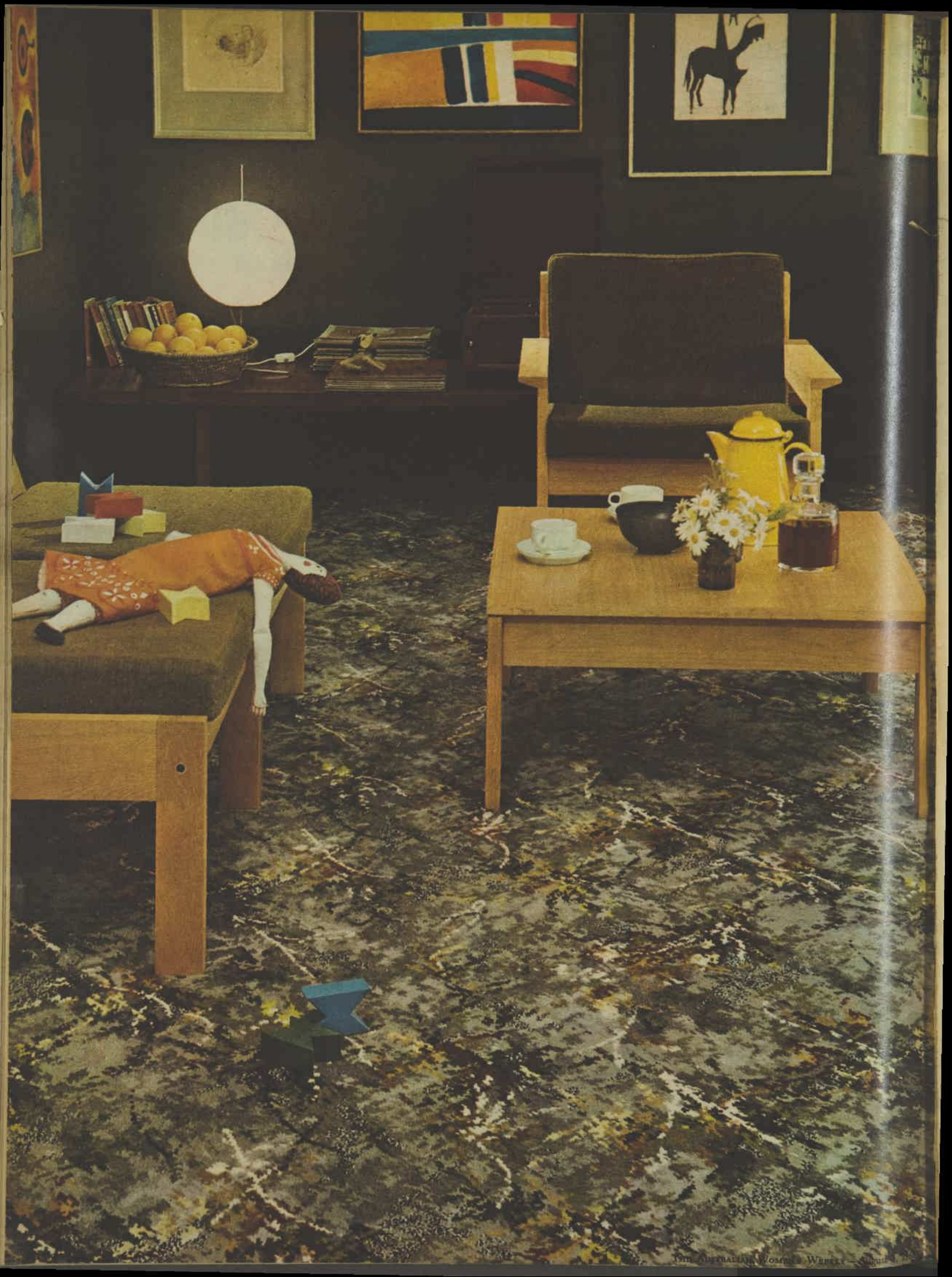




Pictures by Bob Millar

HOUSE is pleasantly light, airy, and sunny, while giving shade where needed. Passageway beside kitchen servery looks on right to courtyard, ahead to living and dining areas.

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Less than $160 *puts one of Aristo's new axminsters, in this case "Crescendo", with underfelt, in an average sized room. Most retailers offer instalment plans.*

"When you have young children, only patterned carpet makes sense. The new Aristo axminsters have elegance as well."



Laurel Stiles lives in a comfortable weatherboard house in Burwood. Allan, her husband, is a builder, and they have six children ranging from 10-year-old Sharon down to the baby, 20-months-old Jeninne.

"Like most people we found buying the house and furnishing it expensive. But, we did feel carpet – good carpet – was a necessity particularly as the children play inside a lot.

We chose one of the new Aristo axminsters. The patterning is marvellously practical. Somehow the children always manage to make stains that won't come out. But you never notice them here.

Another big advantage is that if we ever want to change the furnishings it won't matter. This Aristo axminster is so versatile it goes with all types of furniture – or a mixture of them".

Eight new designs

The carpet Mrs. Stiles chose, illustrated here, is "Crescendo", one of the axminsters in Aristo's elegant range. At least one will go with your furnishings.

Live with all furnishings

The undemanding natures of the new Aristo axminsters let you create a happy marriage between your new carpet and present furnishings. Yet, their versatility adapts to any changes you might make later. (An important point when you're choosing carpet that wears so well.)

A tough new blend

The long life of Aristo axminster comes from a clever blending of fibres. Wool, the traditional carpet fibre, gives you warmth, softness and "bounce". A new fibre, Evlan, gives cushiony depth. And, Bri-Nylon provides toughness, resilience and stain resistance. Together they make a better and longer lasting carpet than a purely wool pile.

The true cost is low

Woven carpets cost more initially. But, in the long run, Aristo axminster costs you *less* because it lasts far longer.

How to decide

The best place, for the final decision, is in your own home. But first, make a selection at your retailer's. He will gladly bring samples of the new Aristo axminsters to your home to help you make the final choice.

See your retailer's RED BOOK Carpet display for the new Aristo axminsters

Aristo Axminster

ROYAL STANDARD

Another fine product from the Floor Coverings Division of Felt & Textiles

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936745

Golden Circle centrepiece for the BUFFET!



PARTY-TIME CRUMBED CUTLETS: Drain one 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple and cut slices into halves. Cook the required number of cutlets to the desired degree of doneness. Trim cutlet ends with cutlet paper frills. Arrange around a halved pineapple with baked jacket potatoes (centres removed and mashed with butter, then replaced with a garnish of parsley). Lightly brown the halved pineapple slices in the pan in which the cutlets were cooked and arrange around the edge of the fresh pineapple fixing with cocktail picks. Serve hot.



move out into the sun with...

Golden Circle

PEEL A CAN TODAY!

TROPICAL SLICED PINEAPPLE

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q'LAND.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936746



COOKING FOR FETES

RICHLY COLORED JAMS, all made from the recipes in this feature—each a little different, and all delicious, easily made.

● A stall with an attractive display of home-made jams, pickles and chutneys, and prettily decorated cakes, will always attract customers and make good profits at a fete. You can start making them now.

IN this three-page feature are easy-to-make recipes for richly colored, good-tasting jams, jellies, and chutney; directions for decorating the beautiful cake (shown below) in the shape of a miniature fete stall; and for making sweets baskets.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measures are used in our recipes.

Jams and pickles

Bottle and label these jams, jellies, and chutney attractively and they are sure to have a brisk sale.

FARMHOUSE LEMON BUTTER

Two ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, juice 2 lemons, grated rind 1 lemon.

Mix together the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs, lemon juice, and rind. Place in top of double saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring all the time, until mixture becomes smooth and thick. Bottle into clean jars and seal.

Makes 1 pint.

APPLE JELLY JAM

Six pounds apples, 4 pints water, sugar.

Chop 4lb. of the apples roughly, without peeling. Place in large saucepan, cover with 4 pints water. Peel, core, and slice thinly remaining 2lb. apples. Place in basin, cover with water. Cover and reserve. Add peelings and cores from these to saucepan with chopped apples, boil quickly to pulp. Strain liquid through fine muslin. Do not squeeze (this would cloud the jam).

When liquid stops dripping, measure it; allow 1 cup sugar to 1 cup liquid, add extra 1½lb. sugar for the sliced apples. Return liquid to saucepan, add all sugar, stir until it dissolves. Boil 10 minutes, add strained, sliced apples. Continue boiling, stirring occasionally, 1 to 1½ hours until jam jells when tested on cold saucer. Leave in saucepan 10 minutes before bottling into sterilised jars. Seal when cold.

Makes 4 pints.

APRICOT ALMOND JAM

Three pounds jam melon, 1lb. dried apricots, 4lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 12 slivered blanched almonds.

Soak apricots overnight in 1 quart water. Peel melon, remove seeds, put through mincer or chop finely. Place in bowl the melon and juice with 1lb. of the sugar; cover, leave overnight.

Next day boil melon slowly 1 hour. Drain apricots, add to the melon with remainder of sugar, stir until sugar has dissolved. Boil steadily until jam jells when tested (approximately 1 hour). Remove from heat, stir in almond essence and almonds. Bottle and seal while hot.

Makes 4 pints.

PASSIONFRUIT BUTTER

Grated rind 1 lemon, strained juice 2 lemons, pulp 6 passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Place lemon rind and juice in top of double boiler with passionfruit pulp and sugar. Add beaten eggs and butter. Sir well over moderate heat until mixture thickens; mixture will thicken further on cooling. Bottle and seal while still hot in sterilised jars.

Makes 1 pint.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Three pounds green tomatoes, 2oz. salt, ½lb. chopped onions, 1 large chopped green apple, 1 green pepper, 6oz. sugar, 1oz. mustard seeds, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ¾ pint vinegar, ½lb. raisins.

Chop tomatoes roughly, place in basin in layers with the salt. Next day place tomatoes with the liquid in large saucepan. Remove seeds from pepper, chop finely; add to tomatoes with all other ingredients except sugar. Bring to the boil, cook steadily until vegetables are reduced to soft pulp. Add sugar, continue boiling until chutney consistency is reached (approximately 1½ hours). Bottle into warm jars, seal when cold.

Makes 2 pints.

SWEET PICKLED ONIONS

Twelve pounds small white onions, 4 pints white vinegar, 1oz. whole ginger, 1oz. whole black peppercorns, 1oz. whole allspice, 2lb. sugar, ½lb. salt.

Peel onions, place in large bowl with sugar, salt, and vinegar. Tie ginger, peppercorns, and allspice in piece of muslin. Add to onion mixture, soak overnight, stirring occasionally.

Next day strain onions and reserve liquid, put onions in sterilised jars. Place reserved liquid and spice bag into saucepan, bring to boil; simmer 3 minutes. Remove spice bag, cool slightly; pour liquid over onions. Seal tightly.

SHERRIED MINT JELLY

Half cup finely chopped mint, 1 cup white vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ packet lime jelly, ½ cup sweet sherry.

Wash, dry, and finely chop mint. Put vinegar and sugar into saucepan; bring slowly to the boil. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat; add mint and lime jelly, mix well; cool. Add sherry. Fill into small glass jars.

Makes approximately 2 cups.

MANDARIN MARMALADE

Five medium-sized thin-skinned mandarins, 1 lemon, 2 pints water, 2lb. sugar.

Slice mandarins and lemon thinly, remove pips. Cut each slice in half. Place in large saucepan, cover with the water, boil slowly until rind is tender (approximately ½ hour). Remove from heat, allow to cool. Return to heat, bring to boil, add warmed sugar, stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Boil steadily until jam jells when tested on a cold saucer (approximately 1 hour). Stir only occasionally. Pour into hot sterilised jars, seal when cold.

Makes 2 pints.

CHOKO PICKLES

Three pounds chokoes, ½ small cauliflower, 2lb. green tomatoes, 1lb. onions, 1 quart vinegar, 1 cup plain flour, 3 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon mustard, 3 tablespoons tumeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon salt, 3 pints water.

Peel and dice chokoes; chop onions and peeled tomatoes roughly. Wash cauliflower, cut into small flowerets. Combine in large saucepan the chokoes, onions, tomatoes, and cauliflower; add water and salt. Cook just until the vegetables are tender; drain off all liquid.

Combine dry ingredients with 1 cup of the vinegar, blend to a smooth paste.

Return vegetables to saucepan, add remaining vinegar; gradually add the paste mixture; cook, stirring, until mixture becomes thick. Boil slowly 30 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilised jars, seal immediately.

Makes 7 pints.

MINT SAUCE

To every 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint allow 1oz. sugar, pinch salt, ¼ cup boiling water, and ¼ cup vinegar.

Dissolve the sugar in boiling water, add salt, mint, and vinegar. Fill into small jars.

Continued overleaf



LOVELY CAKE, in the shape of a miniature fete stall, has a colorful assortment of goods. Directions are given overleaf.

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD
TEST KITCHEN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936747



Fete Stall Cake

IF you're interested in cake decorating, you will find it easy to make this beautiful cake—and its sale will greatly increase fete funds. It was specially decorated for us by Mrs. B. Pike, of Panania, N.S.W.

Materials required: One 10in. round cake tin, one 5in. round cake tin, ½lb. rich fruit cake mixture, 1½lb. almond paste, 2½lb. fondant or plastic icing, royal icing, 12 or 13in. round board covered with silver paper, 4 butcher's skewers, colored ribbons, small amount of castor sugar colored green with food coloring, white cardboard, glue or sticky tape.

Line 10in. tin in usual manner. Line the outside of 5in. tin. Stand 5in. tin in centre of 10in. tin. Place heavy weight inside smaller tin to keep it in position.

Fill cake mixture into the circular shape between the 2 tins. Bake in usual manner until cooked.

When cake has cooled, cut out a wedge 3in. wide (measuring along outer edge) to form passageway.

Cover cake with almond paste. Allow to dry a few days. Then cover with fondant or plastic icing, reserving about 1-3rd of icing for moulding the miniature clothes and other items on the stall.

Stand cake on prepared board. Using No. 00 tube and green and white royal icing, pipe border of daisies and grass round base of cake. Brush board round base of cake with a little glue, sprinkle with green castor sugar to resemble grass.

Pipe decorative looped design round sides of cake, using No. 00 tube and royal icing the same color as fondant on cake.

Press skewers into cake. Mark at top of cake. Remove, and wind ribbon round skewers down to this mark. Return to position on cake, finish with ribbon bows. Place moulded articles and labels in position (see picture at left, above).

Make an awning from cardboard. Paint awning stripes with poster paint or use strips of colored wrapping paper. Cut fete sign from cardboard. Paint in wording, attach to awning, balance on skewers.

Moulded Clothing: Cut miniature clothes from thinly rolled fondant in different shapes and colors. When dry, paint in details with food coloring.

Flower Pots: Mould pots from orange-colored fondant. When dry, pierce with fine wire. Pipe small leaves on to wire to form plants, using No. 00 tube and royal icing.

Seed Boxes: Mould small squares from brown fondant and attach strip of orange fondant round edges. Pipe small green pulled dots to form seedlings.

Miniature Cakes: Cut squares and rounds from different colored fondant. Decorate with piped royal icing in different colors.

FETE STALL CAKE without the awning, showing details of the decorating work. See directions on this page.

Cheddar Pizza

Australian Cheddar and your good cooking combine to produce Cheddar Pizza — delicious, low cost, high protein pie that's packed with flavour, energy and goodness! Did you know that one pound of natural Cheddar Cheese gives as much protein as 1¼ lb. raw beef, 1¼ lb. raw fish, 1¼ lb. raw mutton or 18 eggs? And it's rich in calcium, essential for building bones and teeth in children and young people. Australian Cheddar is *cheap!* Serve it often! Here's one easy, wildly popular recipe that makes a lunch main course for eight.

CHEDDAR PIZZA RECIPE

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used. Spoon measurements are level.

SHORT CRUST PASTRY:

10 ozs. plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
5 ozs. butter
water to mix.
a little beaten egg.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Cut butter into small pieces and rub into flour. Add a little cold water, mix to form stiff dough. Turn onto lightly floured board, knead and roll out to cover buttered 11½" pizza pan. Brush edge with beaten egg. To prevent pastry rising, place sheet of greaseproof paper in pie shell and fill with uncooked rice or macaroni. Bake in mod. hot oven (G. 425°) for 10 minutes. Remove filling. Turn oven to mod. 350° and bake until light golden brown.

FILLING:

½ oz. butter; 1 small onion, chopped; 1, 15-oz. can tomatoes, drained; 2½ ozs. tomato paste; 1 teaspoon sugar; salt and pepper; oregano; 1 clove garlic, crushed; 1 bay leaf; 3½ ozs. can tuna; ½ lb. Australian Cheddar Cheese; anchovy fillets; stuffed olives.

Melt butter, fry onion until tender and golden. Add drained tomatoes, paste, sugar, salt, pepper, little oregano, garlic and bay leaf. Simmer 20 minutes, cool, add tuna. Place filling in pie shell, decorate with sliced Cheddar Cheese. Garnish with anchovies and olives. Bake in mod. oven (G. 350°) until golden brown. Serve piping hot with tossed salad.

Discover Australian Cheese



MOZZARELLA

Traditional Italian cheese may be used as a topping for pizzas. Substitute ½ lb. chopped tuna with Italian Sausage for authentic flavour.



PARMESAN

A tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese sprinkled over pizza before cooking imparts a full piquant flavour. Add a chopped green pepper for additional interest.



SWISS

For a sweet nutty flavour top the pizza with slices of Swiss cheese in place of Cheddar. Sardines may be used in place of tuna.



ROMANO

A full sharp flavour is obtained by sprinkling grated Romano cheese over pizza. Dot with sliced champignons.

DAIRY FOODS
AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board

1760

JAMS, PICKLES . . . cont.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

Four large cucumbers, salt, 2 cups cider vinegar, ½ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon mustard seed, strips of canned pimento.

Wash cucumbers well; slice very thinly. Arrange in layers, sprinkling a little salt between each layer (about ¼ cup salt) in large, shallow dish. Cover, let stand overnight. Next day wash cucumbers thoroughly in cold water. Drain well, set aside.

In large saucepan, combine vinegar with hot water, salt, sugar, and mustard seed; mix well. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer uncovered 5 minutes. Add cucumbers, bring just to boiling; remove from heat. Using tongs and working quickly, pack cucumbers tightly into hot jars. Add pimento strip to each jar. Fill with vinegar mixture to within ¼in. of top. Seal at once.

BEETROOT RELISH

Two cups peeled, finely chopped raw beetroot, 1¼ cups chopped celery, ¾ cup finely chopped onion, 1 large seeded and chopped red pepper, 2 cups finely shredded cabbage, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon mustard seed.

Place all ingredients in large saucepan, cook gently until vegetables are tender (about ½ to 1 hour). Bottle, seal at once.

FRUIT SALAD JELLY

Put into saucepan washed, chopped cores and peelings from any fruit (pineapple and passionfruit skins, apple cores and peels, lemon and orange rinds — without white pith); peels and cores left after making fruit salad are ideal.

Cover with cold water, simmer 2 hours. Let drip overnight through fine muslin; do not squeeze (this will cloud the jelly). Next day measure liquid, allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of liquid. Add juice of ½ lemon. Boil liquid and sugar together rapidly until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer; cooking time varies with variety of fruit used. Bottle, seal when cold.

● ***How to make sweets baskets for fetes, page 50.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936748

Economical casserole wins $10

● An unusual and good-tasting main-course dish made with economical stewing steak wins the prize of $10 in our weekly recipe contest for readers.



BEEF MACARONI CASSEROLE

Two pounds stewing steak, seasoned flour, oil for frying, 2 cloves, 1 bayleaf, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons red wine, ½ teaspoon oregano or thyme, 6 small whole peeled onions, 6 small carrots, 6 small potatoes, 2 cups cooked elbow macaroni, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Toss in seasoned flour, brown in hot oil. Add garlic, cloves, bayleaf, tomato puree, oregano, and water; stir well.

Peel potatoes and carrots (cut into ½in. slices if large). Add all vegetables, cook over medium heat approximately 1 hour or until meat is tender. Transfer to casserole, add wine. Cover top with hot, cooked macaroni, well drained, and sprinkle with cheese and paprika. Dot with butter. Place in hot oven or under griller to brown cheese.

Prize of $10 to Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox St., Windsor, N.S.W.

STEWING STEAK is the basis of this economical dish for a family meal. See the prizewinning recipe, left.

HOME HINTS

● Economical ideas for cookery, for renovations, and other household hints sent in by readers win $2 each.

IF your daughter has outgrown her jumper or cardigan, and it is too short, lengthen it by crocheting, in simple or fancy design, the required number of inches on to bottom of basque and cuffs. Use wool in contrasting or matching color. This makes a fashionable finish.—Mrs. J. Connolly, 20 Renown Ave., Miranda, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Tasty supper snacks: Mix ½ cup grated cheese with 2 cups cold, mashed potatoes, add 1 small, grated onion. Form into patties with floured hands and fry until golden brown all over. Serve hot. — Mrs. R. Davies, 74 Odin Rd., Innaloo, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Instead of drying woollens flat on the ground, make a "hammock" on your rotary clothesline by pegging an old lace curtain to parallel lines. Place jumpers, etc., on top of curtain. Air will circulate right through the garment. This is specially successful with mohair. — Mrs. C. English, Lewis Rd., Wantirna South, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Make a buttonhole in the centre of your new cushion covers. It saves removing the centre button each time you wash the covers. — Mrs. Hyland, Lot 255 Wilma Ave., Springvale North, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Packets of prepared poultry seasoning are ideal for: (1) Mixing with breadcrumbs (1 packet of seasoning to 1 packet of crumbs) to coat cutlets before frying. (2) Sprinkling on savory pies, scones, pastries, and biscuits for a different, crunchy topping. — Mrs. B. Manning, 70 Regent St., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

★ ★ ★

Wash and wipe dry as many apples as you require, core them, and fill the cavity with pineapple or strawberry jelly crystals, then bake as usual. It makes a delicious change from the usual sugar or honey. — Mrs. D. J. Swanson, No. 4 Flat, 20 Botany St., Randwick, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A money-saver when making coconut ice, marshmallows, and similar confections is to use cordial extract, which is flavoring and coloring combined. Lime, lemon, and raspberry are just a few of the cordials available. — Mrs. N. O'Shea, 20 Park Parade, Shorncliffe, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

When it is necessary to hammer a nail in to a plaster wall, heat the nail thoroughly in hot water before using. This will prevent the plaster from cracking. — Mrs. L. J. Hibberd, 337 Wolfram St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Many ready mixed packet cakes and puddings require the addition of water measured exactly. To do this I use baby's discarded bottles which show fluid ounces from 1 to 8. This gives perfect results. — Mrs. A. E. Healy, 93 Stewart Rd., Ashgrove, Brisbane.



Sandwich fillings– right out of this world

Choose just one of these tasty pastes. We don't really mind which one. Because once you've tried one, you'll want to try them all! They're incredibly spreadable — predictably delectable. Be lavish with them. They're so smooth and creamy — easy to spread generously. And they really taste wonderful. U-u-u-m-m-m! Easy to eat often.

How many Master Foods pastes are in your cupboard now? Can your larder withstand the onslaught of a Dagwood-ish Dad, or snack-minded youngsters? And what about lunches? Next time you're at the grocer's — pick a pack or two. Or three. Or four. (You may even find you need more!)



DEVILLED HAM A subtly spiced, slightly smoky paste with a real country-style ham flavour.

BONCHOVY An extremely tasty fish paste — with the crisp saltiness of anchovies — slightly spiced.

LIVERWURST (Pâté de foie). The smooth richness of the world's finest liver paste — delicate in flavour.

SMOKED FISH A fish paste with the flavour of Hickory smoked fish.

CHICKEN AND VEAL A rewarding new paste full of home-cooked roast chicken flavour.

Master Foods

QUALITY PRODUCTS—REASONABLE PRICES

MASTER FOODS MAKE OVER 150 FINE FOODS. THE LARGEST RANGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN AUSTRALIA. AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES.

MF 164

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It is a flickering, shy little smile — calculated to make people want to punch me in the nose. I smiled — and said nothing. I really do have a mean streak in me.

The next morning I walked out of Grand Central and up Lexington Avenue to the shiny newish building that housed the Tomes Advertising Agency, all three floors of it. I got off at the middle floor (top floors were for top executives, and even after ten years I wasn't a vice-president), crossed a small lobby and turned down a passage that was lined on both sides with what strangers at first took to be cells. Closer examination showed them to be cages, eight-by-six windowless cubicles with arched doorways and grilled gates that theoretically provided privacy for the minor account executives, their secretaries, various research types, copywriters,

Continued from page 36

and other fauna indigenous to the advertising business.

Halfway down the lines of cages I came to mine. I knew it was mine because it was empty and because Miss Clemens, my secretary, was in the adjoining one. She nodded to me as I passed and I nodded to her, then went into my cage and closed the open-work "door" behind me. I picked up the phone and dialled the boss' secretary.

When she came on the line I told her I wanted to make an appointment to see Harry Tomes and to tell him I had an idea for a new kind of image creation and subliminal advertising that had been illegal until I worked out how to legalise it and that it might serve as a pattern for the whole industry and would he have lunch with me today at Toots Shor's.

A second later Harry Tomes' elegant voice came on the line. My inviting him to lunch being a real attention grabber.

"Look, Freddie, I'll be glad to lunch with you today, but do we have to go to Toots Shor's?"

"Well, no. We could go to Sardi's. Shor's and Sardi's are the only places where you let me have an expense account."

"I have a better idea. You have lunch with me on my expense account. Meet me at the University Club. Twelve fifteen."

"Yes, sir!"

"And, Freddie — you didn't dream up this idea you say you have as an excuse to get me alone to talk to me about something else? Like a raise?"

"I promise you that if you want to talk about a raise I'll be willing to listen, but I want to talk to you about what I said I wanted to talk to you about."

"Well, okay, twelve fifteen."

"Right, sir."

I buzzed for my secretary. I was supposed to buzz for her even though she was only a pane of glass away. It would have been much easier to yell, "Hi, Suzie" or just tap on the glass, and beckon. But even minor executives didn't do that sort of thing at the Tomes Agency.

After she'd made her entrance I said, "Would you by any chance know anything about . . ." I stopped, looking at her. Like everything at the Tomes Agency, the secretaries were chic, glossy, and expensive looking, and matched the decor. Oddly enough, all of them could type superbly, but their individual personalities, if any, were completely submerged. I changed my mind. "No, I guess you wouldn't," I said.

"Why don't you ask me, Mr. Bolton? I know about lots of things you probably don't think I know about."

"It's a long shot, but you wouldn't by any wild chance happen to know anything about horses?"

"Horses!" she cried. "What kind?"

I WAS a little taken aback. "Well, what kinds are there?"

"Oh." She sat down on the little chair beside my desk. "Well, there're Appaloosas, Arabians, Morgans, palominos, thoroughbreds, and Standard Bred, parade, quarter horses, working stockhorses, jumpers, hunters, hackneys, five-gaited Tennessee—"

"Whoa! You said the one I want. Hunters, that's the one. You know anything about hunters, Suzie?"

"I'm a quarter-horse girl." Her eyes lighted up. "Barrel bending and cloverleaf are my specialty. I know a little about hunters, of course. But why hunters, Mr. Bolton?"

"Because I'm — acquiring one for my daughter."

"She'd have so much more fun with a horse like mine."

"You own a horse? Of your very own?"

"Of course."

"Please don't be offended if I ask you a personal question. How much did you pay for him?"

"He's a her. I paid two hundred and fifty dollars. But she was green, of course, and a three-year-old. Completely unschooled. That makes a difference. I made her myself. Why don't you change your mind

To page 49

"PSSST! what are you getting all steamed up about?"

"SH-H-H-H-H-H-H! Sunbeam's given me 36 steam holes— twice the steam area of anyone else!"



Steam makes ironing easier. That's why Sunbeam now has twice the steam area of other irons . . . 36 steam holes to cover the entire ironing area.

Steam and spray now offer you the easiest, most effective way yet to iron clothes. Ahead of the iron, the sprayer does the damping down when necessary on heavier wrinkles. Then the iron passes over, and steam from the 36 steam holes is forced right into the fabric, softening creased fibres so the iron runs smoothly, evenly, easily, for a perfect result in one simple movement.

Wider range of heat settings. Sunbeam offers you a wider, more accurate temperature range to give just the right heat for all fabrics — heats faster, too.

Extra features include a water level gauge where you can see it and a stainless steel water tank — no corrosion ever!

Sunbeam means quality. You get a lot extra when you buy Sunbeam — it's the one with 36 steam holes.

Sunbeam

STEAM & SPRAY IRON

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936750

Continued from page 48

THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

and get your daughter a quarter-horse."

Two hundred and fifty dollars! One-tenth of what I was supposed to pay. Suzie was still rattling on about her horse.

"My bedroom's just full of ribbons—blues and reds and yellows—and trophies we've won. I'd love you to see them sometime." She must have caught a look in my eye, because far down under the pancake she was blushing. I wouldn't have known except that the lobes of her ears turned pink. "It would be perfectly all right, Mr. Bolton. I have a girlfriend visiting me."

"I'd love to see them even if you didn't have a girlfriend. Now tell me, did you ever hear of a character called Wolfgang von Roetz? He's been teaching my daughter to ride."

Suzie whistled. "She must be tops. Is she?"

"I don't know. I've never seen her ride."

"But that's just awful. That's downright cruel, Mr. Bolton!"

Of course, it had just slipped out, so it didn't bother me. But the fact that I suddenly saw that it was true did bother me. Hellie and I had been drifting apart for two or three years, I guess, ever since her mother got going on all those weird lessons — ballet lessons and painting lessons and violin lessons. Before that she and I used to have a swell time together. Was I losing Hellie? Last night, I knew, I'd gone a long way toward losing her.

SUZIE was looking scared and miserable.

"Suzie, I'm grateful to you for saying what you did. Fathers, all fathers, I guess, forget now and then to at least pretend to share their kids' interests. They get wrapped up in trying to make enough money to feed everybody and dreaming up deals and, well, you know. Besides, nowadays I don't even know what Hellie's talking about half the time, and I have to take pills whenever she comes anywhere near." I saw Suzie's eyes widening.

"Most of the time Hellie smells like a horse. I'm allergic to horses; they make me sneeze — and that's all I know about them. Now tell me something. It would appear that my daughter's got to have a horse she can ride in something called Equitation Hunting Seat classes in horse shows. She has to because her heart is going to break if she doesn't. Is there any reason why she couldn't do what you did and get one for two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"One of von Roetz's pupils rides in AHSA shows on a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar horse? Mr. Bolton, rather than see that happen he'd give her a horse himself."

"Not a bad idea, if worse comes to worst. How much do you think she'd have to pay for a horse she'd could maybe win on in AHSA shows, whatever they are?"

"American Horse Shows Association. The Big Leagues of the show world. A hunter? I'd say she'd have to pay somewhere between two thousand and four thousand dollars."

"Now tell me something else. What do horses wear — in public, I mean?"

"Tack. That's the saddle and bridle and stuff."

This didn't fit in with my big subliminal advertising plan. Thinking out loud now, I said, "I don't suppose they could have their names painted on their sterns? Like boats? In gold leaf maybe?"

Suzie swallowed hard, started to speak, remembered I was her boss, and said, "Well, Mr. Bolton, I've never heard of it being done. Maybe if you'll tell me what you've got in mind I can help you."

"I'm having lunch with the boss. I want to get somebody in the art department to whip up a quick layout that I can take along to show him and the Allied Drug and Food people. Anybody in the art department know how to draw a horse?"

"They must. If they don't, I can do it. I draw pretty well and I went to art school for a while."

She smiled. "Of course, if I drew your horse it would turn out to look like a quarter horse."

I looked at her. In the past ten minutes she had become a very pretty girl. I wondered I'd never noticed it before. "Suzie. Let's go along to the art department."

.

I stuck it out in my office as long as I could, growing more nervous every second. By eleven fifteen I got up, stuck my head in Suzie's room, said, "Lunching with Tomes, University Club," and took a powder. When I got out in the street I walked fast, heading uptown. Although the University Club was at Fifty-fourth and Fifth, I went past to Fifty-ninth, where Central Park begins. I walked around in the spring sunshine. It soothed me, and by the time the University Club came in sight again I was all right. Good thing, too, because Harry Tomes was waiting for me just inside the front door.

Harry was miscast as head of an advertising agency. For one thing, he was a gentleman of the old school, and for another he spoke English, which made it a little hard for his fellow executives to know what he was talking about sometimes.

"I haven't seen you in quite a while, Freddie," he said when we were settled down, "but I've been getting good reports on you. That last Aspercel commercial you did, the one where you hired that really famous actor to play the part of the man with the upset stomach. A stroke of genius. I saw it once at home by mistake. I hate to admit it, Freddie, but it made me feel so sick I actually had to leave the room and take some bic —" he caught himself. "Some Aspercel. How's the family?"

"Fine," I said. "That is, generally."

"Generally? No domestic trouble, I hope."

"No, not domestic. Horse."

"I don't like the sound of that. I expect my — associates — to run into debt, to live a little beyond their

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RIVETS





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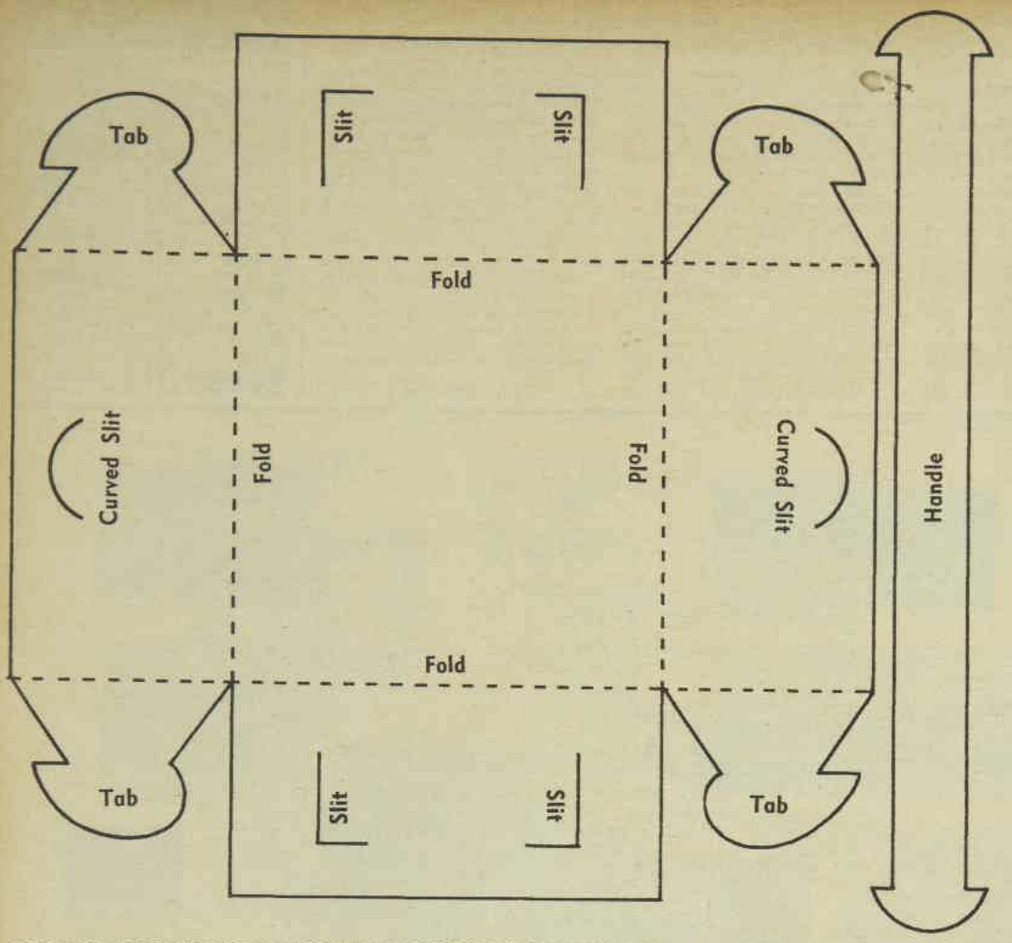
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How to make a—

Sweets basket

THESE small cardboard baskets, filled with home-made confectionery, will sell well at fetes. They look attractive and are easy to make.

Colored cardboard can be used for the baskets with ribbons in contrasting colors; or white cardboard with bright red ribbon looks gay.

The ribbon trim can be omitted and the baskets trimmed with colorful cut-out motifs.

Diagrams at *left* give the actual size of basket and handle. To make, cut round basket and handle, then trace on to cardboard. Cut round solid lines of outside edges; cut through curved and straight slits. Use razor blade for easy cutting.

Fold along all dotted lines.

Push tabs through straight slits at sides; push ends of handle through curved slits. Tie narrow ribbon round basket and finish with decorative bow, as shown below.

Instead of the curved tabs and slits, the basket can be secured with sticky tape. To do this, omit rectangular slits. Cut straight across base of tab, omitting curved end. Fold on dotted lines. Secure firmly at sides with sticky tape. Use curved slits to secure handle or omit slits and use sticky tape to keep handle in place.



incomes, because that's one of the greatest incentives I know to keep a man on his toes. The boss doesn't have to keep after him; his conscience and his creditors do that. But to run into debt betting on horses — I do not approve of that. How deep are you in for?"

"I have never bet on a horse race in my life. I have never seen a horse race except on television, where I watch them to keep up with the commercial content of the programs, and I have no intention of seeing one. In fact, all horses do is make me sneeze."

"I beg your pardon, son. I must have misheard you. I thought you said you had horse trouble."

"I did. Maybe I'd better put it another way and say I have daughter-horse trouble. I'll go even stronger and say I have daughter- and daughter's-mother—that is, daughter- and wife-horse trouble."

He smiled. "You live somewhere around Westport, don't you?" I nodded. "Where the status symbol was born and is saluted like the flag."

"Status symbols I can handle, I think they're funny. This isn't funny. My daughter, it seems, is nuts about horses. She's had about a grand's worth of lessons. If she has her own horse she'll get good enough to maybe get a shot at Madison Square Garden next fall. My wife's ganged up with her, so now Helen gets a horse."

"So you do want a raise after all. To buy a horse?"

I shook my head. "Everybody always wants a raise. But you couldn't give me a raise that taxes would leave me enough of to buy the sort of horse Helen has to have."

"Who says she must have such a horse?"

"Wolfgang von Roetz."

I was astonished, because Harry whistled just the way Suzie had. "You really do have a problem."

I told him I thought I had it solved.

He arched well-trimmed eyebrows. "You have the bank you're going to rob all picked out?"

Continued from page 49

"Too complicated. And you have to hang on to the money too long before you dare spend it. No, I have—and, well, you may agree with me that the idea transcends"—I added the word like chilli sauce—"mere talent and approaches a special category. My daughter Helen is going to buy an extremely well-known—maybe even famous—horse called Aspercel."

"Aspercel—Aspercel? Well known? I never heard of any horse called Aspercel."

"No, sir, but I think you're going to. I think quite a few million people are going to. Here's the layout."

THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

I REACHED into my pocket and pulled out a slick line drawing. It showed a girl something like Helen wearing a big grin, carrying a silver tray in one hand, and with the other leading the fanciest-looking horse Suzie and the art department of the Tomes Agency had been able to dream up. It was wearing a fancy blanket that had imprinted on it, in big block letters, ASPERCEL. In the background was an equally fancy one-horse trailer. Blazoned on its side was ASPERCEL.

Harry Tomes looked at the layout. Then he looked up at and through me. "So? All this means is that I've got a pretty good art department that can work out a nice layout. And," he growled, "one that doesn't seem to know a horse's noseband goes inside the reins, not outside." He looked up at me again. "I wouldn't expect you to know that. Of course, you could have looked it up."

"I'm a producer and account executive, not a research man." I was sore at Suzie, so I was snapping at the boss. It was not a good way to carve out a career for myself. "Sorry, sir, of course I should have checked this thing myself. I'm the one who can't afford to let Allied Drug and Food see a presentation with inaccuracies in it. I'm extremely grateful to you, sir, for catching it."

"Now, if I may ask a foolish question, this is supposed to be a presentation of what?"

I got a grip on myself. "I'm asking you to visualise what the art department can only suggest." I gave him a sheepish smile. "Somewhat inaccurately."

He looked at me quizzically. "Do you sell presentations this way when you call on clients?"

I had to grin. "Most of our clients aren't quite as tough to sell as you are, Boss. They seem to go on the assumption that I wouldn't be calling on them and taking up their time unless what I had to offer was pretty darn good."

To my infinite relief he laughed. "Okay, Freddie. You put me properly in my place. I'll quit picking on you. Start fresh."

"Right." I pointed to the drawing. "Your wife and a few million other upper-class wives subscribe, say, to "Town and Country" or "Harper's Bazaar." You see a photograph of this horse in the news section of these mags — nowhere near the ads — with a caption under it that reads: 'Aspercel wins again. Miss Helen Bolton leading her famous hunter Aspercel from the ring at Piping Rock after winning the John Q. Public Memorial Trophy.' Next week or next month in one of the other mags you see another picture. The horse has on that plaid horsecoat or whatever you call it in this picture and the caption says, 'Miss Helen Bolton and Aspercel, Show Champion, having lunch after winning the Status Memorial Cup at Fairfield. Miss Bolton is the daughter of Mr. Freddie Bolton, the well-known advertising executive.'

"Without a word of paid advertising this campaign will make the word Aspercel synonymous with health, wealth, swank, sportmanship, youth — you name it! Do you know any other way you can hit the snob market with what, when you come right down to it, is a gas-pain pill to make you burp? You get the seal of snob approval and automatically you get mass market. You can't do that with paid advertising. You can do it by making Aspercel news!" I paused for breath. "Well, sir?"

"Well, son," he said slowly, "it strikes me that you and I and Allied Drug are going to share a hell of a lot of money. Even if I do see one big stumbling block."

"Like what?"

"Simply this. How could you possibly persuade your daughter to ride a horse with, heaven forgive me, such a silly name? People would kid hell out of her."

"Sir," I said, "my daughter would agree to ride a horse called anything at all if that was the only way she could get one. As a matter of fact, if I know Hellie, she'll think Aspercel's a cute name for a horse. Of course, I may have to work on her a little."

"I'll bet. All right, what's the package?"

"Well, with the client's permission we divert enough money from his radio and television advertising to cover the cost of the horse and trailer. I'd guess around ten thousand, plus the cost of the expense account the Tomes Agency would give me to defray some of the costs of hay, oats, horseshoes, and entry fees at the shows. Or I can hock the horse at the Weston Bank."

He smiled. "I should imagine your local banks own an interest in a considerable number of horses. No, son, I think Allied will want to pay the expenses for maintenance and the rest. After all, it will be their horse."

"Harry, you could not be more mistaken. This will not be the client's horse nor your horse nor my horse. This deal is on the level. This will be my daughter Helen's horse. That's the only way I'll go into it. Maybe you haven't caught on to the real point here. No magazine or newspaper would give free publicity even under pressure to a horse called Aspercel that was even indirectly owned and operated by the company that makes Aspercel.

"They couldn't, too damned obvious. But with the deal on the level and on the strength of the total yearly advertising dough we steer their way anyway, we can tactfully pressure a dozen magazines and all the New York newspapers into running lots of pictures of a kid's horse called Aspercel. But there's a more important reason why it will be Helen's horse."

"Yes?"

"I promised her it would be."

HARRY smiled. "I'm glad you said that. The old verities get kicked around so much nowadays it's refreshing to stumble across genuine corn. By the way, you've got to let me go up to Allied Drug and close this thing for you this afternoon. I don't think you're capable of telling them with a straight face that you persuaded yourself to accept a free horse for your daughter to ride in horse shows.

"But if I tell them one of our vice-presidents has a daughter who's a show rider and I've persuaded him to call her new horse Aspercel as part of a legal subliminal advertising campaign that will cost x dollars . . . By the way, Freddie, you won't mind my referring to you as one of our vice-presidents, will you? It strengthens the—er—pitch."

"I'll mind like hell if it isn't the truth."

"Let's put it this way. If they go for this new brainstorm of yours it will be the truth. Because you'll have earned it."

We ate lunch then. We'd just been taking bites up to now. When we parted in front of the building, he said if he went straight home from the conference he'd call in and let me know who won.

That evening on the way home I didn't ride in the bar car, I wanted to be alone, which, on a commuting train, means sitting with a few hundred people you don't know instead of congregating with the dozen or so whom you do.

I drove slowly home from the station through the spring twilight. I turned into the driveway of our place, stopped for a moment to admire the four acres of weeds that surrounded a postage-stamp lawn and the house, the whole ringed by trees, giving a false impression of remoteness. Then I thought about Helen and Mary waiting breathlessly for the return of the lord and master. I walked toward the house. Even before I reached it it felt empty. I banged inside, snapped on lights, and went into the pantry. There was a note stuck in the top of the vodka bottle.

"Darling, knew you'd find this first thing if I left it here! Helen and I are out with Jack Gardner and Wolfgang looking at horses. Meet us at their house for cocktails.

We L.U.,

H. & M.

"Here's a map. P.S.: The Gardners are nice people. You know Judy."

I poured myself a slug, splashed some water in it, and tossed it off. Then I studied the map. The Jack Gardners. Jack Gardner. Judy's father.

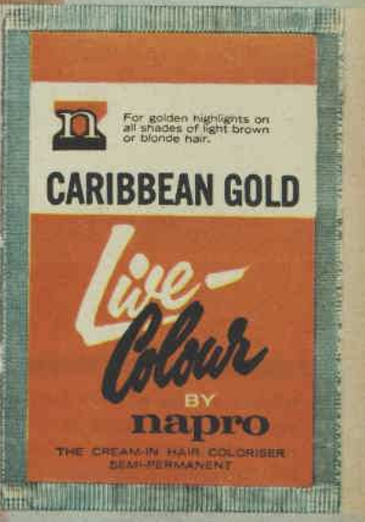
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BOLIN'S COLOMBO BLEND				S.A.			
DALGETY & N.Z. LOAN LTD., ELMSHURST No. 1	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.			TAS.	A.C.T.
DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.		QLD.	S.A.	W.A.		A.C.T.
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND				S.A.	W.A.		
GIBSONS CHOICE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST	N.S.W.	VIC.		S.A.		TAS.	A.C.T.
HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12 TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY and No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
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LIPTON'S GREEN CANISTER and ROYAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
LLOYD'S SUPER CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
MENDIS' PREMIUM QUALITY CEYLON TEA			QLD.				
MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.				TAS.	A.C.T.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and NURAYLIA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
ROBUR'S FINE TEA		VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	
SOUTHWICK'S HIGH GROWN CEYLON TEA			QLD.				
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THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

Continued from page 50

That made him a fellow sufferer. I downed another drink, neat this time, and looked at the note. No, Mary and Helen were off with Jack Gardner looking at horses: it didn't say anything about Mrs. Gardner. That meant he was the nut in that family.

I went out to the garage with the mistaken impression I had the map of how to get to the Gardners' house photographed in my mind. I managed to get lost in no time at all. It was almost seven before I reached their low white farmhouse with rail-fenced paddocks and a little showring with horse jumps in it, and, set back in a grove of trees, a stable.

The front door of the house opened and a woman wearing tailored blue slacks and a man's white shirt came on to the porch and smiled.

"I'm Eleanor Gardner. You're Freddie Bolton and you probably need a drink. Come in. Mary telephoned a few minutes ago. She and Jack and Wolfgang are on their way back from the Sheridans', but they stopped to throw hot dogs and milk into the kids."

We went down two steps into a big, gracefully proportioned living-room. In a bay window was a table with a splendid assortment of bottles and glasses and ice-cubes in a silver bowl.

"You're the man of the moment, so you fix drinks, won't you? I'd like scotch and soda on the rocks. Tolerably strong."

I FIXED the drinks, handed hers to her, and realised she was staring at me. "You're upset about something, aren't you?"

I suppose I should have been sore at her asking me something like that when she hadn't known me over three minutes, but I wasn't. For one thing, she was the sort of woman who made you feel the moment you met her that you'd known her all your life. For another, I was really desperate to tell somebody about getting promoted. So I told her the whole story, and when it was over she sounded more disappointed than I that Mary hadn't been home.

"Honestly," she said, "I will be mighty thankful when Judy gets to be eighteen and, according to the rules, will become ineligible for this damn Hunter Seat Equitation racket. If she'd only get interested in boys. I used to think she was queer for horses. But I've grown hopeful again. I've realised a surprising number of them do seem to end up finally married and pregnant and things, so I suppose it does pass eventually — like measles."

"I thought maybe I was queer for thinking Hellie queer."

All of a sudden we were friends, laughing together.

"I take it, Mrs. Gardner, that you yourself are not exactly what you might call an equiphile?"

"You take it right! I was once, but no more. And the perfectly awful part of it is that I have to go along to every single damned horse show there is anywhere."

"But if you don't like it, why go?"

"Well, theoretically I go to take care of Judy. But the truth is I go because I can drive the horse trailer and Jack can't. I go to every single show every single weekend from now until the end of October. Just the way you're going to do."

"Me? I won't be having anything to do with this horse-show stuff — except to get up the scratch."

She put her left hand on my shoulder. She had a surprisingly strong grip. "My boy, my heart bleeds for your innocence. From what I hear, you, fellow equiphobe, are also going to every horse show from hell to Newfoundland this summer. How I know — this morning, just for practice and at Jack's suggestion, your wife tried driving our horse trailer. Without the horse in it."

"And?" I didn't need to ask. So I just inquired how much I owed her.

"Nothing. It was insured at fifty dollars deductible and your wife insisted on paying the fifty." I winced. "But believe me, Freddie Bolton, when you get the nice two-thousand-dollar trailer your wife's picked out for you, you'd better do the driving."

She handed me her glass, and I returned to the reassuring array of bottles. A minute later the front door opened and Mary, looking as mothers are apt to look after a long afternoon with kids and before their evening martinis, drooped into the room.

"Hi, Eleanor. Well, we found a horse. Jack was sweet to come along."

I started to say hello, but, before I could, Eleanor Gardner said, "Mary, like you to meet a friend of mine. A Mr. Bolton."

Mary, smiling a funny smile, bobbed a curtsy. "How do you do, Mr. Bolton?"

"Mr. Bolton's with Tomes Agency. You know, advertising?"

"Oh?"

"Yes. And he's very highly thought of there."

"How nice."

"As a matter of fact, he's one of their vice-presidents."

The game ended in a shout: "What? Freddie, is this true? How perfectly awful our not being home," Mary cried. "But I never dreamed . . . How did it happen?"

Before I could go into it the front door opened again.

"Oh, Daddy! I've found the horse!" Hellie cried.

"Only if your father approves, Helen," Mary reminded her. "I told Helen we ought to wait before we even started looking, but . . . can I tell him what you said, Helen? . . . Freddie, your daughter said, 'My father said he thought he could arrange for me to have one hell of a horse, and I have more faith in my father than in anybody else in the world and that's why it's all right to start looking.' So—we looked."

I suddenly remembered what Suzie said about my never having taken the time or trouble to watch Hellie ride. And my kid felt like that about me! I hugged her to me. "I'll have to decide whether you've picked the right horse, but it is all right, Helen. But about the horse's name. Whatever he's called now, if you want him, you have to name him Aspercel. It's—it's a business thing. Can—can you bear to?"

"Aspercel?" she whispered back. "But that's a beautiful name for a horse, Daddy! It's a much nicer name for a horse than it is for a . . . and I can call him Aspie for short. Oh, Daddy, I just love you to death."

She started to dissolve into tears, but Eleanor Gardner told us to break it up. "Here comes Judy and Jack and good old Wolfgang."

Judy Gardner came into the room, shook hands, and said: "Oh, Mr. Bolton, we had the most wonderful afternoon! And it's so wonderful about your buying that wonderful

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CAMELLIAS

By ALLAN SEALE

● Exquisite flowers, handsome form, attractive foliage: camellias have these AND winter flowers.

CAMELLIAS come in an amazing variety of shapes and sizes. Years ago I planned to grow one of each variety catalogued, but have abandoned the idea, as the tally is now about 1200 varieties, mostly developed during the past 25 years.

The introduction of the Williamsii hybrids brought new blood into a range once confined mainly to **Camellia japonica**, the conventional, broad, shiny-leaved varieties which include **Alba plena, Prince Frederick William, Czar,** and many others.

In more recent years the japonica types were crossed with **C. saluensis,** another Chinese species with narrow, leathery, sun-tolerant foliage. The progeny, the **Williamsii hybrids,** include varieties such as **Donation** and **Margaret Waterhouse.**

Most camellias thrive in all but tropical regions or areas with very cold winters. In frosty areas they are best grown in containers and moved under shelter in winter.

Aspect: Broken sunlight, such as from tall gum trees, or a site where they receive direct sunlight for only a few hours each day is best. The buds of some varieties "ball," and fail to open, if they are exposed to direct morning sun when still wet with dew. (See sun-tolerant varieties, below.) Near the coast, protect from salt-laden winds.

Camellias will grow in full sunlight, but the foliage of most varieties will scorch or yellow badly; in dense shade, they usually set few flower buds.

Soil: Camellias need a soil that is acid to slightly acid. This is one reason, apart from winter cold, they often grow poorly in alkaline areas of Canberra, in most of the low-rainfall inland areas, Adelaide's low country, and many parts of Western Australia.

In these areas the soil can be brought closer to their liking by using acidifiers such as sulphur (2oz. per sq. yd.), hydrangea bluing tonic, sulphate of iron, or sulphate of aluminium at 1oz. per sq. yd. Don't use these materials in naturally acid soils, such as where untreated hydrangeas are blue.

Peatmoss will help to maintain soil acidity and improve the physical condition of the soil. Moisten before use, spread a layer about an inch deep, and lightly scratch into the surface soil. Do this once or twice each year.

Good drainage is essential.

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Feeding: Although camellias are not gross feeders, they respond to moderate applications of plant food, preferably in spring and early autumn. Use a good, complete camellia and azalea mixture, or one of the water-soluble liquid manures, and concentrate on the area below the outer branches. This is where the main feeder-roots usually are.

Disbudding: Camellias often produce more buds than the plant can adequately support. Some trees shed a large portion of these. Otherwise, you must disbud by hand, leaving one bud to each stem. This improves flower size and quality. Some plants may otherwise lack vigor to open their flowers.

To remove the bud without damage to the adjoining shoot, hold stem at base of bud, then twist outward and upward.

Other cases of failure to flower can be caused by severe cold damage, severe dryness or starvation, morning-sun burn, or burn by salt winds.

The damaged outer petals of "burned" buds fuse together, holding the flower in a tight ball.

Some varieties rarely open their flowers properly. Soft pink double St. Clair is notorious for this, and it is common among many self-sown seedlings.

Here are some of the best of the japonica or japonica-hybrid types. Those showing seasonal tolerance to full sunlight are marked thus*.

Formal double types: (Symmetrical formation of numerous petals surrounding a closed, bud-like centre. Most need protection from early-morning sun.)

Alba plena, medium to large formal double, pure white. Early. **Fimbriata,** pure white, fringed edge. **Grand Sultan,** large rich velvety red. ***Kitty,** white, edged or flushed with pink. **Mrs. H. Boyce,** light pink, faintly edged white. **Prince Eugene Napoleon,** bright to deep red, with darker veins. **Prince Frederick William,** delicate rose-pink. ***Sawada's Dream,** waterlily formation, pale pink outer petals, centre white. **Usuotome,** small, delicate pink. **Virginia Franco Rosea,** rose changing to soft pink. **William Bull,** medium to large soft pink.

Informal double: (Mostly with crested or anemone centres, sometimes with a few stamens showing. Most are better for shelter from early-morning sun.)

***Betty Sheffield Supreme,** white ruffled petals, edged rose. **Can Can,** soft rose, lighter border edged with bright rose, sport of **Lady Loch. Chandleri,** waratah centre; crimson, blotched white. **C. M. Wilson,** soft pink, sport of **Elegans. Elegans,** rose-pink, blotched white. ***Emperor of Russia,** variegated, crimson, marbled white, strong grower. **Hikaru-Genji,** pink petals edged with white, veined carmine and red. ***Lady Loch,** pale pink, white edge, occasional splashes of deep rose. **Margaret Davis,** large white, splashed and finely bordered with rose, sport of **Lady Loch. Tomorrow,** large, strawberry-red, rounded formation.

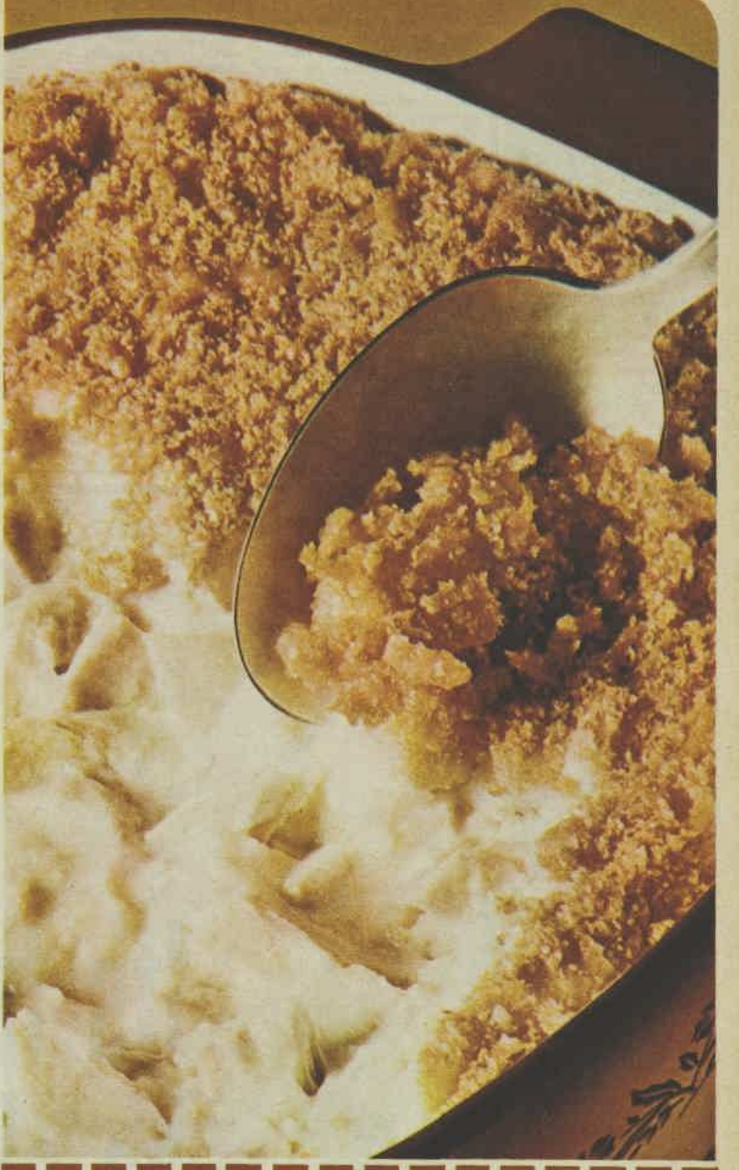
Semi-double: (Two or more rows of petals, clearly defined cluster of stamens from centre. Majority are self-grooming —flowers fall before they brown, making them tidier.)

Celtic Rosea, pale pink, strong, pendulous growth; **Cho Cho San,** pale pink, large. ***Donation,** lavender-rose, showing little centre. **Edith Linton,** rose to silvery pink. ***Great Eastern,** large, bright to deep red. ***Jean Lyne,** white to blush-pink, flecked red. ***Laurie Bray,** soft, coral-pink wavy petals, prolific and hardy. **Magnoliaeflora,** delicate blush pink. ***Margaret Waterhouse,** shell-pink, sun-tolerant. **Polar Bear,** creamy-white. ***The Czar,** light red to crimson, prominent bunch of gold-tipped stamens. ***White Nun:** Large, pure white, gently waved petals standing high around the yellow stamens. **Dr. Tinsley,** cream with pink overlay.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

CREATIVE COOKING



NEW! CRUSTY TOPPED CASSEROLE

tuna-'tato bake

You fold Safcol Tuna into Deb Mashed Potato — then crust it over with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs*

1 standard packet Deb Instant Mashed Potato, or the 4-serve quantity from the Deb Thrift Pack.
2/3 cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs — Regular or Seasoned (or 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, crushed)
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup grated tasty cheese
1/4 cup grated onion
1/2 teaspoon Tabasco brand pepper sauce (or 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce)
Pinch cayenne or black pepper
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 egg, well beaten
One 15 oz. can Safcol Chunk Style Tuna (red can)

1. **Prepare Deb according to instructions on the pack and when it's cool, mix in cheese, onion, Tabasco, cayenne pepper, lemon juice, egg.**
2. **Flake the Tuna and fold it into the mixture. Add salt to taste. Pile into a greased casserole.**
3. **Pour melted butter over Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs in a separate bowl, then spread over the casserole.**
4. **Bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) about 30 minutes.**

Yield: 4 to 6 servings



*Registered Trade Mark

K865

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Beautify Your Hair



Your hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner, and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

Continued from page 52

THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

horse for Hellie! And isn't it a lovely evening?"

Then she kissed her mother and, with Hellie, faded out of sight. Naturally, having only been together for eight or nine hours they had a lot of unfinished business to go over.

Jack Gardner came in next. He greeted me heartily, apologised for not being home when I arrived, gave his wife a kiss, and said he hoped I'd been properly taken care of in his absence.

"I suppose Helen told you we found a real nice horse for her. Of course, it was late when we got to Sheridans'. Been to a lot of other stables first. And Tim Riley, a pro-dealer who uses the stables there and in exchange manages the place for the Sheridans, had the horse all tacked up and waiting outside the ring, so we didn't take the time to strip him down and vet him. But he went great for little Helen, just great! But Wolf ought to be here in a second. He stopped to wash his hands. He's very anxious to meet you."

I was going to suggest that was probably mostly because I owed him nine hundred and sixty dollars when Wilhelm Wolfgang Heinrich von Roetz sauntered into the room.

"Wolfgang, like you to meet Freddie Bolton. Freddie, this is Oberkommandant von Roetz of the Uhlans."

"Hi, Mr. Bolton." We shook hands. "I wish Jack would stop trying to startle people with that Prussian-cavalry-officer routine. Some people believe him."

"Well," I said, "with a name like yours—and the European accent—can you blame them?"

"Please believe me, Mr. Bolton, the nearest I ever got to be a cavalry officer anywhere was when I made sergeant at Fort Riley just before they took all our horses away and gave us tanks and jeeps instead."

To my horror, I found myself liking the guy. In a few minutes, if I wasn't careful, I'd find I was actually enjoying writing out a cheque for nine hundred and sixty dollars to him.

"Mr. Bolton, your daughter possibly may have a great gift. I have big plans for her. Big plans!" I guess Wolfgang saw my face tighten up, because he quickly added, "Provided you approve of them, of course."

Mary said, "After Helen schooled that strange horse over those big jumps this afternoon, Wolgang told me that if she has a few really good horses to work with she could be ready for the U.S. Equestrian Team by the time she's eighteen."

"Of course, she is only just beginning," he said, "but with the right horse, by the end of the summer, she should be winning blue ribbons in equitation classes. With enough luck she could even qualify to ride in the Maclay or the Medal finals in the Garden — as I have already told Mrs. Bolton."

My stomach began to jump. This was not how Mary had presented his prognosis to me. It certainly didn't fit the pitch I'd made to Harry Tomes and that he had made this very afternoon to Allied Drug.

"But she can't win blue ribbons now?"

"In little 4-H shows, yes. She already has."

"But in real AHSA shows? The—big league?"

"She might."

"'Might' isn't good enough, Mr. von Roetz. Starting right now," I said, "you are to double or triple the lessons, and give her polish. How long will it take you to get her up to where I was told she already is? That is, really ready to compete. Two weeks?"

"Say six weeks?"

I couldn't stall Harry Tomes or Allied Drug that long. "A month."

He shrugged. "We can try."

THE tenseness, an almost shocked sort of tenseness I could feel in the silence around us, made me feel sorry. I'd made a scene; that was all right. What wasn't all right was that I'd made it in Eleanor Gardner's living room, and it must have made her terribly uncomfortable. I wanted to apologise but that would only have made it worse. There was another way.

"I'll tell you one thing you have done for me for which I'll be eternally grateful, Mr. von Roetz. You've given my daughter a whole new interest in life at a time when she damn well needed it most. You've given me a new interest in life, too."

Relief flooded his face. "Oh? Have you, too, become interested in horses, Mr. Bolton?"

I laughed. "No, just in paying for them. I'll write you out a cheque right now. Should have done it long ago. You've been darn decent about my—forgetting."

"No hurry. I'd appreciate it, of course, but . . ."

It was almost eleven when we said goodbye. Hellie rode in the old station wagon with me, snuggled tight against my shoulder. Mary, in her car, got home ahead of us and was waiting outside the garage, looking as if she were about to expire with curiosity. She shooed Hellie up to bed in a hurry, then blocked my way. "Well? If I have to wait another minute to hear how you pulled this off I'll —I'll . . ."

"There was really nothing to it, honey. It all hung on my ability to give a fancy show horse a suitable name that would get his picture in the papers. I picked a suitable name—a name so suitable that certain people practically begged me to let them give me a horse. I thought the very best name I could think of would be Aspercel."

"Allied Drug and Food!"

"Naturally, and I did agree to let them give me a horse —and a stable—and a trailer and . . ."

"And the vice-president business? Is that for real, too?"

"Sure. If you had a guy working for you who could dream up a con job like the one I dreamed up, wouldn't you make him a vice-president? Go on up and tuck Helen in; I'll join you soon."

Soon I went on up the little flight of stairs to Hellie's room. Her bed lamp was on, throwing a soft glow over a face so happy it returned the glow.

"Hello, Daddy. Is it really, really true I'm going to have that beautiful horse for my very own?"

"Or its equivalent." The glow faded. "Hellie, this horse thing isn't something I can rush into blindfolded. He's got to be good or, well, let's be honest, I'm sunk. I'll have made a damn fool of myself with the one account I simply cannot afford to make a fool of myself with. For all our sakes."

"But Aspercel is good, Daddy. Wolfgang says he's just simply the perfect horse for me."

"Baby, I understand. Better than you'll ever know. But this horse is going to cost a lot of money, and one person's opinion—not even if the person is Wolfgang—isn't enough."

"Mr. Gardner and Mummy saw me ride him. They think he's just wonderful. Please, Daddy, say I can have him!"

"I can't, baby. I have to go to Chicago tomorrow, but Friday, when I get back . . ." I saw the tears start welling up.

"Suppose somebody else buys him while you're away?"

I took out my cheque book. As she watched, I wrote out a cheque for one hundred dollars payable to the Sheridan Stables and gave it to Helen.

On the back I had written: "Acceptance of this cheque is agreement to an option of one week to purchase for four thousand dollars the horse offered to and tried out by my daughter, Helen Bolton, at your establishment today."

The brightness came back to her eyes. She lifted her face up to be kissed goodnight. I turned out the lamp, and as I tiptoed out of the room heard a soft sigh that was my complete undoing. I went back to the den and

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LULUBELLE



"They say that slender, well-shaped girls rate higher than skinny, straight-up-and-down types."

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THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

Continued from page 54

got happily crocked with Mary.

I got back to La Guardia at ten Friday morning and took a cab to my office. At least I thought I had. I got out of the elevator at the usual floor, walked down the corridor of glass cubicles with grille-work doors, started to turn into mine, and stopped. A man I could plainly see was not me was sitting at my desk, and the wrong girl was in the adjacent cubicle.

I went up to the strange young man behind the desk and, cleverly, I thought, asked if he could tell me where I could find Miss Clemens. And Mr. Bolton. "Freddie Bolton, that is?"

"You mean the horsy guy? The one's just been made a veep? He's up on the next floor with the other veeps."

I carted my suitcase and dispatch case up another flight to what was known as "The Peat Bog," because the carpets were so thick. No glass cubicles here, just glass-panelled secretaries' offices leading to the vice-presidents' private offices. And they were private. Real doors that closed.

I was feeling completely out of place when a familiar voice yelled "Hi!" It was Suzie, sounding glad. She grabbed my dispatch case and tried to grab my suitcase, but I wrestled it away from her.

"Suzie, what in the hell is the matter with you, trying to carry my suitcase?"

"It's your new office, Mr. Bolton! You just don't know how important it makes you seem, sir."

"Well, having you carry my suitcase doesn't make me feel important; it makes me feel like your grandfather. And it just happens I don't like feeling like your grandfather, Miss Clemens."

"Please don't start calling me Miss Clemens. I feel lost enough up here. I don't know any of the girls, and they're all a million years older than I am and . . . oh, Mr. Bolton, I'm so glad to have you back home. Now let me show you our wonderful new office."

She turned in to an office that obviously was hers — it was considerably larger than my office had been in my sub-Peat Bog days — walked across it, opened a door, stepped back, and cried, "There."

It was, in a word, magnificent. Bright red carpet, lovely leather sofas and chairs, and a big table in the satinwood motif. Beige drapes at the windows, table lamps whose bases looked frighteningly like authentic ancient Chinese porcelain horse heads and obviously worth much too much money for any office I infested.

One of the walls held a few English fox-hunting prints and, in rows of bookcases, made of satinwood, of course, hundreds of books dealing with very refined sports like fox-hunting and polo. The other wall was literally covered with photographs of horses in various stages of dress and undress, activity and idleness.

There was one whole section devoted to pictures of a child. They were arranged in a series, showing her first as a child on a Shetland pony, then a bigger child on a bigger pony, then on a still bigger pony jumping over fences, then on a horse, the equines, the child, and the fences all growing bigger as the series progressed. I walked up close. The child was Helen! Only Helen in shiny black top boots and a hard sort of jockey cap like the ones the huntsmen in the fox-chase pictures on the other walls were wearing. I blinked.

"Mr. Bolton," Suzie's voice sounded apologetic, "Mr. Tomes wanted it this way. I drove out to your house, and Mrs. Bolton found some pictures of Helen, and the art department did the rest. They—they did a wonderful job of matching the face to the bodies—don't you think!"

"Damn it, Suzie, it's a fake!"

"Oh, no, because it could have been Helen. Mrs. Bolton told me the highest Helen had jumped was four feet, so I checked with the people where we got the pictures and made sure none of the jumps were any higher than that. The photographers just didn't happen to be around when Helen was jumping, that's all."

JUST then I spotted the biggest photograph of all. It showed a man in black boots and white breeches wearing a long, black riding coat and a stunted high hat. He was riding a black horse over a jump so high it would have challenged a pole vaulter. I moved closer, but I knew who it had to be. Wolfie — hanging in the star spot in my office. At the bottom of the picture was some very high-class lettering:

WILHELM WOLFGANG HEINRICH VON ROETZ —then a lot of German that I could just figure out said he was riding something or other at something called the Aachen Horse Show and that the jump was so many metres high, which it sure was. On the lower left-hand corner was written:

To Frederick Bolton, Esquire,
Father of my favorite pupil,
With most sincere best wishes,
Wolfgang von R.

"Where in hell did you get this?"

"Oh, Mr. Tomes called him up and said he wanted a picture of him for your new office — to surprise you."

"It surprises me."

"Wolfgang is a very charming man. Don't you think so, Mr. Bolton?"

"What do you mean? You never told me you knew him"

"Oh, I never did until last evening when I went over to his place to get the picture. My, he's got some beautiful horses, even if they are hunters. Why, I must have been there over an hour just looking at them and talking with Wolfgang. Don't you think he's charming?"

"No."

I heard Suzie giggle — I'd made a chump of myself letting her think I was jealous. But she was to make me feel even worse.

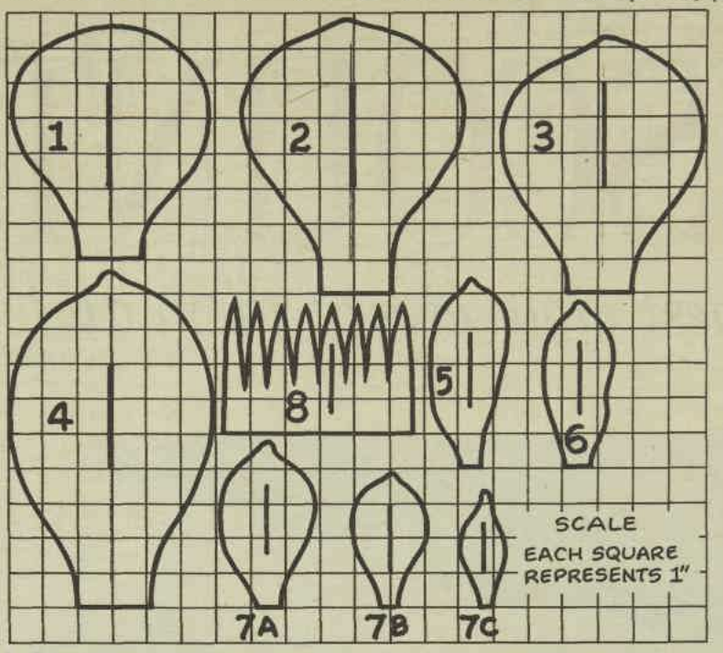
"Mr. Bolton. I did something I shouldn't have, but all these hunters and jumpers, I just couldn't stand it. It made me feel so disloyal to Queenie. Look."

At the bottom of the wall was a row of seven-by-ten glossies of another girl on a horse. The girl was Suzie Clemens done up in skin-tight pants and a cowboy shirt and hat on a palomino that had to be Queenie. In some of the pictures she was sitting holding enormous silver cups or trays; in others she was galloping all out on the straight or galloping around brightly painted oil barrels, the horse leaning so hard into its turn that her inside foot almost scraped the ground. They were impressive, and

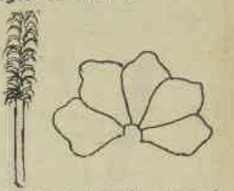
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MEXICAN FLOWERS

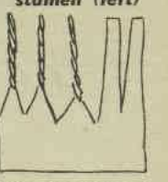
Color pictures, pages 10 and 11



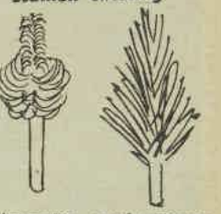
1. *Crinoline or shirley poppy petal*
2. *Large hibiscus petal*
3. *Small hibiscus petal*
4. *Rose petal*
5. *Large Magnolia soulangeana petal*
6. *Small Magnolia soulangeana petal*
7. *Large Magnolia grandiflora petal*
8. *Medium Magnolia grandiflora petal*
9. *Small Magnolia grandiflora petal*
10. *Rose calyx*



Hibiscus petals pasted in set (right). Hibiscus stamen (left)



Crinoline poppy — stamen twisting



Magnolia soulangeana centre (right). Magnolia grandiflora centre (left)

GENERAL HINTS

● Use copper wire for binding; 14-gauge galvanised wire for stems. Both are available at hardware stores.

● Unless otherwise stated, petals are made of two thicknesses of paper — paste them lightly together round edges.

Below are explanations of technical terms used in the directions on this page.

CUP: Place two thumbs together on inside of petal and gently press thumbs outwards to stretch paper in centre of petal.

CURL: With closed scissor blades underneath petal and thumb on top, stroke and stretch petal lightly over blade.

FLUTE: Hold edge of petal between finger and thumb and pull in opposite directions.

TINTING: Grate colored chalk over a piece of fine wire mesh (a coffee strainer will do) and rub the fine powder on to the inside of petal with cottonwool.

Hibiscus

Materials: One roll crepe paper, light color; 1 roll crepe paper, dark color; 1 roll stem green crepe paper; wire for binding and stems; paste. These quantities will make 2 hibiscus.

TO MAKE

Stamen: Cut 5in.-wide strip across roll. Cut piece 8in. long from strip, stretch and fringe ½in. deep along one length. Curl over scissor blade and roll up in spiral fashion, with curled fringe going outwards. (See sketch). Paste end down.

Petals: With centre line of pattern along grain of paper, cut ten small petal pieces and five large petal pieces from light and dark colors (30 pieces in all). Paste one each of same-sized light and dark pieces tog. along curved edges.

Paste two sets of five small petals and one set of five large petals tog. in a fan-shape (see sketch). When dry, curl and flute each petal.

Place first small set (dark color to centre) round stamen with bottom of petals ½in. below base of stamen. Bind second small set round first and fasten with wire.

Place set of large petals (light color to centre) ½in. above base of small petals. Fasten with wire. Cut off excess crepe paper at base. Bind stem wire to base and cover stem with 1in.-wide strip of stem green paper.

Crinoline or shirley poppy

Materials: 1 roll white crepe paper; 1 roll stem green crepe paper; 1 stick colored chalk for tinting; 1 roll crepe paper same color as chalk; paste; wire for binding and stems. These quantities make 2 poppies.

TO MAKE

Stamens: Cut 4in.-wide strip across roll of colored crepe paper. Cut 18in. length from strip. Cut fringe 2in. deep and ½in. wide along length. Twist fringe (see sketch), roll up and paste down.

Cut 6½in.-wide strip across white roll. Open out, refold into 16 thicknesses; with pattern line on grain, cut out 16 petal pieces. Repeat twice more — 48 pieces or enough for 2 poppies; each petal (6 per poppy) takes 4 pieces.

Tint petal tops with chalk, flute top edges, cup deeply in centre.

Place three petals evenly round stamen, fasten with wire, repeat with remaining petals. Cut off excess paper at base, bind stem wire to base, cover with 1in.-wide strips stem green paper.

Press petals back from centre and separate each set of petals to give a filmy appearance.

Magnolia soulangeana

Materials: 1 roll each white, rose-pink, and moss-green crepe paper; bare branches; copper wire for binding; 1 stick each red and blue chalk. These quantities make 5 flowers.

TO MAKE

Centre: From pink paper, cut 2in.-wide strip across roll. Cut 12in. length from strip. Along one long edge cut fringe 1½in. deep and ½in. wide. Twist each strand, roll up and trim into pointed shape (see sketch).

Petals: For each flower cut six large and three small petals from double thickness white paper. Grate chalks together to make mauve powder and color one side of each petal.

White side facing, curl top edge of petal and cup deeply at top and base. Paste base of petals and arrange three large petals evenly round centre. Follow thus with three more large petals, then three small petals, and fasten with wire.

Wrap base with 1in.-wide strip of green paper. Wind on to bare branches with wire.

Magnolia grandiflora

Materials: One roll each white and stem green crepe paper; brown ink felt pen or paint; bare branch; paste; wire for binding. These quantities make 9 flowers.

TO MAKE

Centre: Cut 3in.-wide strip across roll of white crepe paper. Cut 6in. and 12in. lengths from strip. Color one edge of each piece with brown ink or paint to a depth of ⅜in. Cut fringe along painted edge, ¾in. deep for short piece, 1in. deep for long piece. With painted edge toward you, curl fringe outwards. Wind 6in. piece in spiral fashion with fringe curling outwards; wind 12in. piece on to this with fringe curling inwards (see sketch).

Petals: For each flower cut one C petal, two B petals, and seven A petals. Curl edges and cup centre of each petal.

Paste base of C petal and fasten to centre. Paste base of B petals, evenly space round C petal. Space four A petals evenly round B petals and remaining A petals over first four. Fasten with wire and finish as Magnolia Soulangeana.

Rose

(Centre open or closed)

Materials: One roll crepe paper, light color; 1 roll crepe paper, dark color; 1 roll stem green crepe paper; wire for binding and stems; paste. These quantities make 2 roses.

TO MAKE

Cut 10in.-wide strip across rolls of dark and light paper. Open strips out, lay light color on top of dark color and refold to size of petal width, using pattern as guide.

With pattern centre line along grain of paper, cut out 16 petals, i.e., 32 single petal pieces, 16 light and 16 dark. Paste one light and one dark petal piece tog. lightly at top and allow to dry.

With light side of petal toward you, cup four petals deeply at top for centre. Cup next five petals in centre and curl edges over. Cup base of last seven petals and curl top edges.

TO ASSEMBLE

Closed Rose: Roll up 1st petal tightly, then place next three petals evenly round, overlapping each one a third. Cont. thus with rem. petals. Tie end tightly with wire and trim off excess paper at base at an angle. Fasten stem wire firmly to base with thin wire.

Open Rose: Centre. Cut 6in. and 8in. squares from light-colored crepe paper. Stretch 8in. square and crumple into a ball.

Wrap 6in. square over ball, twisting ends tog. at back to make small stem.

Cut strip from dark paper 3in. wide and 12in. long. Fringe one end 1in. deep and wrap round stalk of centre. Proceed to wrap petals round centre as for open rose.

Cut calyx as pattern from stem green paper, apply paste to base of flower, and wrap calyx round. Cut 1in.-wide strip across roll of stem green paper and wrap round long stem.

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THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

they were just as real as the ones of Helen were phony. I was touched by the girl's obvious skill, by her loyalty to her wild-looking animal, by her daring — in the pictures — to say nothing of her daring to put them in my office.

"If you mind, I'll take them down without a fuss, but . . ."

Though I don't approve of that sort of thing in the office, I put my arm around her shoulders. "Suzie, I don't mind one little bit. I think they're terrific. Of course I'll let you leave them up, particularly as I'm about to ask you a rather large favor."

I happened to look up just then and saw Harry Tomes standing in the doorway.

I removed my arm from Suzie's shoulders with such dignity as I could manage and prepared to catch her when she saw Harry Tomes and fainted. She must have sensed my panic button was pressed all the way down, for she turned and calm as anything said: "Hi, Mr. Tomes, I was showing Mr. Bolton our handiwork."

HARRY TOMES looked from her to me, then back to her. His face was inscrutable, but all he said was, "Can you possibly make room on that wall someplace for a picture of one of my racehorses, Jonah, winning the Hampton Gold Cup at Saratoga last year. I feel a little guilty asking Suzie to put it up, but it's a good window dressing. Run along to the art department and get it, will you? They're putting on a new mat."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Tomes!" Suzie said, and went.

"I wasn't eavesdropping," he said. "You were such a dope you left the door open. However, you can consider the incident closed except for one thing—just what was that rather large favor you were going to ask Suzie to do for you?"

"This Wolfgang character took Mary and my daughter horse-shopping the day before I went to Chicago. They found one; belongs to the Sheridan stables. Wolfgang says it's the ideal horse for her — old Aspercel himself. Now, I could be wrong, Harry, but I don't quite trust Wolfie. So I was going to ask Suzie if she could go up to Mount Kisco with me this afternoon and give this horse a thorough physical."

"What's the matter with getting a veterinary?"

"I don't know any," I said. "Besides, any veterinary I got around there would be a pal of Wolfie's. Suzie obviously knows all about horses. Hell, she's got her own she raised from a pup. And with her I wouldn't be the outsider; Wolfie and his crowd would be the outsiders."

"How come? They're horseman and she's a horseman."

"She's a quarterhorseman," I said. "She looks down her nose at this hunter crowd."

"I think you have something there. This Aspercel horse has to be right. If he turned out to be blind or to have three legs, or even five legs, we'd lose the account. By all means take her."

"Thanks." I pointed to all the horse stuff in my office. "Who are we trying to kid? It makes me feel as if I were wearing somebody else's suit."

"Nothing could concern me less than how you feel about it, son. You see, it just happens that Tom Dugan's coming in to chat with me at eleven about applying this subliminal notion of yours to some of their other products. He said that while he was here he would like to meet you. Get the idea?"

I got it all right. Tom Dugan was the head man of the Allied Drug and Food Corporation. Aspercel, of course, was only one of a few dozen other big money-making products. Tom Dugan was one of the "invisible men"—like the President of the United States. Unless you were richer than he was—something almost impossible to imagine—more powerful, more socially hot stuff, you couldn't get within three secretaries of him. Unless, of course, you had something he wanted. Tom Dugan wanted to meet me.

Before I could reply, the intercom box spoke mutedly: "Mr. Tomes, Mr. Dugan is here waiting for you."

He was across the room in two seconds, pressed a button, and said, "Thanks, Katherine. Be right there." He turned back to me. "You and Suzie get that racehorse picture right up. Put it next to von Roetz. I'll speak to her on my way out about vetting that horse with you. And better have her stand by now to smoke-screen for us if Dugan should turn out to be a horse-show horseman. She has all the lingo."

"But it's quarter-horse lingo," I shouted as he went through the door. "Suppose he's a hunter guy?"

"Then she can confuse him—but good!"

It turned out, to my astonishment, that Suzie lived at Easton, which is only a twenty-minute drive from the semidemi in Weston. We got off the train at Westport and picked up my junky station car. Then we drove to her house, because she said she wouldn't feel right fooling around stables in her office clothes. "Horses know when you don't feel right around them," she said, "and they take advantage of you." I could believe it. I had a low opinion of horses, anyway.

I was hardly prepared for a four-room saltbox, a pretty little house way out in the country; white, red shutters, a rose arbor over the front door, a brick walk with flowerbeds on each side, and a two-foot-high white picket fence around the whole thing.

There was a catch: About a hundred yards up the road was a corral with four horses wandering around and a dozen or more horses eating their way across a couple of huge fields that lay right back of the house. Horses all over the place! As we pulled up in front of her house, I frantically gulped one of my anti-histamines.

"That's the Bar J," she said. "The J stands for Joe McMillen. This house I live in is his. Of course, he has his own farmhouse just across the road where he and his family live. In exchange for giving riding lessons for him weekends, I get the house and Queenie's and Lambie-Pie's keep for free."

"You have two horses?"

"Yes, I just bought another. Queenie's for racing and Lambie-Pie's for western-trail-horse classes. Lambie-Pie's a piebald; that's why I call her Lambie-Pie." She hopped out of the car.

I sat in the car, turned the radio volume way up, and listened to commercials. I'd schooled myself so I didn't have to listen to the music or news — just the commercials.

She came back in less than five minutes dressed the way Helen dresses most of the time.

"Would you like us to take my car since it's such a lovely sunny day?"

"Sure. Why not?"

She ran around the house and I climbed out and lit a cigarette. Moments later I heard a roar. A bright red slightly vintage topless sports car shot past the corner of the house and slithered to a stop. Back of the wheel was Suzie in goggle-type sunglasses. Crossing my fingers I climbed in beside her. "Here!" she said, and handed me a pair of the goggles. "We're off! Grrrrrrr-yah-hoooo!"

As she ran up through the four gears, she yelled at me. "Sorry about making the yell, Mr. Bolton. That's how I do to start Queenie in the barrel-bending races."

Fifteen minutes later we slowed, and I saw that we were on the outskirts of Mount Kisco. It would have taken me at least half an hour to get there in my buggy. Suzie shoved the goggles up on her forehead.

"There's the sign to Sheridan Stables. I want to make a suggestion, Mr. Bolton, if you won't take offence. When we get to the stables, try to play it dumb, will you?"

"When I get anywhere near any stable I don't have to play it dumb. I just take my anti-sneeze pills and try to pretend I'm somewhere else."

Suzie spotted a sign that said OFFICE, and started toward it. When I followed, she shook her head. Smiling, she pointed her forefinger at me. "Stay." I barked. She giggled and said, "You stay!"

A man wearing jodhpurs and turtleneck sweater came out of the office. He looked up and down the colonnade. "Seen a dog around here anywhere? I thought I heard him just now."

Suzie turned away so the man would not see her giggle. "No, I haven't seen any dog," I said. "Unless you count me. I'm quite a gay dog sometimes."

"Very funny. You looking for somebody?"

Suzie walked toward him. I stayed where I was, as told. "Yes, we are. Are you Tim Riley, the manager?"

"I'm Riley."

"Hi, I'm Sue Clemens."

"Well, the quarter-horse girl! Glad to meet you, Sue." They shook hands. "Saw you ride at Eastern States last September. What are you doing here? You and your barking boyfriend get lost or something? This is a hunter and jumper stable."

"It's this way, Tim. That horse Wolfgang has for sale here?"

"Which one? He's got three of 'em here right now."

No wonder Suzie wanted me in the background. The horse boys would accept her, the quarter-horse girl, and wouldn't try to kid her too far. I heard her say, "I'd like to see the one the Bolton kid has put down a deposit on."

"What's your interest in the deal, Sue?"

"Her father's my boss. He asked me to see if I thought it would be a good horse for his kid."

"There's a three-hundred-dollar commission that says you think he's the right horse, Sue."

"I couldn't take it, Tim, honest. Not in this case. If I did I'd only turn it over to my boss."

"Well, let's go look at the horse. Want to ride him?"

"After I look."

SUZIE beckoned me forward. "Tim, this is Freddie, Freddie, Tim."

"Hi, Freddie. Say, Freddie, er, this isn't supposed to be Wolf's horse. It's better for his business if folks think it's my horse. You know how things are. Okay?"

"Sure, I sure do know how things are. I'm a salesman."

"What do you sell?"

"Advertising. I work for the same folks Suzie does."

"Oh. You know her boss?"

"I've met him," I said. "See a lot of him, but don't really know him at all."

"Mystery man?"

"You've got it."

"Here we are. Next stall," said Tim Riley.

A chestnut with a white diamond mark running down his face peered at us. Suzie started toward the stall door.

"He's a little nippy with strangers," said Riley. Without a by-your-leave Suzie unsnapped the catch on the stall door, opened it, and said, "Get back there, you big, handsome hunk! Baa-ack!"

The horse obediently backed away from the door.

To page 58



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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 27.

ARIES MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Romance is favored 27th-29th. This period is also good for penning the reconciliatory love letter. But treat the weekend with caution. There are weird vibrations.

TAURUS APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ There's a nice stretch, 27th-29th, for married folk and for all to do with marriage and partnership. A profitable short journey also is indicated. The 31st is adverse.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ There's an aura of subtle trouble surrounding marriage on the 31st, but a boost in business and finance compensates, especially if a Job-holder. The 28th is fortunate.

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ A very fortunate planet has been assisting you to expand and surmount hurdles. You also have the love star helping you with romance. Make the most of the 27th-29th.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Although next week could provide you with more change of pace and scope to exercise your organising talents, this week can be turned to good account. Cash in on the 27th-30th.

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Personal affairs could be under pressure for many, yet there are strong influences for good helping out on the home front. You should have good news from loved ones.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ This week and next are ideal to launch new ventures, to open a fresh chapter, or to do some personal stocktaking. However, Sunday could prove unreliable. Stick to routine.

SCORPIO OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ If you feel like getting out of the rut and into the groove, 27th-29th is the time to be with it. The stars are mostly helpful, but keep an eye on family affairs on the 31st.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23 - DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ You'll be right on the ball, teeming with ideas and know-how. There's nice news concerning friends, and perhaps a long-cherished wish comes spectacularly true for you.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 - JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Most Capricornians will work very hard to improve their lot. At present, many will not have to strive so much, as the stars favor status and career. Friends will help.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ Discounting Sunday which could turn out adversely, the stars offer scope to improve your public relations, and give you more than average prospects for a win, lottery-wise.

PISCES FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ There's been less drag and lag for many in their lives lately—doors are opening and the breaks are coming. Happy accent on romance for the young-at-heart, with lots of glamor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) extra on all garments.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

'Elenor'

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Continued from page 57

"Okay, Tim, strip him and take him out and hook tie ropes on him, will you, Tim? I want to vet him right." Suzie had walked toward the rear of the stall, her eyes going over the horse like an insect spray.

"Anything special you wanted to look at, Sue?"

"Yes, there is. Just from where I stand, I think four thousand dollars is a silly price to ask for a horse that's supposed to do a lot of jumping if he isn't sound in back."

"You thinking about on the near hind leg, maybe?" He stared at the clean straw on the floor of the stall that, like the gravel of the courtyard, looked as if it had been polished blade by blade. From the expression on his face, I guessed he was having a struggle within himself. Presently he looked up.

"I hate to do this to Wolf. It's his pigeon, but then he's loused his own deal. How about going to the other barn and give a look-see at a horse of mine? He has papers, he comes from Canada, and he won the Junior Hunter Championship at the Royal in Toronto last year. He belonged to a kid who won the Equitation Championship on him, too. She traded this one with me for a three-day horse. The one I'm going to show you isn't trained for dressage."

Naturally, I didn't know what the hell a "three-day horse" or "dressage" was, but it struck me as a good lever to start beating down the price.

"Not trained in dressage, eh?" I shook my head and made belittling noises.

"So what's it to you, Freddie?" Tim Riley acted disturbed. "This Bolton guy's daughter isn't schooled in dressage, either, is she? From seeing her ride I would say positively no."

I turned to Suzie. "Is she?"

"No. Of course she isn't, Freddie."

"Well," I said, "though it's none of my business, I'd say that since Bolton's daughter isn't schooled in dressage, either, it seems to me it oughtn't to cut down the price of the horse more than by, say, a thousand bucks."

Suzie flashed me a look of glee — and admiration. Tim gave me a dirty look.

"How much is yours?" asked Sue.

"Six thousand dollars — with a new-car warranty."

"Three thousand five hundred is top. I happen to know that," said Suzie. Which she also happened to know was a black lie.

"Fifty-five hundred."

"Four, even," said Sue. She looked at me. I held up one hand where only she could see it, the five fingers spread.

"Not a nickel under five," said Riley.

"Too much," said Sue.

"Four thousand five hundred!" It was torn out of me. Auction fever.

"Sold!" shouted Riley, waving a hand, "to the man in the pinstripe blue suit!"

Sue looked startled.

"A clown!" Riley cried happily.

"You didn't by any chance mean that bid, did you?"

"Tim," said Suzie, "I think it's time I told you — er — Freddie's last name. This is Mr. Bolton, my boss."

"May heaven have mercy on my soul!" said Tim.

"I like the sound of this horse of yours," I said. "At forty-five hundred, let's go look at him."

"Right, Mr. Bolton! This way."

He led the way out of the courtyard, down a gravel path to a second stable, not quite so fancy as the first. Tim and Suzie were talking the foreign language my ears were beginning to get used to, though I still was far from tuned into it. I walked along the row of stalls, keeping a safe distance, fingering the antihistamine bottle in my coat pocket. I was about halfway down the line when I heard what I've since learned is called a whickering.

I TURNED around. From the stall I had just passed was thrust a coal-black head with a tiny white star in the middle of the forehead. It was whickering at me, and the great, liquid horse eyes were gazing at me with unmistakable reproach. He felt bad because I hadn't stopped to give him a handout or to say howdy. I chuckled and walked back. The ears stayed pricked forward, the whickers came faster. It was very appealing.

"Well, you great big slob!"

Forgetting that I might lose an arm, I began stroking the silky muzzle. He leaned his neck way out, reached down to sniff at my coat pockets, obviously hunting for sugar. When he didn't find any he nudged me gently with his head, which, considering its size, was like being nudged gently by a steam shovel. I reached up and pulled his ears. He lifted his head, rested his chin on the edge of the stall, and blew hot air at me through his nostrils. I went back to stroking his muzzle.

"Well, well, well," I said. "So I've finally found somebody who appreciates me."

The horse heaved an enormous sigh of contentment. It began as a blast of hay-scented air, changed to a whistle, and ended in a grunt as he ran out of breath. I turned, took a step away to call Suzie, and the great, silly beast grabbed my sleeve in his teeth and pulled me back.

Having got me back into position, he rested all eight inches of his chin on the edge of the door again, closed his eyes, and waited for me to start stroking his muzzle.

Tim and Suzie came up.

"What's this one?" I asked Tim.

"I like him. That is, it seems to me he might make a proper sort of horse for a child."

"Why, this is none other than the one I was bringing you to see, Killarney."

I grinned at Tim. "No," I said, "I think his name is Aspercel."

To be continued

OUR TRANSFER



***PUPPY** motifs for each day of the week are from Embroidery Transfer No. 197. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents plus 4 cents extra for postage.*



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COLLECTORS' CORNER



● *Japanese vases.*

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.





● *Chinese Kylin.*

WE are interested to find out about the origin of three oriental pieces we have had in our family for years. Could you please identify them for us? — Mr. and Mrs. H. Gannon, Bondi, N.S.W.

Both your vases are Japanese cloisonne enamel and dated about 1875-1885. Typical of the period, these represent some of the Japanese artwork which became so much a vogue in Victorian homes in England. The fine cloisonne enamel Kylin is of Chinese origin. The beautiful modelling and the rich blue enamelling and gilt metal are typical features of the Ch'ien-Lung period (A.D. 1736-1795). However, the model is quite a traditional one, and as a result one encounters 20th-century reproductions. From the colors in your picture I feel your Kylin is not a mid-18th century original but a good reproduction produced in the latter half of the 19th century.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a pottery jar which once held whisky. On the front is a design which has been baked into the jar. It shows two Scotsmen in kilts drinking whisky. Above them are two circles. In one circle is the thistle with the words "in defence" written in it and the other a the shamrock, thistle, and rose with the words "Tria juncta in una" written above. Above the whole design is written "The Greybeard." Below the decoration are the words "Heather Dew Whisky, Mitchell Bros. Limited, Glasgow, Proprietors." At the base is the potter's stamp. Part of it is obliterated, but these words can be distinguished, "Port Dundas Pottery, Glasgow." — Alec Ball, Leithville, Vic.

Your whisky jar or flask was made at the Port Dundas Pottery (Co. Ltd.), of Bishop Street, Port Dundas, Glasgow. The pottery was established during the mid-19th century and was active until its closure in 1932. Your example sounds as though it was made during the late-19th or early-20th century.

★ ★ ★

A VASE was given to me by my mother-in-law. It was brought from Scotland and I believe it has been in Australia already 100 years or more. It is white porcelain and has a square stand. Fifteen inches high, it is joined to a base by a metal pin and has no marking, brand, or number. There is a gold handle on either side (the gold being very much worn, of course). On the front panel is a hand-painted picture of a woman who is playing a small wooden instrument. On the side are various patterns of flowers. — Mrs. L. Whitney, Oak Park, Vic.

The extremely fine vase you have described was made during the second quarter of the 19th century. The ornate and naturalistic treatment of the panel and floral motifs is typical of the period.

Unless I saw it I could not attribute it to a particular factory in England. The Spode, Rockingham factories made similar vases and these were made in France by Continental potters.



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 448.—DRESS

Attractive dress is available cut out to make in brown, royal, and wine silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $5.45 (£2/14/6); 36 and 38in. bust, $5.65 (£2/16/6). Postage and dispatch 40 cents (4/-) extra.

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CP4

THE AFFAIR

Continued from page 26

That was ten years ago and within five they'd moved into this little house and together bought everything they wanted for it. It had been such fun, planning color schemes, doing their own decorating, choosing materials and furnishings together. Then, suddenly, it was all done. Their home was furnished, everything in it was paid for. It was simple, pretty, practical — just the way they'd both wanted it because, as Robert said, they were a simple practical couple.

"Goodbye!" she said aloud. But somehow the moment held none of the expected drama, pathos — or even a shadow of passing regret at the finish of her life with Robert.

In the taxi she puzzled over her reactions.

Can ten years of marriage be wiped out so simply? she thought. I did love Robert — I loved him with all my being. Where has all the love gone? Something should linger in our home together. I ought to feel something.

But all she felt was a slight shock because it had been so easy to close the door on the past.

.

Across the breakfast table, Robert stared at his wife's head. He couldn't see her face. He said: "I may be home late tonight. I've a meeting at five. It'll probably drag on with that fool, Benson, talking round in circles. There's nothing on, is there?"

She shook her head. He thought: She might at least answer me. She won't even look at me this morning. Is this to be The Day? Jane, don't do it. It isn't just that I love you and need you. He's no good. David has had one woman after another and they don't mean anything to him. Don't let him fool you into believing it's different with you. He doesn't know what love is. You'll be just one more conquest. Jane . . .

She was lighting another cigarette — the third one since they got up. He said: "You ought to eat something, Jane. And cut down on that smoking."

But what was the use of saying that, day after day? She smoked because her nerves were in shreds: because he knew that she couldn't make up her mind whether to leave him or not.

Maybe it would be better to have it out. To tell her that he knew she'd been meeting David nearly every day for the past month. Why couldn't she see for herself that these were David's usual tactics — the softening-up process, and then, when he was sure of success, the grab, to be followed by a few weeks of happiness and then the kill . . .

Robert felt sick. That mustn't happen — not to Jane. If only he could be sure that she had the strength to resist what so many other women had succumbed to. She didn't look very strong — at least, not physically. She looked ill. He said: "I really think it would be a good idea if you let Jarvis give you a thorough overhaul. I think you need a holiday. We both do, really.

"Perhaps we could go abroad for a couple of weeks next month — Italy, maybe. We always promised ourselves a second honeymoon and we never had it . . . Well, what do you think, Jane?"

She hadn't heard a word. He said again: "I think you ought to see Dr. Jarvis. You don't look at all well."

She was lighting another cigarette.

"Oh, I'm all right, Robert. Don't fuss."

He knew she was anxious for him to leave. He made one last effort. "Now look here, Jane, I'm going to insist you see Jarvis . . ."

Her tone as she repeated that she was well shocked him. Now he was really afraid . . . if she could use that near-hysterical cry of exasperation, she must have stopped loving him. He nearly broke his resolve then, begged her to listen to him, pleading, "Don't go! Don't go!" But that sort of thing didn't get you anywhere. He had to trust her. If he couldn't do that, it would never be the same between them again.

He reached for his hat and his briefcase and let himself out of the house.

.

She was early — too early. David had not arrived. Jane had let herself in with the key he had given her. Now she looked round the flat with growing nervousness. She'd never been here before, although he had often asked her. Everything was so different from her own home. David was a modern — the decor was stark and brilliant. There was a cocktail bar in one corner of the room, a stereophonic radiogram, stacked with pop records, in the other.

An anxious thought crossed her mind: I like classical music—the ballet. I can't dance very well. I don't even like drinking much. Suppose David gets bored with me?

She glanced at her watch. Four-twenty. He had said he mightn't be back until half-past four, maybe even five o'clock.

"Here's the key, my darling. Let yourself in and make yourself comfortable. You'll find everything you want."

There were flowers on the bedside table — a note beside them saying, as romantically as she could have wished, the simple word Tonight. Her cheeks burned. She stood looking down at the scarlet roses and again the unwelcome thought flashed: How Robert would laugh!

IN the bathroom were face tissues, emerald-green bath salts, voluminous bath towels in green and gold.

Nervously she lit a cigarette and went back into the bedroom. She looked at the clock on the bedside table and realised only a few minutes had passed. She thought: Come quickly, David. I'm afraid . . .

Hanging on the back of the door was a navy-blue, white-piped, silk dressing-gown. As she stared at it, it began to take on David's shape. She could sense the vitality of his young body, see his unlined, handsome face and thick dark hair. He was so young . . . only twenty-two. She had never allowed herself to think about it before, but now, waiting alone, somehow this fact faced her with a new insistence. She was a full five years older than he.

She stood up and walked across to the mirror. This was a different looking-glass. The one at home had reflected the Jane she wanted to be — pretty, desirable, young. David's mirror showed her as she really was . . . a woman nearing thirty; a woman with ten years of marriage behind her; ten years of growing up.

She thought: If I'd had a child when Robert wanted one, he would be five years old now. I'd be a mother.

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B Mark the letter of each chosen garment beside the appropriate question.

C Enclose the bottom panel from a packet of Kotex* Feminine Napkins (see conditions of entry).

D Write here in not more than 25 words the reasons for your selection:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

1 *First evening at sea, the Captain asks you to dine at his table. What do you wear?* ☐

2 *A handsome millionaire playboy (James Bond type) asks you to join him for deck games, after which there'll be informal cocktails on deck. What do you wear?* ☐

3 *A charming, elderly, retired oil magnate asks you to play chess in the card room one afternoon. What do you wear?* ☐

4 *A young intellectual wants to solve the problems of the universe with you by moonlight in Pago Pago. What do you wear?* ☐

5 *Tonight the Gala Ball is on, and you want to shine for the Playboy, the Intellectual, the Oil Magnate and the Captain. What do you wear?* ☐

COMPLETE THIS: Name

Address

.....

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the bottom panel from a packet of *Kotex** *feminine napkins* (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law, i.e., S.A., Q'ld and W.A.).
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Contest closes at 9 a.m. on Wednesday, 10th August, 1966 and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.

To qualify, entries must show five of the garments appropriately numbered. From the entries, the winner will be determined on the basis of aptness and fashion sense in selecting the clothes and the neatness and originality of the written reasons.

5. All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be published in the Women's Weekly issue dated 14th September, 1966.
7. Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.





MAIL THIS ENTIRE PAGE TO:

Poor-Little-Rich-Girl Contest
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Mrs. H. WIFE



"What! Pay $70 and remove the price tag!"

Continued from page 60

THE AFFAIR

But she hadn't had Robert's child and suddenly, here in David's flat, she knew why. She hadn't wanted to give up her girlhood; to grow old. And that was why she was here now, waiting for a younger man who had the power to make her feel seventeen again; to give her back her youth.

And that's why I'm waiting here, she thought. "I don't really love David at all."

She sat down at the dressing table and heard the ticking of the bedside clock. Time was passing; David would soon be here. But was that what she really wanted?

The clock ticked on, for time never stood still, and it wasn't going to now, while she made up her mind.

Yet, even as the unrelenting hands moved on, she saw the past take on a new and disturbing clarity — her old life transformed by a realigned perspective. What folly to imagine that she could ever find with David the precious thing she'd known with Robert and failed to keep alive! For of course it was she herself who'd failed — not Robert.

Robert knew we had to grow, become mature, but I didn't — and I wouldn't go along with him.

And now her precious time was running out — her chance was almost gone. But had it quite? Suppose she hurried . . . Suppose the dull old meeting went on long enough, and she could be home before Robert, and burn the note? Then he'd never know. He need never know. She might be able to persuade him to take her away for a holiday; far, far away from David. They might even have that second honeymoon which somehow had been forgotten. If she hurried . . .

.

He saw the envelope on the mantelpiece and for a long time he stood there, his heart beating painfully, staring at it. Then, without touching it, he went down into the dining-room and poured himself a drink.

So he had lost after all. He'd felt it in his bones all day — that nagging sensation that he must get home quickly or something terrible would happen. He'd cut the meeting with Benson, no longer caring what his boss said to him next morning. He'd rather, a thousand times over, lose his job than lose Jane.

He tried to pinpoint the moment when it had all gone wrong. They'd been so happy at first. Young, carefree, very much in love. They'd pitied the couples all around them who nagged each other and quarrelled and parted or were unfaithful. It could never happen to them.

But it had happened. No nagging, no quarrels, but she had left him all the same. Perhaps the thought would be more bearable if she had gone to a better man, but David . . . amusing, shallow, irresponsible, incapable of loving Jane the way she needed to be loved. She was so young still. She needed to be protected from life.

HE'D known for ages that she wasn't ready yet to accept realities in place of dreams. Perhaps he had been wrong not to insist on their having a family? Jane had not wanted a child and he had believed there was still time.

Now there was no more time. The hands of the clock had spun faster than he had reckoned. Jane had gone.

He heard the key in the front door and jumped to his feet. The desire to know instantly if it was Jane was tempered by the realisation that he must not go into the hall. Because he had come home first, she would conclude he had read the note. But if she went upstairs alone and found the envelope unopened . . .

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.***

— St. Matthew, 7:21.

"You're home early after all!" Her voice came clearly from the hall. She must have seen his hat and his briefcase.

"Just having a drink!" he called back.

"I'll be down in a minute—I'm just going up to take off my coat."

Her high heels, clattering on the tiles, were muffled by the stair carpet. The bedroom door clicked shut. Presently she came down again. She looked pale and her hands were trembling.

He gave her a drink.

"This thundery weather is exhausting," he said. "I cut the meeting and came home. First thing I did was to plonk myself down and have a stiff one."

She stared at the rim of her glass.

"So you didn't go up . . . for a wash, I mean?"

"I'll go up now."

He got up and went out of the room. His tiredness had vanished. He felt a boy again. He took the stairs three at a time. He opened the bedroom door. It was as he'd thought — the envelope on the mantelpiece had gone.

(Copyright)

MEET ● **FAIRY WEBB**

WOOLWORTHS WONDERGIRL & THE

Real Live Millionaire



8.30 a.m.: Postcard from William, asking me to be at the airport at 10. Seems a States-side friend of his was Piper Cubbing it down from Surfers. Wow! His own plane?



9.30 a.m. Dying to see who it could be I whizzed out to the airport in the G, and parked near the tarmac. Lucky stars! I had a brand new pair of Magic Fit nylons — big glamour moment this!



9.55 a.m.: Suddenly there he was stepping out of his own plane, right into my life! SHANNON J. RICKENHAMMER the third!



Noon: It was just one of those things, I guess. We clicked! Shannon just swept me off my feet, and I love it. (Frankly I suspect the "little rich girl" helped . . . those no wrinkle "Magic Fit" legs were a touch of genius! Chic! And very thoroughbred! If you know what I mean.)



Night: Cocktails and dinner on the run at a darling little French Restaurant. (Thank heavens I had time to whip into Woolies for a fresh pair of "Magic Fit" . . . my others got spattered at the polo match.)



Apres Coffee: Shannon was terrifically impressed: "Clever girl! Shopping at Woolworths is just like getting expensive things at wholesale prices," he said. (Back home his family buys everything wholesale. It's just the millionaire's way to shop, if you know the right people!)

Dear Diary

He flew off this a.m., but he's back next Spring . . . I wonder??? "Chinchilla legs", he christened me . . . because I've got such good taste in stockings. (I had to smile, because frankly I never pay more than 7/11 at Woolies . . . but of course everyone knows they sell the most expensive ones way below wholesale prices.) Whip into Woolies . . . and try no-wrinkle "MAGIC FIT" nylons. Terrific for high hemlines! They stretch to fit any leg length. Maybe "Magic Fit" will get you a real live millionaire, too. BUT NOT MINE, I HOPE!

Fairy Webb





MAGIC FIT 15 denier 2-way stretch fits tall & small girls. High hemlines, too! No wrinkles! 7/11



MAGIC FIT NON-RUN 15 denier No ladders! No wrinkles! 2-way stretch for fantastic fit! 9/11



6 PACK 15 denier 6 perfectly matched nylons gives magic wear of 5 pairs. 16/-



FAIRY WEB 15 denier sheer glamour! Micromesh seamless in newest colours. 5/6



FAIRY-WEB NON-RUN 15 denier Guaranteed ladder-proof! Weeks of wear with normal care! 6/6

WB18/11.5WW



Teenagers' WEEKLY

GRANNY GLASSES are the latest fashion fad with young mods. Perhaps you'll find a pair in the old oak chest.



COMMOTION SPECS

● *Granny glasses have a new label these days because everywhere they go they cause a great deal of COMMOTION.*

By
KERRY YATES

THE fad started in London round Christmastime, when Beatle George Harrison and his model-wife, Patti Boyd, appeared in them.

Swinging teens in England and Australia rushed antique shops and markets to buy the old-fashioned specs now imported here from Japan. They're retailing at $3 to $4.

The mini glasses come in brown, plain, and tinted glass, and girls are wearing them even with formal outfits.

There's also a swing back to the lorgnette era ("M'dear, who cares if they have no glass!") for the young "old ladies" of today.



Herman the film star

■ **Herman of the Hermits, in a new showcase film, has Shelley Fabares — the vivacious young TV and screen actress who played with Elvis in "Girl Happy" — as his romantic co-star.**



FOR five years she was also the daughter in TV's "Donna Reed Show," and she has guest-starred in many other top shows.

Herman's film "Hold On!" is (of course) a musical, and features ten hit songs.

Shelley was formerly a child model and she is very interested in clothes. For the film she has chosen outfits to please the more moderate mods.

Shelley was married in 1964—to Lou Adler, a music publisher—and she says her biggest interest, apart from acting, is learning to cook.

The film story is about what happens when Herman and his Hermits arrive in Los Angeles for a concert at the Rose Bowl. Shelley and Herman become interested in each other, and Sue Anne Langdon, who co-starred with the Hermits in "When the Boys Meet the Girls," lends a comedy touch as an ambitious young actress who tries to cash in on the Hermits' popularity.

As well as the basic boy-meets-girl plot is a sub-plot about plans to name the next spaceship after the Hermits, who were chosen by the children of the astronauts.

"Hold On!" will be released in Australia within the next few months.



SHELLEY (left) in one of the outfits she wears in the film.

HERMAN (right) courts Shelley, his co-star in "Hold On!"

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

SPORTS TEENS LIKE

I WATER-SKI every weekend in the summer, and we have loads of fun, treating skiing as a recreation as well as a sport. My father thinks we should participate in some competitive sport instead.

We had a discussion on the subject and decided that young people today would rather go surfing in summer than play tennis or cricket, and go snow-skiing in winter rather than play football or golf. They would prefer ice-skating or yachting to anything that takes up too much time and energy or is competitive. They are individualists. — *C. Webb, Carlingford, N.S.W.*

Race irony

WE have Asian doctors, engineers, nurses, etc., living and working in our midst. Many students from Asian countries attend our universities. Why, then, do we look in vain for our own aboriginal people in such places? Is it because they are not given the opportunity or is it because they do not want to join the mad race to make money, bigger bombs, flights to the moon, or fast cars to kill the people the doctors save from disease?—*Phonse Liddle, Hopetoun, Vic.*

Migrants

IT is pitiful that some of the most wonderful migrants are sometimes treated badly by Australians and are forced to form cliques with their own countrymen. Although they have marvellous manners, they often have little knowledge of the customs of this country and are therefore often rejected. My young Continental friends assure me that what they want and need most are English-speaking friends to help them with language and social barriers. But I know very few teenagers who are willing to accept them. The word migrant seems to have an undesirable picture attached.

This is certainly a problem in Canberra. Is it a problem elsewhere? Anyone interested in a movement to help young migrants please send ideas and comments. — *J. Crockford, Kingston, A.C.T.*

Senior prom

THIS year the senior students of the Mackay State High School are contemplating a senior prom. It is to be a formal, yet friendly, occasion. However, as no proms have been held by our school in the past, we would appreciate suggestions from readers who have attended a prom or have had a hand in their organisation.

If it is to become a school tradition, as it has in other towns, a good program is essential. Any techniques for breaking the ice that have been successful on past occasions would be helpful. — *D. Brennan, North Mackay, Qld.*

Nonconformists

I AM unable to understand why teenagers try so desperately hard to fit into such categories as mod, rocker, and surfie. Once they label themselves they are forced to conform to the particular standards of the group. Thus they are wrong in thinking they are nonconformists. They may have broken away from the standards laid down by their parents, but, for fear of being thought square, are now bound to conform to another set of rules. They sacrifice their own identity in order to be secure in a feeling of group solidity. — *P. Renoff, Eastlakes, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



TWO LOOKS AT THOSE MINI-SKIRTS

MINI-SKIRTS, if they must be worn, should not be carried to the extreme. If you are a little plump — don't wear them. It is also unwise for fat people to wear brightly colored or conspicuously patterned stockings, as these only have a broadening effect. It is advisable, too, not to wear shoes with a wide bar strap. — *Susanna Kelly, Myrtle Bank, S.A.*

MY father really doesn't approve of mini-skirts, but has a marvellous sense of humor and can make a joke of the whole thing. When he was travelling home, a young girl wearing an extremely short skirt boarded the train, sat down, crossed her legs, and stared brazenly round at her fellow travellers. My father, seated opposite, immediately rolled up his trouser-legs and rolled down his socks, crossed his legs, and stared back at the girl. She left the carriage at the next stop. —*"Delighted Daughter," Mentone, Vic.*

"Who" hair

THE latest rage which has taken Adelaide Boys' High by storm is the Who haircut, originated by a group called the Who. For those uninformed of this new style, the Who cut is very short and straight in the front (from ear to ear), while the rest is long and straight. It is a contrast to untidy, scruffy, long hair, is easy to maintain, and is already popular with the girls. — *Brenton K. Hutchens, Ashford, S.A.*

Travelling

I AGREE with "Travel Crazy" about travelling before you settle down. I am training as a nurse and planning to go overseas for post-graduate study in two years. I feel a girl is more prepared for marriage if she has done this than if she has bottled up her wanderlust. — *Erica Smith, Box Hill, Vic.*

■ The following recipe is prescribed for those who wish to make their lives miserable. It is guaranteed to be 100 percent infallible.

Talk about yourself. Use "I" as much as possible. Listen greedily to what people say about you. Expect to be appreciated. Be on the lookout for a good time for yourself. Shirk your duties if you can. Do as little as possible for others. Love yourself supremely. — "Sad Sack," Hobart.

Braid trim

FLITTING from shop to shop looking for braid to trim a go-go shift, I found it both expensive and hard to buy. Then the most helpful shop assistant I've ever met came up with the idea of using furnishing braid instead. I did, and it was most successful. Maybe her idea will help some other teenager. — *"Trimmed," Forestville, N.S.W.*

The generations battle

FROM the criticism levelled at teenagers by the older generation, we can only deduce that their lives were ideal. How else could they have the right to criticise so much?

Yet were they so wonderful, with two world wars, a depression, and uncounted broken marriages to recommend them to the younger generation? It can hardly be wondered at that we, their offspring, try to lead a different type of life.

We may make just as much of a mess of our own time, but at least we are searching for a different set of values. This, to my mind, is preferable to conforming to the way of life that produced such miserable failures politically, economically, and socially.—**"Bad Old Times," Carrum, Vic.**

AFTER inquiring as to what older people think of teenagers today, I have found that those who dislike them are intensely jealous, and that even those who do like today's younger set are a little envious.

Adults are annoyed that they have missed a small but important portion of experience available to the teenagers of the '60s, with freedom of speech and action greater than it ever was before. Many of them consider the frug and watusi indecent, but most would adore to be able to do it after years spent doing the graceful but expressionless ballroom dancing.

Most showed signs of enjoying the vitality most teenagers bubble over with, and those who did not had allowed their own effervescence to go flat. I'm glad I am a teenager today. — **S.M.H., Royal Park, S.A.**

Interesting exam system

THE country high school which I attend as an Intermediate student is one of the few in Victoria with the new system of exams — and it is fabulous. It takes away the strain of study and exam nerves, but it keeps you on your toes.

The idea is that we have a series of tests during the year which are averaged. Marks for assignments and class attitude are also counted. This means that you aren't studying about seven subjects at the same time a week before the exams.

If you don't do too well in the first test it is a sign that you need more study for the next. In ordinary exams, you fail, and that's that. — *L. Price, Warrenbayne, Vic.*

SCALY SCALP
healthy again!

Scalp itchy? Unsightly skin particles floating through your hair? These are the positive signs of scalp scale.
No woman (or man) can ignore this embarrassing condition. It can earn you the scorn of others—by spoiling your whole appearance.
Don't be ashamed. Scalp scale happens to many women who lacquer-spray their hair. Some lacquers encase both hair and scalp. They choke off the flow of natural oils. So, hair dries out, scalp skin flakes off.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO
If you have scalp scale, don't expect ordinary hair-dressing creams or oils to fix it. Don't compromise. Take this one positive step that gets hair and scalp healthy again.
Once a week, shampoo your hair, rinse thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water. Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, nourishes lacquer-dry hair with life-giving oil.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

LITTLE SUZY



Little Suzy always thought
She knew more than her Mother taught.
"If ducks can swim in that cold water,
So can I", said know-all daughter.
Alas. She caught a nasty cold.
"Mother knows best", she soon was told.
"And best of all, that Woods' will fix
That cold, before you try more tricks."

Woods'
GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND
Combats coughs, colds and influenza

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Parisian pop star loves the Stones

● *Because she is mad about the Rolling Stones, and looks like them, France's top girl pop singer calls herself simply, "Stone." She is nearly 19, and huge posters of her are displayed all over Paris. She has made four records, each of which topped the French parades. She values freedom above all, and hopes to travel.*

***BACKED** by an enormous poster of herself (left), Stone poses in a typical trouser suit outfit.*



***RINGO STARR** and Bob Dylan are her second favorites, after the Rolling Stones (right). She has thousands of pictures of them.*



***STONE'S** mother (above) makes all her clothes and understands her daughter's interests, because she, too, was a singer — at a music-hall in Paris.*

ROUND ROBIN

SKIRTS TO TURN BACK THE LEGS OF TIME

● **I see that mod-fashion queen Mary Quant plans to make the mini-skirt even more so.**

HER idea is for women to wear a medieval-style tunic over tights.

(The idea of reviving an old fashion is not new, of course.

Remember the sack dresses of a few years ago?

Well, in 1669, in his famous diary, Samuel Pepys says: "My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac.")

Some people, no doubt, would say that the Mary, Queen of Skirts, old fashion is a backward step.

On the other hand, dressing like a page could be regarded as turning over a new leaf.

Milliners could hop into the medieval act with a Robin Hood.

Making medieval-type clothes poses technical difficulties, by the way.

Naturally, seamstresses have to use odds bodkins.

At the same time as the Quant news, I also see a hint that other London designers will attempt to "kill-off" the mini-skirt by returning to long, flowing gowns.

So history rears its head again.

For the coming hem battle could well be called the War of the Rises.

No matter which side wins there will be the Rise and Fall of the Roamin' Hemline.

Whatever happens, I hope girls don't lose too much femininity.

Even if mini-skirts do go back to 1066 and all that, I hope males will be left in no doubt that there's still 36-24-36 and all THAT!

—Robin Adair





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Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

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To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Hates school

"I AM a 16-year-old girl in subsenior year at high school. I have always been very good at schoolwork until this year, when I find I have lost all interest in studying and schoolwork. I don't feel guilty about not doing homework and study. I rarely pay attention in class and sometimes I even fall asleep! School has become one very large joke. It is important for me to pass senior well if I am to follow the career I have chosen."

"Desperate," Qld.

Don't be a quitter. I think you're suffering from the horrible disease called "teenagitis," when suddenly the whole world has got on top of you and the easiest way to cope with it is to give up. Well, don't. One hard fact of life is that you have to keep slogging, no matter what. Another is that you never get something for nothing. If you want that career, the price is hard study NOW. So how about some early nights (for sleep) and a determined bid to top the class at the end of the year.

Age difference

"I AM 14 and I have a problem I cannot solve. My parents know that I go out with boys and they don't mind, but recently I have been going out with a boy a lot older than myself—he is 25. I've told Mum I like him very much, and he likes me, too. My problem is that I don't know whether to continue our 'romance' or not, as there is 11 years between us. My stars foretold that this would happen. Can you help me? Mum and Dad have met him and like him very much."

"Troubled," S.A.

If I were your mother I would not allow you to go out with him, but you say your mother does not mind and likes him. In this case you will just have to follow your own reasoning and intuition. You do at least seem to realise that there are serious problems when there is such an age difference between young people, and I would advise you to make friends with boys nearer your own age.

Him or friends?

"MY boyfriend dropped me and said we could make up only if I dropped three of my girlfriends. Do you think I should? I like him very much, but I don't really want to give up these friends. I have tried to make him like my friends but he still hates them. Could you tell me how I would tell my friends without hurting them?"

"Him or Them," S.A.

Who is more important to you —your friends or your boyfriend? When you decide, remember that your friends have probably proved to be friends over a long period; and their friendship and affection are not based on any ultimatum about other friends or interests. Good friends are worth keeping for life but, especially if you are young, you will be changing boyfriends often. There would be no way of telling your girlfriends without hurting them.

Should she write?

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and I am deeply interested in this boy who is now in National Service training. The first few weeks he was away he wrote to me, but now I have not heard from him for three weeks, and I would like to know if you think I should write before he does. My mother said it is bad manners for me to do this, but I want to hear from him so much. What do you think?"

"Waiting," S.A.

It would not really be bad manners to write to him, but it might put him (and you) in an embarrassing situation if he has lost interest in you. Play it safe and don't write. If you have not heard from him in another few weeks then forget about him. He would write to you if he was really interested. If your letter to him has not reached him, and he is keen on you, he will write soon enough to ask why YOU haven't written.

They're bored

"I AM a boy of 15 and my friend has a cousin of 14. I like her very much and she likes me, but when I go to her place we just sit there listening to records. It is very boring just sitting there, and it must be for her, too. I have been to other girls' places and kissed girls I have never seen before. But when I go to this girl's place I just freeze. I know if I kissed her once everything would be different. Can you give me a solution?"

"Puzzled," Vic.

Kissing is not something you do to fill in time. If you and the girl have so little in common that you are bored together, then you are hardly on kissing terms, anyway. Find some other interests until you are old enough to treat kissing with respect.

TO "WORRIED SISTER," of S.A.: If the violence continues you should go to the police.

NOW three flowers has an elegant new look



The elegant new look of Three Flowers was created by Donald Deskey of New York in cool white and floral pink to match its mood. The elegant new design incorporates a new symbol — a classic Roman figure three, in gold with a pink flower set upon each stroke, denoting the three fragrances blended together which make Three Flowers the truly feminine talc. Three Flowers in its elegant new look is the super soft talc for young women of all ages. Three Flowers talc available at chemists and stores 39 cents and 79 cents.

three flowers for young women of all ages

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



9765 — Slimliner dress in half sizes. Large collar, short set-in sleeves, and self belt. Sizes 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45in. bust. Price 5/3 or 52c includes postage.

3301—Lace overblouse with lined bodice and sheer, long, cuffed shirt sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3470.—Sleeveless overblouse and slightly A-line skirt with two tiers. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 7/- or 70 cents includes postage.

3618. — Semi-fitted jacket with fake pocket flaps, bracelet - length sleeves. Back - buttoned, cowl-necked, long-sleeved blouse. Slightly A-line skirt, no waistband. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

3865—Smock-dress with three-quarter-length sleeves, bias yoke and pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

3862—Short-sleeved, slightly scoop-necked A-line maternity dress with inverted side pleats, self ties at sides. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

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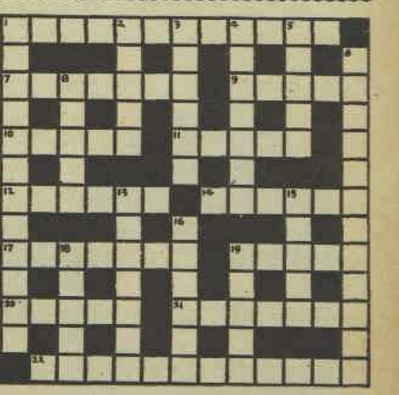
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

JED, the head of Intel, is taking Narda to visit his world-wide police organisation when he discovers they're being followed. He jumps from the car and disappears. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Inflammation of the brain (12).
7. Lubricant for locks (4-3).
9. The end of this fastening piece gives light (5).
10. Make a public speech of formal character (5).
11. Triangular part of an exterior wall starts with chatter (5).
12. State in the U.S.A. (6).
14. Separate into classes (6).
17. In a slur (anagr., 7).
19. My heart is red, but I believe (5).
20. It may be anything, especially the end of it (5).
21. Rear nag (anagr., 7).
22. To be charged from the rear (6-6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. They study the science that treats of the varieties of the human race (12).
2. Though ends in a flower, this is not the way of the poets (5).
3. To assert without proof starting with everything (6).
4. Nightmare (7).
5. Begin a negotiation with a vacuous inside (5).
6. The chief harpooner in whale-fishing (12).
8. Written decree of Sultan (5).
13. Gibe Leo (anagr., 7).
15. No ace, but a lot of water (5).
16. Deliver sermon (6).
18. He travels over snow on long, narrow, wooden foot attachments (5).
19. A vehicle to go and a ship carries it (5).

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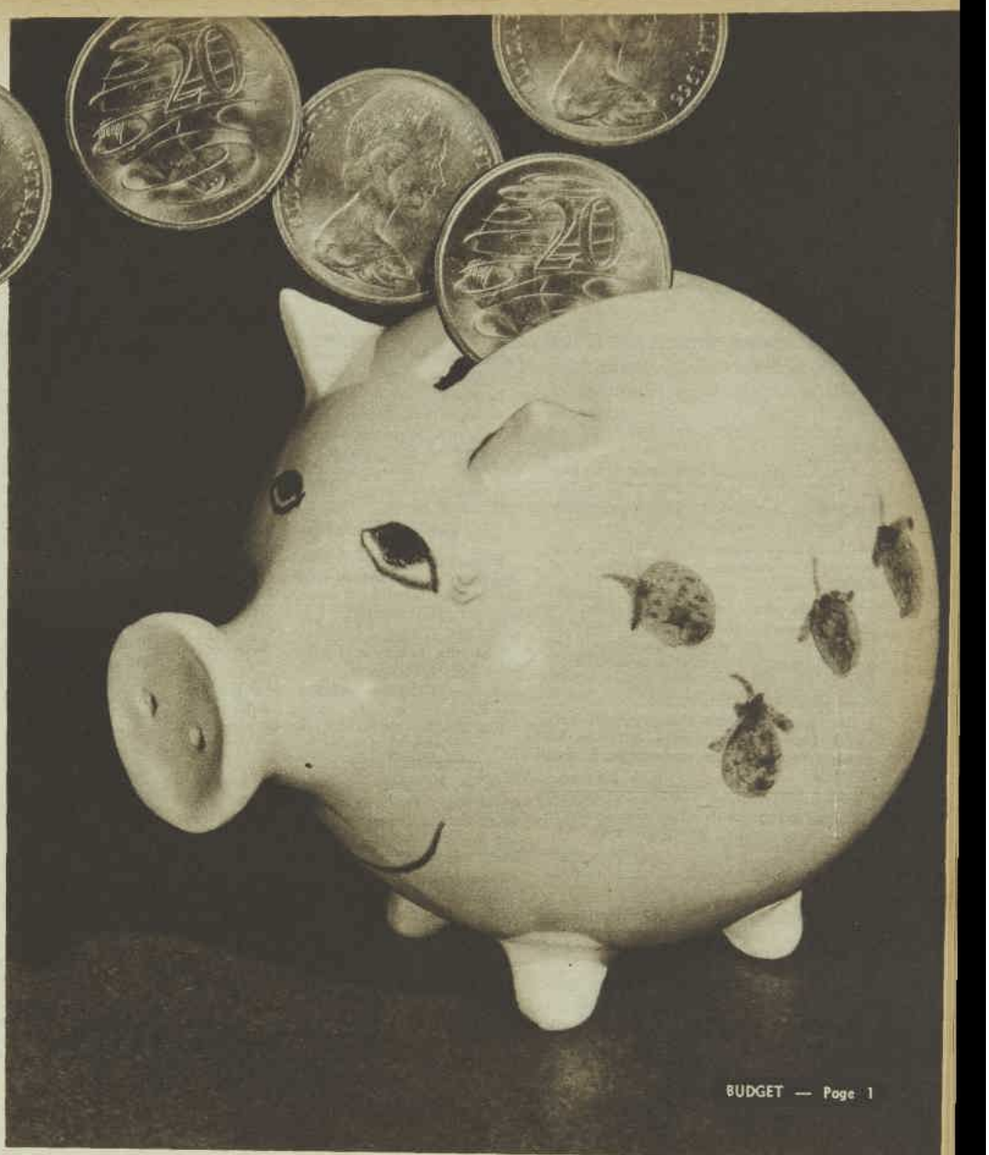
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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
presents . . .

HOW TO BUDGET YOUR MONEY

TO BUY THE THINGS YOU WANT

By Ennis Honey



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Budget to build a good life

● For many people the word budgeting suggests an unpleasant regime of self-denial to make ends meet. However, a good budget is a spending and saving plan to make the best possible use of your income for both present and future benefits.

IDEAS of these present and future benefits necessarily vary from family to family. Income, number of persons in the family, and their ages, ways of life, tastes, and ambitions all differ.

Consequently a budget is a very personal affair. A budget which is perfect for family A could be quite unworkable for families B to Z.

Your budget should help you use your income to build a good life for your family.

This, for most people, doesn't mean a life of luxury. After all, most can't be like Aladdin, rub a magic lamp and bid a willing genie bring all the money they'd like to have. They have to make do with what they earn.

But there are certain things every family wants. One of these things is reasonable comfort, with decent shelter, food, and clothing.

Security is another, and the feeling that you can pay the bills when they come in and have something for a rainy day.

Then you will want — and must have —recreation. And you will want to fulfil one or more long-range goals.

A home of your own will probably be one, the best education possible for your children another. You might long to take a trip overseas when the children are grown up. You can be keen to start a business of your own but need the capital.

Only by having enough money at the right time can you make these dreams come true.

Yet money, as everyone knows, has a tricky habit of slipping out of one's purse with nothing to show for it.

By making a budget you will achieve two important results.

You will be better able to control the spending of your income and you will find out — perhaps for the first time — just where your money is going and why.

Income, outgoings

Basically a budget consists of two sets of figures — the money coming into your home after taxes have been paid — that is, your NET income — and the money going out.

Use the guide at right to help you work out these figures.

In the left-hand column is a list of possible sources of income. Add any other income you receive. But be sure the amounts refer to definite income, not uncertain possibilities.

Some of these amounts will probably be weekly, others monthly, some perhaps even yearly. Before putting them on the list, reduce them to weekly amounts. The total will be your net weekly income.

The next step is to list all your present outgoings. The chart on the opposite page gives many possibilities. Some may refer to you, others may not. Fill in the ones which do, add any other expenses not listed.

The first part of the outgoing section is headed Fixed Obligations. These are the sums you commit yourself to pay regularly and they have one advantage. They are not likely to fluctuate very much.

Before making your entries, reduce all outgoings to weekly amounts, e.g., add your four quarterly electricity bills together and divide by 52.

Total B will be the amount you must put aside every week to pay these fixed obligations.

Put this money in a special savings-bank account — call it your Household Savings Account — or a cheque account. Every time one of these fixed items is due for payment use this fund.

This weekly set-aside is the heart of a workable budget and enables you to meet your fixed obligations without worry.

Carry Total B forward to top of last column at far right, Other Living Expenses, the varied items necessary — and sometimes unnecessary — which eat up a sizeable slice of your income. If you already keep account of these items you'll be able to give exact figures. Otherwise estimate as closely as you can.

Next add these Other Living Expenses and the Total B brought forward. The result will be Total C.

Now compare Total C (your outgoings) with Total A (your net income). Is it higher, the same, or lower?

If it's higher or the same, you obviously must prune some of your present living costs to avoid living in a state of financial anxiety. But even if your income happily exceeds your outgoings you could still need to revise your budget.

Ask yourselves: "Does the way we use our money contribute fully to our family's happiness and security? Or should we work out a better plan?"

INCOME

	$	C
Husband's net earnings		
Wife's net earnings		
Child endowment		
Older children's board		
Pensions		
Interest from investments		
Other income		
TOTAL A		

TOTAL A is your net weekly income. It should be more than Total C (far right), and some of it should be going into savings for the things your family aim to acquire in the future.

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Where does your money go?



● *Use this chart to find out how you are spending your money now. Reduce all income and outgoings to weekly amounts before entering in dollars and cents columns.*

OUTGOINGS

Fixed obligations

	$	C
Housing — *Rent, mortgage repayments*		
Rates		
Insurance — *Life*		
Property		
Medical		
Hire purchase		
Electricity and/or gas		
Telephone		
TV licence		
Car registration, insurance		
Education — *School, university, music lessons, etc.*		
Dentist (average amount)		
Subscriptions (union dues, etc.)		
Other fixed obligations		
TOTAL B		

TOTAL B is the amount you need to set aside each week, preferably in a cheque or special savings account and use to pay bills as they come in. Carry TOTAL B forward to next column.

Other living expenses (+ Total B)

	$	C
TOTAL B (carried forward)		
Food, cleaning materials		
Chemist		
Clothing		
Dry cleaning, shoe repairs		
Newspapers, magazines		
Recreation		
Personal allowances: *Father (fares, running car, lunches, pocket-money)*		
Mother		
Children		
Incidentals		
TOTAL C		

TOTAL C is the amount you are currently spending. If it equals or exceeds Total A (your net income) you need a new, more realistic spending and saving plan—you need a budget.

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DIVIDE UP YOUR INCOME TO BEST ADVANTAGE



● Plan your budget so that a suitable percentage of net income is allotted to each section of your living costs. This stops you spending too much on one section to the detriment of the others.

THE percentages given on this page are intended as a rough guide only, because individual incomes and circumstances vary so much.

But if you wish to keep your family not only healthy and happy, but also solvent and reasonably secure, you should make some allowance for each category.

The important thing to remember is that, if your budget is to balance, any extra spent in one section means cutting down in another.

HOUSING

IN these days of high rents and mortgage repayments the amount spent in providing the roof over your head is often a major cause of a badly balanced budget.

One-fifth to one-quarter of net income is a safe proportion to spend on shelter. Should circumstances force you to spend more, you'll need to be extra careful how you carve up the rest of your income.

Include in this section council and water rates, etc., if you own or are buying your home, repayments on a loan for home improvements, also a definite sum for repairs and maintenance.

It's a good idea if at least one percent of the value of your house can be set aside each year for maintenance. Example: your house is worth $12,000; set aside at least $120 per annum, say $2.50 a week (which is a bit over). Do this and you'll avoid a financial crisis when it's time to repaint the house or replace the guttering.

FOOD AND OTHER HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES

FOR a family of two adults and two or three children allow 30 to 35 percent of net income (30 to 35 cents in every dollar) to cover food, cleaning materials, gas, electricity and other fuel, the telephone, and other odds and ends needed to keep the household running smoothly.

School and office lunch money should come under this heading.

Keeping the food bill down often takes a lot of ingenuity and skill, especially where there is a large family.

BASIC BUDGET

● These percentages will give an idea how to divide your (net) income to best advantage. They're not rigid.

	Percentage of income
Housing	20 to 25
Food, household costs	30 to 35
Clothing	10 to 15
Insurances	5
Savings	5 to 10
All other expenses	15 to 25

Of course, you mustn't let your total percentages exceed 100!

WHAT TO ALLOT FOR CLOTHING

THE amount you spend on clothes depends on many factors—number in the family, whether the children are preschoolers or need uniforms and sports gear, whether father wears a suit or overalls for work or has uniforms provided.

Some mothers make most of their own and the children's clothes, other families are blessed with a grandmother who likes to sew and knit.

Ten to 15 percent of income is a safe maximum for most families to spend on clothing, including shoe repairs and drycleaning.

PROTECTION FOR THE FUTURE

INSURANCE on the life of the breadwinner, your home and its contents, and against medical and hospital expenses is essential. Five percent of income should cover this.

REGULAR SAVINGS

MAKE it a rule to save part of your income and do it regularly. Aim at ten percent with a minimum of five percent (five cents in every dollar). Part of this could be in the form of a long-term arrangement (superannuation, etc.), the rest in cash for short- and long-range goals and for serious emergencies.

Economics of the working wife

● Two wages can give a false sense of affluence. Taxes and the working wife's extra expenses can sadly deplete the combined income.

FIRST bite at the extra wage is wife's income tax at a single person's high rate. Then:

● Earn more than $130 a year ($2.50 a week) and your husband begins to lose his tax allowance for dependant wife. Earn $416 dollars a year and his allowance disappears. So his net income falls.

● Cost of minding children by another woman or nursery school.

● Fares to and from work could be several dollars. Lesson: unless you have a highly paid job, work locally.

● Extra clothes, cosmetics, hairsets, drycleaning.

● Coffee, snacks, lunches. You can take your own lunch, but to be sociable you'll lunch out sometimes with your fellow workers. They'll expect you, too, to contribute to presents, e.g., when the junior marries, when the boss is transferred.

● Increase in family food bill. Examples: more time-saving but dearer canned, frozen, and precooked foods and grills; money for school lunches you haven't time to cut.

● Impulse purchases during your lunch hour.

One more point. Don't, if you are a working wife, go overboard with hire purchase, relying on your wages to meet the payments. Should you become ill or have another baby, the family could be overwhelmed by the debt.

Use the extra money to improve your standard of living in small ways or save it until you have the cash for a specific goal.

of times."

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ALL OTHER EXPENSES

IF you can keep your main living costs within the percentages suggested you should have from 15 to 25 percent of your income left for other items.

These other items often seem to be legion — fares, car upkeep, hire purchase, chemist, school expenses, magazines, recreation, contributions to this and that good cause.

They include the plants you want for the garden, cosmetics, cigarettes, Christmas, birthday, and wedding gifts, not to mention the children's seemingly never satisfied "wants."

This is the section in which many people strike real trouble.

With so many demands, so many temptations to spend on gadgets, luxury goods, and entertainment, and to keep up with the neighbors — and the neighbors' children — it requires considerable willpower to resist overspending.

The result is often no savings, a major crisis whenever an account such as electricity is due for payment, unwise use of credit and the ensuing worry, even lowering of diet and clothing standards.

So get some system into this part of your budget. Allow for essentials, e.g., fares, the car, school expenses, chemist, etc. Start a small fund for incidentals. Then divide up the remainder for the benefit of all members of the family.

Included might be a regular set-aside for your annual holiday, hire purchase of the TV set, and so on. Try to let everyone have a definite "spend-as-you-please" allowance for hobbies and small personal expenses, e.g., Mother's cosmetics and tennis club, Dad's cigarettes and golf, Johnny's stamp collection and sweets.

CONTROLLING THE BUDGET

WITH your plan down on paper you may wonder whether it will work out in practice. It looks perfect, so much for this, so much for that, every item neatly accounted for.

But what if you're used to spending more on food, on clothes, or some other section of your living costs? Will you now be able to feed and dress all the family properly? Perhaps this is the first time you've allowed for regular savings or insurance. How then will you keep to the decisions arrived at?

It's not difficult if you stick to a few rules:

1. Bank your savings before you touch the rest of your income. Because you're less likely to miss money you don't see, arrange, if possible, for your employer to bank it for you.

2. Total all fixed expenses due monthly or at irregular intervals, e.g., housing, telephone, insurance, clothing (less small proportion for drycleaning, etc.), and so on. Divide by 52, bank each week in a separate account to ensure you can pay bills when they come in.

3. Plan your spending to make the most of the money you've allocated and keep day-to-day accounts. If you write down everything you intend to buy and everything you spend you'll tend to spend less. By avoiding waste, impulse buys, and the like, chances are you'll eat better, dress better, live better.

4. Portion out the money for everyday expenses among the family and make them responsible, e.g., X dollars to Mother for food and everything else in her domain, Y dollars to Dad for fares, lunches, the car, etc., pocket-money for everyone, but no casual handouts.

5. Pay cash for all day-to-day expenses. Keep credit buying for major purchases, and even then within your budget plan.

6. Be loyal. Families—and that includes young-marrieds — have a problem most single people don't have. For a budget to work it must satisfy everyone as being fair.

Once decisions are made as how the family money is to be spent everyone must abide by them. Example: One selfish or impulsive purchase of clothing — or something else — by husband or wife can upset the entire budget.

7. Revise your budget from time to time as circumstances change. It's not meant to keep you in leg-irons and handcuffs. But revise it together.

Budgeting may not make you rich, but it will certainly make you richer in the things which make life meaningful for you.

REAL-LIFE BUDGET ON $47

• John and Sue Smith are a young couple with two children aged six and four. John's take-home pay as a tradesman plus child endowment gives them a net weekly income of $47. By careful budgeting on a percentage basis the Smiths manage in reasonable comfort. They are buying a modest home with a savings bank loan and have a feeling of security provided by regular bank savings and insurance.

This is how they budget:

	What budget allows	Actual spending	Total spent
	$ c	$ c	$ c
Housing	25 percent = 11.75	* Mortgage 8.00 * Council and water rates 3.20	11.20
Food, other household expenses	35 percent = 16.45	Food, etc 14.00 * Electricity 1.50 * TV, Radio licence 35 Newsagent 45	16.30
Insurance	5 percent = 2.35 (Life assurance provides $2000 in event of John's untimely death, plus payment of existing mortgage.)	* Medical 1.00 * Property 50 * Life 1.00	2.50
Clothing	7½ percent = 3.50	* Main clothing . . . 3.00 Shoe repairs 50	3.50
Savings	5 percent = 2.35	To bank 2.35	2.35
Other expenses	22½ percent = 10.60 (Car mentioned in "actual spending" column is second-hand, paid for. John drives it to work.)	Chemist 1.50 * Hire purchase (washing-machine) . .90 * Car, regist., insur., etc. 1.60 Petrol 2.00 Personal — Sue . . 1.50 Personal — John . . 2.50	10.00
TOTALS	100 percent = 47.00	Total actual spending	45.85

This leaves $1.15 for incidentals. John's tax refund cheque this year is about $50. The Smiths bank this for holidays and repairs on the house (John does most of them). Overtime earnings now and then make things easier, provide little luxuries, but the Smiths don't count on overtime.

They bank all amounts marked with an asterisk in a separate account and thus meet their obligations. For emergencies they rely on that five percent of income in the savings bank.

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• How to keep track of the big bills . . .

ITEM	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Electricity												
Telephone												
Council rates												
Water rates												
TV, radio licence												
Insurance — *Life* . . .												
Property												
Medical												
Winter clothing												
Summer clothing												
Holiday expenses												
Christmas extras												
Car — *Registration* . . .												
Insurance												

• Do you get a headache when the big bills come in, the ones you pay perhaps once or twice a year, or when you need a large cash outlay for essential clothing, extra expenses at Christmas, and so on? Then make a chart like this one (or use this if it suits your bills). Mark with a tick or star the month each major expense is due and the approximate amount you expect. You will then be prepared and budget accordingly.

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. . and the little ones

HOUSEHOLD EXPENDITURE FOR WEEK ENDING (SAY) AUGUST 13

ITEM	Sun. $ c	Mon. $ c	Tues. $ c	Wed. $ c	Thurs. $ c	Fri. $ c	Sat. $ c	TOTAL $ c
Bread								
Meat, fish								
Milk, cream								
Fruit, vegs.								
Groceries								
Other food								
Newsagent								
Drycleaning, shoe repairs								
Chemist								
Sundries								



● It's amazing how quickly the dollars disappear on small items and how you forget what you've spent on them unless you keep a day-to-day record (as shown at left). Buy a notebook, rule up a page for each week, and every day enter even the smallest sum you spend. You'll soon see if you're keeping to your budget or wasting money. It's a check, too, for tradesmen's bills you pay weekly or monthly.

Be businesslike

WHEN you need a receipt, your bank book, or any other financial record, do you have to turn the house upside down, or are they all in one place for easy reference? When you make out your shopping list or menus, do you hunt for pad and pencil, or are they ready to use?

Budgeting is far less strain if you have your own household "office," a place where you keep accounts, receipts, and records in an orderly fashion, where you plan menus, make out shopping lists, and keep accounts.

It can be a very modest affair — a small desk tucked into a corner, a table with a drawer and a shelf or two above, a counter in the kitchen.

Make it a cheerful spot, overlooking the garden, or gaily decorated.

Household Records You Should Have:

Cheque book.
Savings bank books.
Insurance policies.
Medical benefits book.
Hire purchase agreements and receipt folders.
Guarantees on merchandise.
Mortgage papers, etc. Records of other property, bonds, etc.
Records of major purchases, e.g., carpets, curtains, furniture, appliances, jewellery, furs, also repairs such as painting house. (Very useful if you wish to sell house or contents, for insurance purposes, or to give you an idea of cost and likely time of replacements.)

Receipts for store accounts, insurance, doctors', dentists', and chemists' bills, school fees, etc. (A special folder marked with the alphabet is excellent.)

Cheque butts.
Folder for accounts not paid.
Account books.

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QUIZ

● How secure are you?

NO budget can be considered successful unless it makes provision for family security. The cornerstones of family protection are home-ownership, insurance, bank savings, and ability to meet financial obligations. Do this quiz to check your security rating.

Answer the questions by writing "yes" or "no" on the dotted lines.

YOUR HOME

Do you own your home, or are you buying it, or have you saved a substantial part of the deposit needed? (Answer "yes" if any one of these questions is true)

INSURANCE

Have you life assurance?

Do you belong to a medical benefits fund?

Is your property insured?

CASH

Do you save regularly to build up an emergency fund or for a special purpose?

Do you bank the money you need to meet fixed obligations?

CREDIT RATING

Are your hire-purchase commitments less than ten percent of your net income?

Do you pay store accounts and other bills easily?

Count one for every "yes" or nought for every "no."

Then check your score. A count of 7-8 rates "excellent"; a count of 5-6 is "fair"; if you score less than 5, you need to do better.

Why you should save, and how to do it





● Few people get everything they want, but regular, planned saving is the surest way to get the things you want *most*.

SAVING is actually controlled spending. You resist the impulse to spend small amounts now on things you don't need or can do without so you can buy bigger and better things later.

If you are buying your home you are already saving, and if you contribute to a superannuation fund, or have an endowment insurance policy, you are also saving.

This type of long-range saving is excellent and should find a place in your budget. But it is not enough.

Regular cash savings from your weekly net income are essential to provide you with ready money when you need it.

Save five cents (or ten) in each dollar

How many times you have sighed: "If only we had the money" — for a lovely holiday, for new furniture, for the deposit on a house, for any of 101 things for which you need good, hard cash.

So start this week and bank, as we suggested earlier, a definite percentage of your weekly net income; at least five percent (five cents in each dollar) or, better still, ten percent (ten cents in each dollar).

Don't say it can't be done, that you need every cent, and then some, just to scratch through the week.

Look at it this way. How would you get on if your income was cut suddenly by ten percent?

You would, of course, be forced to adjust your style of living to the reduced income.

Look round the place where you work, and at your neighbors and friends. No doubt many of them have to manage on an income lower than yours. Some, perhaps, manage better.

If you are still hesitating, sit down and work out how much you will have saved over a five- or ten-year period. It will give you a pleasant surprise.

And what you have added up is the minimum amount. There'll be interest as well. Odds are, too, that your income will increase over the years. So, by saving on the percentage plan, you increase the amount you save.

There's another advantage in becoming a bank customer. You'll find it easier to borrow money to buy or build a house.

If you need money for home renovations or a big emergency expense, your bank can help you, and at the lowest interest rates.

If you've slipped into the habit of running your family's finances at a deficit and are in debt, use this "percentage plan" —the five or ten percent saved—to extricate yourself. Each week pay off part of the outstanding debt with this money.

For a time your savings will be lost. When the debt is cleared the percentage can continue as savings.

You can use your percentage-savings plan to cut costs of living on all fronts. Example: You spend X dollars weekly on general household expenses. Put five cents in each dollar (five percent) into a piggy-bank and force yourself to manage on the balance.

Don't bank your percentage savings in a cheque account. Keep your cheque account for banking your weekly set-asides to meet fixed obligations.

If you pay bills from a savings account, have a separate one for the five to ten percent savings only.

"Special-purpose" accounts

IT is often easier to save money in separate accounts instead of lumping it all together. That is, you can have a home-savings account for the deposit on your home, a holiday account, and so on.

Many parents arrange for child endowment to be paid into a special-purpose "Education Account."

Make your savings grow

A SAVINGS account is the best way to start saving, and you should keep a definite sum, say, the equivalent of one to two months' income, as an emergency fund. Save this way, also, for shorter-range goals.

However, it is a good idea to place some of your savings where they will earn more interest and earn it safely, e.g., on fixed deposit at your bank or invested in Government Bonds or other gilt-edged securities.

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INSURANCE AND YOUR BUDGET

● Insurance can provide *immediate* financial protection against illness, loss of property, or the breadwinner's income. It can also be a systematic method of saving for a *long-range* goal and a borrowing fund in emergencies.

YOUR insurance program will depend on your family's particular needs for financial protection. If you own your home you should certainly insure it against damage or destruction. You should also insure its contents. If you have a car you need policies to protect you against its loss or damage and other contingencies.

Another insurance must is the relatively small contribution to a benefits fund to protect you against the expense of illness.

And you should consider some form of life assurance.

There are three basic types — whole life, endowment, and temporary. Each has a different use in your financial security plan.

Whole life: The sum assured (plus bonuses if the policy is a participating type) is paid to the insured person's beneficiaries at his death, whenever that occurs.

Endowment: This is basically a savings plan or secure form of investment protected by life assurance. You take out the policy to mature at a certain age — say, when you are 50. On the specified date you collect the full face value of the policy plus bonuses. Should you die beforehand, your beneficiaries collect.

Many people use endowment assurance to save for a special goal.

Temporary: This provides protection for a limited period for a low cost. Should a breadwinner die, it could be used, say, to pay off a mortgage, provide money for children's education, etc.

All these kinds of life assurances can be combined or varied to suit your needs and changed from time to time as circumstances change.

At the right is an example of a family life assurance program which provides a maximum security at minimum cost and is planned to take full advantage of current social services benefits. It consists of a "whole life" policy (with bonuses) plus two kinds of temporary assurance.

AN EXAMPLE

Breadwinner, wife, two children

● Twenty-six-year-old Michael Jones is married, with two children aged six months and two years. The Jones' net income — Michael's take-home pay plus child endowment — is $51.50. They have just begun to buy their home with the aid of an $8000 mortgage loan. The market value of their car is about $600.

THEY owe $300 on some of their furniture acquired by means of hire-purchase. Michael contributes $1 a week to his firm's staff superannuation fund.

Michael is hard-working, ambitious. He expects to increase his income over the years, to own his home completely, to build up other assets. He hopes to live to enjoy retirement. But say he died next week. His family are entirely dependent on him. What would his wife do?

● Mrs. Jones' financial position if Michael died WITHOUT INSURANCE

Cash required		Cash available	
Mortgage on house	$8000	Superannuation	$3500
Hire-purchase	300	Cash in bank	200
Legal fees, funeral costs, etc., say	500	Sale of car	600
Total	$8800	Total	$4300

Michael's wife would be $4500 short of the money needed to pay off mortgage and other expenses. Her only income would be social services benefits of $20.50 weekly.

IN reality she doesn't need to worry. Michael is investing about $88 a year (approximately $1.70 a week) in a family security insurance program, as follows:

	Sum assured	Premium (approx.)
Basic whole life assurance	$3000	$66.00
Temporary policy with decreasing lump sum benefits	$6000	$10.80
Annuity of $9 per week (payable to widow) covering 20 years from inception of a special policy for the purpose		$10.80
	$9000	$87.60

● Mrs. Jones' financial position WITH INSURANCE (which gives her $9000 more than she had before)

a. All debts are paid. (The $4500 shortage has gone.)
b. House—the mortgage is paid in full, so she owns it.
c. She has $4500 over (the maximum amount of money allowed under means test without pension being affected). Invested at about five percent, it gives about $4 a week.

HER WEEKLY INCOME

a. Social services benefits, widow's pension, mother's and children's special allowance and child endowment	$20.50
b. Income from her $4500	4.00
c. Annuity from special insurance policy	9.00
Total	$33.50

NOTE: If Michael did not have superannuation benefits, an extra yearly premium of $5.40 would provide the $3500 in temporary insurance.

With a home and this income, Mrs. Jones could give her children full-time care until they were able to support themselves.

● Additional benefits the Jones' (with Michael living) receive from insurance:

a. The basic policy will substantially increase in value by bonuses.
b. The temporary insurance decreases approximately at the rate the mortgage loan reduces. But at any stage between 30 and 60 years Michael can convert part or all of it to ordinary assurance without medical examination.
c. If, as time passes, their security requirements have materially reduced, or ceased altogether, he can convert the whole life basic policy to mature at, say, age 65 to supplement retirement income.
d. Michael can later on, if he wishes, use his policy as a security for a loan or he can surrender it for cash.

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YOUR HOUSE

● Buying a house is the largest and most important financial transaction most people are likely to make in a lifetime, and to pay for it they usually have to go into debt for many years.

IN most cases this is not financially dangerous. Eight out of ten Australian homes are bought with the aid of mortgages. But your home is so important to your feeling of security it deserves a great deal of consideration.

When buying a house the chief points to consider are the price, the locality, and the house itself.

Don't buy a house you can't afford, no matter how attractive its appearance. It's better to settle for something more modest and be able to manage the payments.

Avoid, too, if you're on a tight budget, a house with high-cost maintenance.

What you can afford depends roughly on:

- Your deposit (owning block of land will be a big help here).
- The amount you can borrow.
- How much of your income you can devote to repayments of principal and interest.

Remember, too, that you'll have legal and incidental expenses.

When you're shopping round for finance be wary of the short-term, high-interest loans that take a dangerously high proportion of the average family's income. Experts recommend one-fifth to one-quarter of income as a safe proportion.

When you have decided how much house you can afford, think about the amenities your family need. Check these points:

- Transport. Will fares make heavy inroads into your budget? If husband takes car to work, will wife have to walk miles to public transport?
- Proximity to school, shops, church.
- Safety. Will steps or land be a hazard for small children or an elderly parent?
- Sewerage. Are you prepared to live in an unsewered area, even temporarily?

Then shop with an open mind. As you inspect a variety of houses and plans your ideas may change radically. Many home-owners end up quite content with a house very unlike their original conception.

New, old, a home on a development project, or custom-built by an architect — what will you buy?

If you already have a block of land, you might consider an architect.

The right architect will design a house with individuality, integrated to your site and suited to your family's requirements. He'll choose the best and most interesting materials within your price range and supervise construction from start to finish.

An architect can often save his client more than the cost of his fees.

For best results choose an architect whose work you really like and who has designed houses within the price range you can afford.

Be honest with him. Don't give him the impression you can afford more than you actually can.

Project and contract houses

YOUR house won't be as individual as one designed by your own architect. Project and contract homes, however, are often architect-designed with a variety of designs for each price bracket.

Usually, too, you have a choice of color schemes and finishes. Designs may also be modified to suit you better.

You can buy a house and land together on a development site or you can have the house erected on your own land. Some developers will arrange finance.

Before buying, be sure to inquire about extras you may have to provide, such as:

- Sewer connection or septic tank.
- Carport or garage.
- Kerbing, guttering, or footpath construction.
- Fencing.
- Paths (are they included in the price, and, if so, what footage).
- House foundations and excavations. (Could be costly extra on difficult site.)
- Interior fittings — stove, built-ins, etc.
- Optional extras.

These extras can amount to a large sum, a sum you may not be able to afford. Watch, too, when any of the work is sub-contracted, excavations, for example, that you have the right to obtain a lower quote.

When you have a house built there is always this risk of the uncertainty of the final cost.

A ready-built house

THE main advantage of buying an existing house is that you can see exactly what you are getting for your money.

When dealing with an estate agent be frank about the type of house you want and your financial position. If he's competent he won't waste your time or his by showing you unsuitable properties.

However, be inquisitive. The agent's job is to sell. Naturally he'll play up the good points. It's up to you to ferret out the bad ones.

An older house in an established area could suit your needs. Fences will be up, the garden ready-made. You may prefer to build up your own garden, but shrubs, soil, and the rest require money.

The price for this type of house often includes such items as hot-water service, blinds, carpets, a washing-machine.

Remember, however, to examine the state of the walls inside and out, the plumbing, and the guttering. Better still, get an expert.

Be sure, too, to find out the age of the property from the local council. The older the house the more difficult it will be to arrange finance. An insurance company, for instance, may not grant a long-term loan on a house more than 25 years old.

Inquire about rates. They may be too high, especially in an area where old homes are giving way to home units.

Finally, be cautious about the locality. If it shows signs of decline, your property may decrease instead of increase in value as the years go by.

When you ultimately make up your mind, the vendor or his agent will probably ask for a ten percent deposit. Don't be talked into paying more than a nominal sum, say $25. Even more important, don't sign any document until you have consulted your solicitor.

It is better to lose the house than to lose ten percent of the purchase money by being unlucky enough to strike a defaulting agent, or by contracting to buy without making the sale subject to such qualifications as availability of finance from a particular source.

Your solicitor will not only draw up the contract correctly. He will search the title for the exact boundaries of the land and for a covenant or easement which could make you decide the house or land is not for you after all.

A common covenant on a land title is that the house you build must be of a specified material or minimum price. For example, if the covenant specifies brick construction you won't be able to build in weatherboard.

An easement can give your neighbor certain rights such as driving or walking through your property.

A final point. Immediately you contract to buy a house you are liable for its insurance. If it burns down before you've paid another dollar you're still responsible for the balance.

of times."

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FINANCING YOUR HOUSE

• Where to borrow the money

THE amount home-buyers can borrow on easy terms is limited. So to obtain your home you must have saved the difference between the loan available and the purchase price.

You must allow, too, for legal costs, stamp duty, insurance on the house, the cost of having it valued, architects' fees (if any), and other incidentals. The amounts will vary according to the State in which you live, the price of your house, and other factors. However, extra costs involved in buying quite a modest home could be as much as $400.

Below are likely terms of a house loan, plus the estimated weekly payback.

Lending body	Maximum loan	Years to pay	Interest percent	Pay back weekly (approx)
Commonwealth Savings Bank	New house 75 percent of valuation to $7000	22—fibro, weatherboard 26—brick veneer 32—brick	5	$8 to $10
	Existing house 65 percent of valuation to $8000	10 to 15	5½	$15
Other savings banks	65 to 80 percent of valuation to $7000 or $8000	12 to 25	5¼ to 5¾	From $10
War Service Homes (for eligible ex-personnel)	90 percent of valuation to $7000	20 to 45 (50 for widow)	3¾	From $6.20
Terminating Co-operative Building Societies	90 percent of valuation to $8500	29	5½	$12

NOTE: Valuation here means value of property as assessed by independent valuator, usually the lending body's. It could well be less than your purchase price. Some lending bodies will allow a small second mortgage.

Payback rates have been worked out on a weekly basis. Actual payments, however, are monthly.

Other sources of home finance include Permanent Building Societies, Life Assurance Companies, finance and trustee companies, and solicitors with trust funds to invest. Interest rates, term of mortgage, etc., vary a great deal. Always check whether the payback suits your pocket.

A FREE GRANT: If you are buying a block of land or saving the deposit for your home, keep in mind the Commonwealth Government's home savings grant scheme. That $500 reward for saving $1500 over three years or more could be useful. Obtain details from the Regional Director of the Commonwealth Department of Housing in your State, or from your bank.

• Facts about credit

• There's no need to run your life on a "strictly cash" basis and deny yourself something you really want until you have the full price. Credit, used wisely, can be a useful part of the family's spending and saving plan.

THE old rule (great-grandfather's day) was pay or go without. But people today live in a credit-orientated society.

Hire purchase and other forms of instalment buying have helped raise the Australian standard of living to one of the highest in the world. It has helped to put washing-machines, TV sets, and refrigerators into the big majority of Australian homes.

It has enabled thousands of families to obtain their own home and car. And it ensures a high employment rate by keeping up the demand for the things which help give us a more comfortable life.

But buying on the "never-never" has its dangers:

• The goods will cost much more than their cash price because of high interest. Pay cash and you may also get a substantial discount.

• When buying on credit your motive is probably not to save money but to have the convenience of paying later. With cash in your pocket — or handbag — you are more likely to shop round for value.

• You may overcommit yourself. Result—the things you bought to make life more pleasant become an ominous threat to family security.

To avoid these dangers, pay cash for day-to-day necessities. Confine your credit buying to the large items, and then within the limits of your budget.

Charge accounts

MOST big stores and many smaller ones have charge accounts, with credit limited to what the credit manager feels the customer can afford.

Be careful. You may not be able to afford as much as he thinks.

There are two types of charge account:

• Monthly. You buy this month, pay next month when the account comes in. There are no interest or service charges.

• Optional payment. You either pay the full account (as above) or a proportion, usually one-quarter or one-fifth. The next month additional purchases may be added to the balance and you again pay a proportion of the total. In practice, you obtain about eight months to pay instead of one. For this extended credit the store makes a small service charge.

With a charge account you can shop without money, order goods by mail or telephone and on approval. If goods are unsuitable you can exchange them easily.

To avoid overspending — the main pitfall for charge-account customers — decide the type of goods you'll charge and how much monthly you'll spend on them. Don't charge other items.

Don't open an account with every firm willing to give you credit. You'll be tempted to buy from all of them. And don't allow other members of the family to use the account.

Pay promptly. If you can't pay your charge account easily, close it and try a budget account.

Budget accounts

A BUDGET account allows you to spend a stipulated sum — say $40 to $60 —at one time and pay it back in weekly instalments of 10 cents for every dollar, plus a service charge. For example: Buy $40 worth of goods, pay $2.20 a week for 20 weeks.

With some firms a budget account also provides continuous credit. For example:

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FACTS ABOUT CREDIT (cont.)

When you've paid $10 you may spend another $10.

Don't use this extra credit if you wish to keep a tight rein on your spending. Pay the original debt first.

Many families successfully use this type of credit for buying major clothing, e.g., school uniforms, curtains and other furnishings, Christmas toys, and similar items, which need a fairly large cash outlay at one time.

Hire purchase

IT could take you years to save the full price of a good refrigerator, washing-machine, or TV set. Hire purchase enables you to use the goods while you pay, and this, for many people, means a saving of money they would otherwise fritter.

On the other hand, hire purchase, used indiscriminately, can cause more worry than the rest of your financial problems put together. It's fatally easy to succumb to the bait of "You'll never miss a dollar — or so — a week."

But several of those small HP commitments can amount to a dangerously high percentage of the average family's income.

To make the best use of hire purchase keep to these rules:

- Budget a definite weekly sum. The amount left over after you've allowed for living expenses and savings — and never more than ten per cent of net income — is the most you can afford.
- Buy one thing at a time. Don't try to buy a houseful of furniture on the instalment plan, or unessentials, e.g., a transistor radio for your teenage daughter.
- Save up a reasonable deposit. The usual 10 percent deposit is too low. Aim at 25 percent, better still 50 percent. Saving a substantial deposit provides the perfect "cooling-off" period. You may decide you need something else more urgently. Don't buy on no deposit.
- **Don't rely on uncertain sources of income to meet payments. Examples, working-wife's wages, overtime.**
- Read the contract before signing. With most hire-purchase agreements repossession does not release you from your responsibilities. You are liable for the full balance less the amount the goods bring at auction — often pitifully small.

Save the cents and the dollars

● By careful management you can cut costs of food, clothing, electricity, and many other living expenses. You'll save small sums mostly, but sums which can amount to a considerable number of dollars in a year — dollars to buy some of the extras for which you never seem to have the money.

ON these pages and pages 14 and 15 are some well-tested methods for shaving cents, and in some cases dollars, off many everyday expenses.

This sort of penny-pinching can be fun if you adopt the right attitude. Keep a careful record of every cent you spend and each week try to cut the cost of each section of your everyday expenditure. Put this amount, no matter how small, into a piggy bank.

When the piggy bank is full take it to your bank and put it in a special-purpose account for something you really want. It could be something for yourself or the house, for your holiday or Christmas festivity fund, or anything else which will give you pleasure.

Food

THE food bill is often the largest single item in the family budget, especially where there are growing children with hearty and seemingly never satisfied appetites.

Nourishing food is essential to every family's health and well-being and should never be skimped. However, it is often possible to cut costs, and even eat better, if you consistently stick to these three rules.

- Plan menus
- Shop intelligently
- Avoid waste.

Planning

DON'T wait until an hour before you go shopping to decide what you'll give your family for dinner. Menu planning should be a weekly affair with adjustments from day to day according to fluctuating prices of various foods.

In this way you not only ensure your family has a well-balanced diet; you can stretch the food budget by balancing a more expensive cut of meat, the Sunday roast, for example, against cheaper cuts or meat substitutes on other days. And you can make intelligent use of left-overs.

When working out your menus include foods mentioned in the food values panel at left. Fresh foods should be those in season — they are the cheapest. Keep your eyes and ears open to learn what's going on at the markets. Newspapers, radio and TV stations often give information about gluts.

Don't be hamstrung by your family's present eating patterns. They may be too expensive. Get yourself a good economy cookbook, use your imagination, and give your family economical surprises. You'll enjoy cooking more, yet save money.

Never let your economy be obvious. Serve small portions of expensive meat with tasty, filling macaroni cheese or a substantial potato salad. Take the edge off appetites with a thick soup. In an

THESE FOODS ARE ESSENTIAL

● Include these foods daily when planning your family's menus. They are the basis of a well-balanced diet.

MILK: One pint for each child; ½ to ¾ pint for each adult. Use powdered milk for cakes, scones, sauces, etc.

PROTEIN: Three to four ounces meat (without bone), or 4 to 6oz. fish, per person, plus 1 egg or 1oz. cheese or 1 rasher of bacon per person. (Other useful economical sources of body-building protein are nuts, peas, lentils, lima and soya beans, wholegrain cereals.)

FATS: One ounce butter or margarine per person. Dripping and suet can be substituted for butter in some of your cooking.

FRESH FRUIT: One serving or more of whole fruit or juice, especially citrus fruit or tomatoes, per person. Supplement with cooked, dried, or canned fruit.

VEGETABLES (per person): One serving green vegetables cooked or as salad; one serving potatoes or other root vegetables.

BREAD AND CEREALS: Use some wholemeal bread and a proportion of wholegrain cereals in some cakes, scones, biscuits, puddings. Hot wholegrain breakfast cereal makes an economical, nourishing start to a winter's day.

The six types of food listed should be the "bones" of your skeleton menus whether your food budget is generous or limited.

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emergency follow a rather skimpy meat course with a big pudding.

Mix minced or chopped left-over meat with vegetables in a large pie. Be lavish with gravy made from stockpot. Boeuf a la mode (solid piece of chuck steak fancied up — pot roast if you like) makes a fine Sunday dinner. The left-over part soaked in the cooking liquid for a while cuts almost as tenderly as cold roast sirloin.

Wise shopping

NEVER shop haphazardly. Make out a shopping-list based on your menus. Stick to your list closely but be ready to change an item for something cheaper.

Except in an emergency never shop by telephone. You want to see what you are getting for your money. Don't take inferior fruit and vegetables. Somebody has to get the best of what's showing. Why not you?

When comparing prices, it is more realistic to consider the price per serving than the price per pound of food.

Take advantage of "specials." But don't walk miles from shop to shop looking for specials. You'll only wear out shoe leather. Good grocery specials are sugar, coffee, tea, cereals, tinned fruit, and other staples.' Be wary of "fancy" specials. They'll probably upset your budget.

Many greengrocers — and other tradesmen — cultivate a selling method which is not necessarily to the housewife's advantage. Examples: 2lb. of carrots or tomatoes in a plastic bag, 1½lb. beans for 30 cents, 5 oranges for 20 cents, and so on.

You may be attracted by this package deal whether or not it fits your requirements. But don't. Buy exactly the amount you want, 1lb. beans, not 1½lb., 2 carrots and 1 turnip for the soup (not a bunch of each), 1 or 2 bananas for a fruit salad, if that is all you need, not 1lb.

Be sure your butcher gives you everything you pay for. Meat is trimmed after weighing. Meat trimmings and bones make fine soup. Fat can be melted down and used for frying.

A lamb or hogget shank shrinks when roasted. Ask your butcher to cut it off the leg and remove the bone. Add the meat to a stew, the bone to the stockpot.

Curb that impulse!

• Impulse buying is the main cause of budget troubles. One out of two people shop without a proper plan. They constantly buy more than they can afford.

IF impulse buying is playing havoc with your budget, start following these ten rules:

1. Make a shopping-list before you leave home and stick to it except for slight variations, say, in choice of meat or vegetables.

2. Decide how much you intend to spend at each shop, e.g., grocer, butcher. Take only about that much money with you. Keep an exact record of what you do spend.

3. Buy bargains and specials only within the framework of your spending plan. Example: You planned to buy a coat this winter, and you shopped round till you found a suitable one at a marked-down price. That's a bargain. Something you haven't planned to buy, no matter how cheap, is a luxury.

4. Have a family "round table" before embarking on major purchases. Impulse buying often springs from selfishness or lack of thought.

5. **Never buy an article costing more than two or three dollars without comparing prices at other stores. You may cool off.**

6. Shop during school hours. Children can badger you into buying things you can't afford.

7. Watch "danger" items, the ones high on the list of impulse buys. They include all those attractive titbits and knick-knacks you don't really need.

8. And "danger" moods. Tenseness, depression, a quarrel with your husband, trouble with the boss or teenage children, all are likely to make you succumb to impulse spending.

9. If you do buy something on impulse, have courage: take it back.

10. If you keep strictly to these rules for a certain number of days — or weeks — buy yourself a TINY reward. You deserve it.

The money or the package?

WE live in an age of motivational research. Firms spend vast sums thinking up colorful package designs to coax customers into buying their brand.

Do you choose goods by their packaging, or do you first consider cost, quality, and quantity?

Always read weight or fluid contents on packets, cans, and jars. The larger size does not necessarily contain more but it may cost more for the extra packaging material. Nor does the lower-priced article necessarily represent the best value.

Watch, too, how many labor-saving foods you buy, canned meats, frozen cooked dinners, and similar foods. It's often convenient to use some of these products, but don't overdo them if you are watching cents closely.

If buying cake and pudding mixes, note whether they contain all ingredients or whether you must add one expensive item (or more). It could be cheaper to make your cake or pudding from scratch.

Buying in quantities can be a saving if you have proper storage or can make full use of the goods. A case of fruit, for example, could be economical for a large family. A small family might weary of it.

One risk of quantity buying is the temptation to use the goods wastefully and so cancel the saving.

Avoid waste

MANY families throw out enough food on five days of the week to feed them for the other two. Prevent this in your home by gauging how much will be eaten and buying accordingly.

And don't waste any food which can be turned to good account. Use vegetable water in soups, gravies, stews. Use outside leaves of cabbages, celery, even lettuce, in soup. Save surplus juice from canned or cooked fruits. Store in jars and use in jellies, gelatine desserts, and sweet sauces.

To reduce the amount of bread you buy — and families waste bread more than any other food — cut it on the table as needed. Use left-over bread in puddings, or make it into rusks by baking slowly in the oven while cooking other dishes. Use rusks for baby instead of the bought variety or crush with rolling-pin for breadcrumbs. They will keep indefinitely.

CAR ECONOMY

Five ways to save petrol

- Drive at moderate speed. High speeds increase petrol consumption.
- Use throttle carefully and drive at a constant speed whenever possible. (Irregular speeds also increase consumption.)
- Keep petrol tank full. There's more evaporation from a half-empty tank.
- Keep tyres to pressure recommended. Check once a week regardless of mileage. Underinflated tyres cause excess fuel consumption over a long period.
- Don't leave foot on accelerator while waiting at intersections.

Five ways to save repairs

- Brake carefully. Harsh braking reduces life of tyres and brake-linings.
- Avoid hard cornering and sudden stops and starts to save wear on tyres and costly parts like steering and suspension.
- Don't leave car in gear while held up in traffic. It could lead to a premature clutch overhaul.
- Keep car under cover. If car must be left exposed to weather, wash it once a week and polish with liquid polish every two months.
- Have regular checks to find minor repairs before they develop into large ones.

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Cutting down everyday expenses



● Do you burn up precious money by careless use of electrical and gas appliances? Use the hints on this page to keep costs down.

● Buy the right appliance

WHEN buying a new appliance be sure it is the one best suited to your family's needs. A large storage hot-water service is the most economical for a family requiring constant hot water. A household of two can make do with a smaller, less expensive system.

An ordinary washing machine connected to a good supply of hot water is cheaper to operate than a washer with its own heating element.

Fluorescent lighting gives three times as much light per unit as incandescent lamps, and consequently is three times cheaper. Use in rooms where you need most light, e.g., kitchen and bathroom.

● The money-saving way to heat a room

FIRST, eliminate draughts coming through gaps at doors and windows. Draughts lower room temperature by several degrees, make you turn up your room heater unnecessarily.

In a very cold climate windows should be shielded by heavy curtains to keep warm air in.

If your radiator or room heater has several heat controls or bars, turn on to highest heat for 15 to 20 minutes to warm room thoroughly, then turn to low.

This will maintain comfortable temperature for lowest cost. Most people set heat at second or third level and obtain less heat for a higher price.

● Save on hot water

ENCOURAGE your family to have showers instead of baths. A shower takes half as much hot water as a bath, whether on gas or electricity.

Don't let hot water leak away from taps. As soon as a tap starts to drip replace the washer. A slightly leaking tap will waste 1¼ gallons of hot water a day, a badly leaking one up to 8 gallons.

Buy your husband an attractive shaving mug and save the gallons of hot water he wastes daily by letting it run continuously.

In the laundry use hot soapy water several times. Save odd items of washing until you have a full load. Do the same thing with washing-up, whether by machine or in the sink.

If your dishwasher or washing machine has a heating element you'll make a worthwhile power saving by this method.

● Save on repairs

REPAIRS on your labor-saving appliances can be a costly drain on your budget. With commonsense you can keep these repair costs to a minimum.

First, stick to the instructions which come with the appliance, and keep the sheet or booklet handy for easy reference. Better still, get a leisurely demonstration before you use it. Using the appliance incorrectly is the surest way to make it break down.

Keep appliances in good working order. Clean the brushes on your polisher regularly; empty the vacuum cleaner after each use.

Don't tackle repair jobs yourself unless you know how. It could be dangerous, and it could cost twice what it would have if you had called a qualified tradesman in the first place.

Have a routine check-up on all appliances every 12 to 18 months. Small repairs at the right time cost little, save you hard-to-pay large ones.

Before calling the repairman check whether the appliance is connected. Silly? Of course, but it happens often. The repairman connects the appliance and you pay his service fee.

WHICH COSTS THE MOST TO RUN?

● These estimates of the cost per year of operating various domestic appliances will show you whether trying to use them more economically will save you small or large sums.

Only small savings possible here:

Appliance	Cost per year $ c
Razor	.02
Knife sharpener	.15
Mixer	.15
Clock	.26
Floor polisher	.30
Vacuum cleaner	.30
Hairdryer	.30
Blanket	.45
Toaster	.60
Dishwasher (on hot-water system)	.91
Iron	1.13

Small savings here:

Appliance	Cost per year $ c
Percolator	1.13
Radio	1.50
Frypan	3.02
Television set	3.78
Jug or kettle	4.52
Refrigerator (sealed unit)	6.03

(You can burn a 60-watt electric light for 14 to 15 hours for only 2 cents, so you won't save much by constantly switching off lights.)

More chance of saving here:

Appliance	Cost per year $ c
Radiator — small	9.05
— large	15.09
Room heater (thermal storage)	9.30 to 12.60
Range	20.50
Hot water — Instantaneous	40.72
— storage	33.33

Costs quoted are based on the cheapest domestic cooking rate (for an all-electric house with 4 to 5 occupants) charged by the Sydney County Council. Rates vary slightly in different areas.

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• Clothing

THE mother who sews has an advantage over the one who can't. Not only can she make new garments for the cost of the materials, she can get the maximum wear out of adults' and older children's clothes by remaking them for the younger ones.

A pair of men's trousers, for example, can be cut down to make sturdy shorts or a windjacket for a small boy or a winter skirt for a little girl.

Whether you sew or not, make your clothing budget go as far as possible by planning your family's clothing needs. Don't buy bargain clothes, no matter how cheap, if you don't really want them. The home dressmaker can overspend, too, on temptingly priced remnants.

Use the school-clothing pool to economise on uniforms. If your child's school does not have a pool, perhaps you could start one with the co-operation of the mothers you know.

Make clothes last longer by caring for them, hang up dresses, coats, and suits when you take them off. Children should take off their school or "good" clothes as soon as they come home and change into washable play clothes.

Have as many washable clothes as possible yourself. When buying a garment which is not washable, choose a color or pattern unlikely to soil quickly. A light bone suit may suit you perfectly, but it can quickly cost more than its value in frequent dry-cleaning.

Cut down dry-cleaning all round by shaking or brushing dust from clothes when they are taken off and by spotting and sponging before they are really soiled.

Children's shoes are a big item in the clothing budget. It's poor economy to buy them **too** large. Not only will the child be uncomfortable, the shoes will buckle and lose their shape before he grows into them.

Save on shoe repairs by painting soles when new with gum copal varnish, available at hardware stores. Alternatively, cover them with liquid rubber or glue on composition soles.

Metal toe and heel protectors should be dipped in water before being tacked to shoes. They'll last much longer.

Men's and boys' long trousers will wear better if you sew a half-inch-wide strip of thin leather or strong binding round inside of legs where there is most rub from shoe tops. This prevents fraying.

You can cut down your stocking costs by saving odd nylons and boiling them together. All will turn the same shade.

• Cut cooking costs

COOK complete meals or several dishes in oven, whether gas or electric, e.g., meat, vegetables in ovenproof dishes, milk pudding, small cake, or fruit loaf. Never light oven for one dish only.

Allow free circulation of heat. Arrange pans and other containers so they do not touch each other or sides of oven. Don't place one directly above the other.

Bake meats and vegetables in shallow pans to allow quicker browning.

Used stored heat left after oven is turned off to bake batch of biscuits or stale bread for rusks or breadcrumbs. An electric oven is good for half an hour's extra "free" cooking time. Alternatively, turn heat off before the meal is cooked.

When cooking on top of stove save power by turning on gas or electricity AFTER you have placed saucepans on stove.

Reduce number of burners in use by cooking two or more dishes in a tiered steamer, by placing two or three saucepans on one burner, and by using saucepan dividers, e.g., for two or three vegetables.

Don't keep a strong flame flaring round edge of kettle or saucepan . . . maintain at lowest heat for adequate cooking and use an asbestos mat.

Cook vegetables in smallest quantity of water with lids on tightly. It costs four times as much to maintain boiling point in an uncovered saucepan as a covered one.

Reheat latecomers' meals in a few minutes when they arrive. Don't keep them hot for hours over a saucepan or in the oven.

Boil as much water as you need, not a full kettle or jug to make a cup of tea for yourself.

The telephone

THE half-yearly telephone bill can be unexpectedly large unless some check is kept.

To have a good proportion of the money ready, place a moneybox near the phone. Every time you make a local call put in 5 cents and insist the children do likewise from their pocket-money when they make a call.

Because a local call costs the householder 3 1-3rd cents, the extra 1 2-3rd cents will go toward the rental, which, for an ordinary telephone, costs about 77 cents a week. Add the price of telegrams to the tin and limit trunk calls to emergencies or very special occasions. Don't have trunk calls with garrulous friends and relatives.

If you use STD (Subscriber Trunk Dialling), have a timing device (even an egg-timer) near the telephone.

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For a clean slate

Well within time limits prescribed by law, a widow with adequate probate protection wipes her slate clean of death duties, legal charges and outstanding household accounts. Being certain of ready cash at the right time, she avoids loss of assets through forced sales. It is a tragedy to see an asset, built up on a lifetime of work, sacrificed simply through lack of foresight. Without careful planning through A.M.P.'s "Blue Chip" Probate Insurance Plan, your estate may be in jeopardy. Call in an A.M.P. man for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up. This provides an automatic review of your probate protection plan, free and without obligation.

ACCEPT NOTHING LESS THAN "BLUE CHIP" PROTECTION

A.M.P. BLUE CHIP INSURANCE

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AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

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